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SCIENCE AND RELIGION: EXIT TYNDALL, ENTER LODGE.

IT is hardly four decades since Matter was accorded an apotheosis by the British Association. To-day it takes its place in the lumber-room of outworn and discarded stage properties of the Rationalistic philosophy. The material universe is with us still, but the time is past when it was confounded with its Creator and made to answer for the defects of material things.

The tendency of the human mind to confuse the effect with the cause is as old as the history of man in his fallen estate. To argue, on the other hand, from Nature up to Nature's God denoted the struggle of the nobler part of the intellect to shake off that confession of weakness and seek a higher plane for investigation of the problems which present themselves to the earnest seeker after knowledge of the conditions which have attended the beginnings of life and the visible universe. What a profundity of wise satire was implied in that poser of old Æsop's: What stirs the dog?—his ears or his tail? The schools of his time must have been hot in dispute over symptoms, overlooking quite their various origins.

"Abandoning all disguise, the confession I feel bound to make before you is, that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that Matter which we, in our ignorance and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium,

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the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." The foregoing was the form in which the deification of Matter was drawn up by Professor John Tyndall, LL. D., F. R. S., etc. It occurs in the body, not as the peroration, of the address which he delivered before the British Association in Belfast in the August of 1874. The Mosaic law on corporal punishment would seem to have dictated the years that were to usher in the doom of that shocking attempt to dethrone God from His place in His own universe. It was a fresh setting up of an idol of brass with feet of clay, as in the case of the Philistines of old. Sir Oliver Lodge, at the meeting of the same association—or rather a body bearing the same name, but entirely different as to its personality—repudiated the claim *in toto* and declared that the spirit of man is immortal and survives the death of his body, in an eternal future. Sir Oliver Lodge's researches have gone into realms that Tyndall did not conceive of when investigating the phenomena of Nature in his remote eyrie among the clouds, on the peaks of the Alps, as was his wont. Sir Oliver followed the beckonings of disembodied spirits, or at least he strove to get into such communication by means of "augurs and understood relations," through the weird gramarye of spiritualistic lore. Still, Matter may be at the bottom of this possibility, in the view of Sir Oliver. He stated his beliefs (not theories, it should be noted) as the results of his experiences and those of others:

"In justice to myself and my co-workers I must risk annoying my present hearers, not only by leaving on record our conviction that occurrences now regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by the methods of science carefully and persistently applied, but by going further and saying, with the utmost brevity, that already the facts so examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with Matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death. The evidence, to my mind, goes to prove that discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions, may interact with us on the material side, thus indirectly coming within our scientific ken; and that gradually we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal, existence, and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm. A body of responsible investigators has even now landed on the treacherous but promising shores of the new continent."

"Treacherous but promising shores" is a well-chosen phrase, bearing in mind the ridiculous positions into which the late Mr. W. T. Stead sometimes got himself by accepting the clandestine

correspondence with the spirit of one "Julia," who appeared to have had in life no surname, or else to have forgotten it when disembodiment took place. The psychist went on:

"Genuine religion has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity and in the reality of things. It is not surprising that by our methods we fail to grasp it; the actions of the Deity make no appeal to any special sense, only a universal appeal; and our methods are, as we know, incompetent to detect complete uniformity. There is a principle of relativity here, and unless we encounter law or jar or change, nothing in us responds; we are deaf and blind, therefore, to the immanent grandeur around us, unless we have insight enough to appreciate the whole, and to recognize in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress toward perfection, the evergrowing garment of a transcendent God."

This is so far so good as it is a declaration of belief that God is a reality and a personality, but there is evidently much doubt in the scientist's or psychist's mind on the propriety of accepting the definite statements of history or revelation as to the origin of beliefs. Sir Oliver had said:

"Through Matter we become aware of each other, and can communicate with those of our fellows who have ideas sufficiently like our own for them to be stimulated into activity by a merely physical process set in action by ourselves."

Bearing in mind the positive tone of this confession of faith, we are at a loss how to account for the doubt expressed in the following outline of the work to be done by psychic investigators ere finding any positive ground as to a hereafter and a God-ruled universe and a spirit-filled infinity that may be communicated with by psychic experiment:

"Whether such things as intuition and revelation ever occur is an open question. There are some who have reason to say that they do. They are, at any rate, not to be denied offhand. In fact, it is always extremely difficult to deny anything of a general character, since evidence in its favor may be only hidden and not forthcoming, especially not forthcoming at any particular age of the world's history, or at any particular stage of individual mental development. Mysticism must have its place, though its relation to science has so far not been found. They have appeared disparate and disconnected, but there need be no hostility between them. Every kind of reality must be ascertained and dealt with by proper methods. If the 'Voices' of Socrates and of Joan of Arc represent real psychical experiences, they must belong to the intelligible universe."

Tyndall denied the charge that he was either an Atheist or an Agnostic he defended his belief in Theism. But his argument postulating the omnipotence of Matter is a proclamation of the non-necessity of an absolute and self-existent God, because of the existence of a multiplicity of agencies and instruments, invisibly and imperceptibly operating automatically, save for the energizing force of Matter, toward the production of results, in the here and the hereafter, that God is believed to have in view in His scheme of Creation. Still, Tyndall did not go so far as to propound the theory of the power of Matter to exist without a cause. He claimed for it that it possesses the quality of indestructibility, however; and that claim would seem to imply that it possessed the power of self-origination. Yet Tyndall did not venture to put forward so preposterous a theory as that. He fell back on the old theory of Democritus—that of the Atom and its possibilities and went a little farther by inventing the Molecule, a diminutive of the Atom. Yet this was a mere shifting of the ground, like the Ghost in "Hamlet," when it came to the point of solemn affirmation of a purpose or a principle. If it could be once accepted as true that the Atom had no need for an external Creator, then there remained only the difficulty of explaining why there should be any differentiation between Matter and Spirit, since the soul is simply an indestructible Spirit, and, furthermore, why there should be any need for religion and the fear of a future, since everything was automatic, self-intelligent, self-working and capable of going on for ever, the effects of "wear and tear" on the mechanism of the universe causing no actual loss because of the laws of metamorphosis and evolution. A further indication of the revulsion which has set in since the Tyndall and Huxley epoch was the qualified stand taken by Sir Oliver Lodge against the party of presumption and audacity who have put forward the claim that man can produce life from inanimate matter. There was a joint session of several sections a few days after the delivery of his inaugural address, convened for the purpose of considering a treatise on the subject of "The Origin of Life." This title Sir Oliver objected to, as not properly defining what was proposed to be discussed—a laboratory synthesis of some material that might possibly have the germ of life in it, to be developed into vital energy.

"I regard life itself," he is reported to have said, "as something not of the same order as Matter, but of a higher and different order. By having a molecule sufficiently complex, sufficiently unstable and supplied with the energy of sunlight, you have apparently the physical and chemical substratum for the operations of life; you have potential living matter. I do not say that we have

that potential living Matter yet—that will be a great achievement —but I have little doubt that it may be done."

It is an old dream—older by far than that of the philosopher's stone and the transmutation of metals. True philosophy long ago rejected it as the phantasm of empirics, and Mrs. Shelley caustically ridiculed it in her novel, "Frankenstein."

Those who are more familiar with the literature of to-day and its affected jargon regarding "supermen," "eugenics," etc., need not fall into the mistake of believing that this age is an exceptionally brilliant one in the matter of originality of thinking. The jargon we now read was spoken before, but under other names. Hume, who was a scientist as well as an historian, and an unbeliever before Tyndall, speaks in his "Natural History of Religion" of "super-sensual beings;" and Tyndall sneered at the idea, rating those "supermen" as only a species of human creatures, perhaps raised from among mankind, and retaining all human passions and appetites. If "supermen" could have been so raised, then Neitsche's dreams are not original; and the deities of Greek mythology, who were credited with the possession of a large and Protean stock of human passions and appetites indeed, were nothing more or less than eugenically cultured strivers after the prizes of the skies—perhaps aviators more skilled and more scientific in their methods than the "birdmen" and "airmen" of to-day. Tyndall, who sought to destroy man's belief in the supernatural, had to find a substitute for supernatural power and to imagine a state of physical and mental excellence in early human nature which corresponds with that of the "supermen" idea of the German who is regarded as a near approach to the ideal superman in his own life—Neitsche. "An impulse inherent in primeval man," said Professor Tyndall, "turned his thoughts and his questionings betimes toward the sources of natural phenomena. The same impulse, inherited and intensified, is the spur of scientific action to-day." How could the learned anthropologist and geologist, living for a large part of his life high up among the clouds on Alpine peaks, grubbing for mosses and geological proofs of his theories of the creation of Matter, know what passed in the minds of primeval man? God told the primeval man, according to revelation, all about the origin of things, so far as it was necessary for him to know; and the story of the tree of life and the forbidden fruit, whether it be literally true or only an allegory condensing a long course of ingratitude and disobedience on man's part, in the indulgence of his prying curiosity, certainly foreshadowed the woes and miseries which came upon the world through the indulgence of the same mischievous curiosity. The practice of magic, the resort to witchcraft, the

raising of the dead by means of the invocation of evil spirits and other forms of revolt against the law, forming portions of a cult not inappropriately termed "the black art," fastened itself upon the world from the beginning of history and has never loosened its grip from that era until now. The atheism of Professor Tyndall, and of other scientific men, arose and arises because of their disappointment at being unable to discover a rationalistic explanation of phenomena which have a spiritual base, and take us back to the plain statement of Genesis, never as yet successfully controverted, as to the origin of man—how he was formed from the slime of the earth by the hand of God and made in His own image and likeness—a creature of clay, but endowed with an indestructible spirit called a soul. In the animate world the same spirit of indestructibility is manifested. There is death, apparently, year after year, but there is renewal of life also, year by year, with alternation of perfect regularity in the stupendous mechanism. Professor Tyndall, driven to bay by the insurmountable character of the testimony of Nature as to the existence of a Creator, attempted to find an explanation in the "potency" of Matter! What puerility! It was nothing short of a negative affirmation of what he himself was apparently vehemently denying—much in the same way as the invention of the religion of Positivism was a confirmation of the religion of Christianity in its conception, and an amusing parody on it in its elaboration and details.

There were two contradictions in Professor Tyndall's "confession of faith." First, he took the position that Science, if given a fair field and an unobstructed course, would reach the goal where lay the key to all the mysteries of life and Nature. Next, he assumed that Matter, in itself, possesses "the potency and the promise of every form and quality of life." These two positions are irreconcilable. They are assumptions merely. Mind existed before Matter. *That* he never attempted to deny. The knowledge of things—called Science—does not imply the power to bring those things into existence. Hence Science could not either help Matter to reproduce itself, or dispense with a Creator of itself. Hence the claim of "potency and promise of all forms of life" is "like the baseless fabric of a vision," merely: it rested upon the thought of Professor Tyndall merely—that and nothing more. We think that in his early days the distinguished scientist was indebted for his education to one of those foundations in Ireland called "Grammar Schools"—Elizabethan or Cromwellian in their origin, mostly, or else the somewhat similar ones called Bluecoat Schools. His literary work on science bears traces of the prejudice which it was the main object of the founders of those institutions to instill.

His work was tainted, at times, by a hatred of the Catholic Church, and he did not hesitate to impute to it an antagonism to science —a vulgar falsehood which lesser lights than he have constantly, parrot-like, repeated every time that an excuse arose for airing their ignorance and their enmity. Professor Tyndall charged that the progress of Science was seriously impeded by the attitude of the Catholic Church, in the Middle Ages. His accusation was couched in very bitter terms. A state of "moral putrefaction," he postulated, had ensued after the emancipation of the Church from the cruel Pagan yoke. Faith was kept alive for some centuries by the remembrance of the fortitude of the martyrs in the age of the Church of the Catacombs. When the Western Empire fell, at the beginning of the fourth century, the Eastern one arose, under Constantine, on the banks of the Bosphorus. The Dark Ages set in when the capital of the Empire was removed, and Science had to take flight, in Europe, from the imperial court to the cells of the patient, studious and prayerful monks. But these so-called "Dark Ages" have been shown not to have merited a different designation, for while the barbarians made the cities of Continental Europe heaps of calcined ruins and melancholy deserts, the lamps of learning and science burned with a mellow and cheering light in the myriad cells of the Culdees and anchorets on the western shores of Ireland and Cornwall and the East British ones at Lindisfarne and the banks of the Humber. Had Professor Tyndall paid a visit to the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, in Dublin, he could have convinced himself that Science was not molested or oppressed, in Ireland at least, by the Church. There he could have seen scientific treatises on astronomy, medicine, geography, botany, mathematics and other branches of the higher learning, all written by the beaver-like, ceaseless-working monks, thousands of whom, soon after the death of St. Patrick, began to swarm across the seas to relume the light of civilization at the court of Charlemagne and other royal seats, when at length the peoples of the Continent had begun to rouse themselves from their long nightmare of horror. The avidity with which the people of that small western island seized upon the noble idea of One great omnipotent God and the mysteries of the Fall of Man, the Incarnation and the Atonement was the most marvelous fact that had been witnessed since the days of the Apostles. Next to it came the phenomenal success of the schools of learning which Patrick and Bridget had founded, and the resultant one of the prodigious number of missionaries which the schools of Bangor and Clonmacnois soon sent forth to sow the seeds of the Gospel all over Europe.

How does this outburst of faith and learning, at a moment when the intellectual fortunes of the world seemed sunk in Hyperborean gloom, suit with the reasoning of Professor Tyndall? It is the most complete refutation that could possibly be afforded concerning any false postulate or unfounded hypothesis.

Professor Tyndall caught eagerly on to the two contemporary theories of Evolution and Natural Selection. They can hardly be regarded as twin theories, for evolution seems to be deficient in the matter of a beginning, or an initial stock-in-trade; while Natural Selection had the whole field of animate and inanimate Nature to browse and broaden on. He seemed to have lumbered on in the building of his theory much in the same way as the ancient poets did in their construction of an Olympus—the "lucus à non lucendo" method—Lombroso's method for the discovery of the Jesuit hand in anything—the absence of any evidence to indicate it! He, too, was a professor—Signor Lombroso—and also one who ranked high, as did Tyndall. Archimedes sighed for a fulcrum whereon he might balance the lever wherewith he would, like Atlas, move and bear on his shoulders the solid world; Professor Tyndall was milder in his demand. He would ask only for "an impulse" external to the *orbis terrarum*. This impulse he believed he had discovered when his fancy conjured up the molecule. The atom, according to Democritus, does not possess any consciousness; the molecule, on the other hand, was invested by its discoverer with a kind of unconscious sense-power, and Tyndall hazarded the conjecture that molecules are "the ultimate seed-vessels of human life, mind and thought." If it were merely vital force, we need not be startled at the theory, but when the germs of mind and thought are also hypothesized as being contained in the invisible particle of matter called a molecule, we are entitled to ask what sort of mentality it is that rejects the idea of a Creator omnipotent, omnipresent, everlasting and all-sufficient in Himself, for such a petty, bungling substitute as the senseless, infinitesimal particle called a molecule—the very existence of which is not even demonstrable in the sphere of the exact sciences.

It is not to be marveled at that such a mind as Professor Tyndall's rejected the idea of immortality for the spirit and a hereafter of bliss for the redeemed human soul. As Matter in his theory was all-sufficient unto itself, spirit was left no great part to play after dissolution. The claim he made for Matter would seem to argue that immortality of the soul was a belief not regarded by him as worthy of serious attention. "Divorced from Matter," he asks, "where is life to be found? Whatever our *faith* may say, our *knowledge* shows them to be indissolubly

joined. Every meal we eat, and every cup we drink, illustrates the mysterious control of mind by matter."

If Tyndall refused to accord belief to that "something after death" which meant to the prophets and poets the soul's peregrinations, Sir Oliver Lodge flies to the other extreme. He believes in the world of spirits—is, in fact, one of those who sees an indissoluble relation between disembodied spirits and the mortal tenements in which they dwelt in their lifetime. Still, in putting forward his thesis on the spirit life Sir Oliver shows a reverence which is not often found in the writings or lectures of the class which we may call, not disrespectfully, but in regard to their frequency of appearance on the platform of public exposition or the drawing-room séance, professional psychists. Sir Oliver, referring to human limitations, said, in regard to the beauty of the earth, birds, flowers, etc., and the theory of "Natural Selection:"

"Beauty in general is not taken into account by science. That may be all right, but it exists, nevertheless. It is not my function to discuss it, but it is my function to remind you and myself that our studies do not exhaust the universe, and that if we dogmatize in a negative direction, and say that we can reduce everything to physics and chemistry, we gibbet ourselves as ludicrously narrow pedants, and are falling far short of the richness and fullness of our human birthright. How far preferable is the reverent attitude of the Eastern poet:

> **The world, with eyes bent upon thy feet, stands in awe with all its silent stars.**

"Thy feet" is plainly an allusion to the metaphor of the earth serving as the footstool of its great Creator. He went on:

"Our brain, which by some means yet to be discovered connects us with the rest of the material world, has been thought partially to disconnect us from the mental and spiritual realm, to which we really belong, but from which for a time and for practical purposes we are isolated. Our common or social association with matter gives us certain opportunities and facilities, combined with obstacles and difficulties which are themselves opportunities for struggle and effort. . . . I am one of those who think that the methods of science are not so limited in their scope as has been thought; that they can be applied much more widely, and that the Psychic region can be studied and brought under law, too. Allow us, anyhow, to make the attempt. Give us a fair field. Let those who prefer the Materialistic hypothesis by all means develop their thesis as far as they can; but let us try what we can do in the Psychical

region, and see which wins. Our methods are really the same as theirs—the subject matter differs. Neither should abuse the other for making the attempt."

Sir Oliver Lodge is a learned man, but he is not fit to deal with forbidden subjects. Spiritism is forbidden, and had been forbidden long before the time of Saul and the Witch of Endor. We would recommend Sir Oliver to read Dr. Godfrey Rauppert's remarkable work on the subject, written after he had investigated it long and most exhaustively at the command of the late Pope Leo XIII.

The efficacy of prayer in cases of physical illness was sneered at by Professor Tyndall. He went so far in his negation as to challenge an "ordeal by battle" over the subject. He proposed that prayer in one hospital be matched against medicine in another, with regard to a specified number of patients, and the percentage of convalescents in either case was to be the deciding factor. In his day the fame of Lourdes had not been established as it is now. Men hardly less eminent than he have testified to the genuineness of the cures wrought there before their very eyes by the power of prayer and simple faith. Tyndall lived long in Italy. He had many opportunities of going to witness the liquefaction of the blood held in the vial in the Church of San Gennaro, but he did not think it worth while. He scoffed at the power of prayer, to the great disedification of the Episcopal Church, to which he at one time belonged, it would seem. Bishop Berkeley, who denied that there was any such thing as Matter, was a good churchman and yet a scientist of no mediocre standing. Even though the good Bishop (who was, by the way, the founder of the Harvard Library) did not believe in the existence of Matter, he himself was the inventor of a preparation to which he gave the name of "tar-water," and which he recommended to the public by means of a pamphlet as a panacea for nearly all mortal ailments. Now, this tar-water was surely Matter, the substance whose existence the inventor of it denied! Such inconsistency, however, does not perturb the equanimity of the scientific mind, it would appear. No philosophic theory was ever constructed that could be called absolutely perfect in all its parts, the rationalist will answer, since we are all human, and it is the mark of humanity to be liable to err a little and yet continue to exist! The efficacy of prayer is abundantly proved by the Old Testament and the New. One of the most striking illustrations given in the latter was the liberation of Peter by an angel and the raising of Tabitha from the dead by the same Apostle; Paul's letters describing his conversion, his wanderings, his penal tortures, his many conversions. These and St. Luke's account of the virgin birth of Christ are fiercely challenged by the

"higher critics" of to-day. These critics, for the most part, are men who have no means of sustaining their objections except by comparison of one Gospel with another. We have here with us to-day a British scientist of the first rank, Sir William M. Ramsay, an archæologist, traveler and linguist of world-wide fame and experience in the fields of Scriptural research. He has gone over Asia Minor and other regions, in the footsteps of St. Paul, and in a course of lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, shattered the objections of the critics. The account of the virgin birth and the taking of the census by the Roman Governor, Quirinus (Douay version, Cyrinus), as recorded in Luke II., he corroborated by the ancient records, and proved them to be authentic, recorded facts, and not, as the critics have contended, merely an effort of the imagination of the early historians. The census spoken of was remarkable as the first one attempted to be taken for the whole empire, on both sides of the Mediterranean, and though crude in many respects, it has been regarded as most valuable as preparing the ground for greater and more penetrative analytical surveys. Sir William has found confirmation, in the proofs still extant, of the substantial correctness of the whole Gospel story. The differences in the respective Gospel narratives, in the view of many optimistic scholars, will eventually resolve themselves into matters of secondary importance, as capable of explanation by the accidents of mundane existence, disagreements of computation in astronomy and geography, in methods of recording and describing things terrestrial and celestial, and shades of meaning in translating from Hebrew Greek and Syro-Greek into Latin and from Latin into other European languages.

In conclusion, it ought to be said that, as Sir Oliver Lodge's address has elicited some strong animadversions because of his leanings toward Spiritualism, it would only be fair to him to recall that he had already given to the world his profession of faith in the pages of the "Hibbert Journal" (July, 1906)—of which the following two passages contain the kernels:

"I believe in one Infinite and Eternal Being, or guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist. I believe that the Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and has since been worshipped by the Christian Church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

"I believe that man is privileged to understand and assist the Divine purpose on earth, that prayer is a means of communication between man and God, and that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the way toward goodness and truth, so that by

unselfish service we may gradually enter into the life eternal, the communion of saints and the peace of God."

This, though not, from the Catholic point of view, sufficient, is at all events so definite and unambiguous as to leave no doubt of the wide difference that separates the subscriber from the beliefs of Tyndall and his school—a school now happily vanishing into the twilight of the past, and leaving little behind them to make their memory revered by the sincere Christian.

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MARGARET OF YORK.[1]

THE story of Margaret of York, Duchess of Burgundy, loses much of its pathos and beauty when briefly related in the pages of history or tersely told in works of reference.[2] It is as we study it closely in all its details that we fully realize its beauty and admire the piety, zeal for religion and love of learning of this White Rose of York.

Margaret was born on May 3, 1446, in the Castle of Fotheringay, Northamptonshire. She was one of the eleven children of Richard, Duke of York, of whom only three sons and three daughters survived their father. Margaret's childhood was overshadowed by the War of the Roses; she was but fourteen years old when her father was slain at Wakefield. Within the year, however, her eldest brother had retrieved the fortunes of his house, gained the battle of Towton and been hailed King, with the title of Edward IV., by the citizens of London.

He immediately recalled his brothers, George and Richard, from Flanders, where they had found refuge during the war in their

[1] The chief authorities for the story of Margaret of York are the quaint "Mémoires" of Oliver de la Marche and those of Haynin and Commines, all contemporaries of hers. Among modern writers I have largely used Kervyn, "Histoire de la Flandre," and Lingard, "History of England," but most useful of all to me has been the monograph of L. Galesloot, "Marguerite d'Yorck," published at Bruges in 1879, replete with information drawn from original sources. For the history of her times, consult Barante, "Les Ducs de Bourgogne;" H. Pierenne, "Histoire de la Belgique," and the American historian, John Foster Kirk, "History of Charles the Bold," and E. A. Freeman's essay on the latter work, among his "Select Historical Essays" (Tauchnitz, 1873).

[2] See articles in the "Dictionary of English Biography" on Margaret of York, by J. Gairdner, and the Belgian "Biographie Nationale," by A. Beeckman.

own land. Their sisters also may have taken shelter in those Netherlands which through centuries have so often and generously given hospitality to English exiles. If Margaret had gone thither with her brothers, Charles the Bold, then Count of Charolais, the only son of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, may have seen her at his father's court. Anyhow, although by descent a Lancastrian, being then for a second time a widower, he sought in 1465 to obtain the hand of Margaret of York. Under pretext of competing with Lord Scales in some feats of arms, Anthony, the Bastard of Burgundy, was sent to London to negotiate this marriage. With him went Olivier de la Marche, whose quaint memoirs are so valuable for the history of his times.[3] He was councillor, cup-bearer and squire to Philip the Good, and for this journey into England received from his master a gratification of money equivalent to about two hundred and sixty pounds sterling of the present day. Edward IV. would willingly have concluded an alliance with the house of Burgundy, which for commercial reasons would have pleased his subjects and, above all, his loyal Londoners, but Warwick, the king-maker, opposed the match, desiring a French marriage for Margaret.

Before this opposition could be overcome the negotiations were broken off on account of the death of Philip the Good. Charles inherited all the power and wealth which his father had accumulated during the forty-eight years he had ruled as duke, and thus found himself lord over some of the fairest provinces and richest cities of Europe. Vassal though he was both of the Holy Empire and of the French King, he was richer and more powerful than either of his over-lords. Morally a far better man than his father, upright in all his dealings, true to his word, brave to rashness, a faithful husband, he lacked tact, was headstrong, and his ambition was near akin to madness. A prince more powerful than any king, he went in quest of a crown and even thought to obtain one day an imperial diadem. "It is impossible to know, and he himself probably never knew exactly what he wanted," is the judgment which Belgium's latest historian passes on Charles' policy.[4] The same writer gives us a pen and ink portrait of Charles the Bold, traced with a master's hand. "The fine portraits," he says, "by Van der Weyden represent him with his swarthy complexion, his black hair, contrasting strangely with his bright blue eyes, his firm mouth and his prominent chin giving him a wildness of expression that agrees perfectly with that delight in storms and in rough seas which contemporaries tell us was his. His youth had been austere and serious, given

[3] The best edition of his "Mémoires" is that published in four volumes at Paris in 1884-1888.

[4] H. Pirenne, "Histoire de la Belgique," II., 292.

up to study and to reading ancient authors. . . . The absolute purity of his life, which distinguished him from all the princes of his day, suited well that inordinate love for work which was so marked a feature in his character."[5] Such, in a few words, was the prince who now sought to make Margaret his wife. He was thirteen years her senior.

In seeking this marriage, there are grounds for believing that Charles was moved by the feelings of his heart as well as by political motives. An English alliance was as necessary to the industry and commerce of his Flemish subjects as it was to the citizens of London, and Charles concluded more than one treaty of friendship and alliance with England.[6] The marriage treaty was signed at Brussels on February 16, 1468, by Edward IV.'s envoys, Richard, Bishop of Salisbury, and by his secretary, squire and treasurer on the one part and on the other by Isabella of Portugal, the mother of Charles the Bold. By it Edward promised to give his sister Margaret in marriage to Charles and settled on her a dowry which was only partially liquidated by drafts on rich merchants in Bruges. The King, moreover, provided her wedding outfit, gave her jewels suitable to her high rank and undertook to defray all the expenses of her journey to Flanders. Five months earlier, in a great council of peers held at Kingston, Margaret had given her formal consent to the projected marriage.

Charles meanwhile had obtained readily from the "Four Members of Flanders," that is, from the people of Ghent, Ypres, Bruges and its "Franc," a large grant of money for the expenses of his wedding. Mons, Valenciennes and other towns of the Netherlands showed themselves no less generous, so that apart from her partially paid dowry Charles was able during her married life to give her yearly about thirty thousand pounds of our money.[7]

An estrangement had taken place between Edward IV. and the powerful Earl of Warwick. He had been sent on a futile mission to the French court, and in his absence the King had hastened to conclude the marriage treaty. But when the Earl was seen riding before Margaret, as she rode in state through London, accompanied by the King, Queen and many nobles, to visit St. Paul's before leaving London, it was hoped that the powerful baron and his sovereign were reconciled. After having prayed in the old cathedral, Margaret received the congratulations of the Mayor and citizens, who presented her with many gifts.[8]

On June 18, 1468, Margaret left London, escorted by the King

[5] *Ib.*, II., 290.

[6] The texts are in Rymer's "Foedera."

[7] See L. Galesloot, "Marguerite d'York," pp. 10-14.

[8] Lingard, "History of England," III., 519. London, 1819.

and his brothers. They visited the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury on their way to Margate, where Margaret took leave of her brothers and embarked on a vessel named the New Olive, of London. Her large suite were distributed among the fifteen royal ships that escorted her vessels. The fleet set sail on June 24 and reached the port of Sluys on the following day. There Duke Charles met her. With him were his mother, Isabella of Portugal, and his only child, Mary of Burgundy, a girl of eleven, daughter of the Duke's second wife, Isabelle de Bourbon. The child was to find in the English princess a second and devoted mother. Among the suite who landed with Margaret were the Lords Howard and Scales, the Bishop of Salisbury and many great dames, headed by the Duchess of Norfolk, whose beauty the old chroniclers did not fail to notice, and a guard of stalwart English archers. Margaret lodged in the house of Guidon de Baenst, the Governor of the town.[9]

Three days later Charles, who in the meanwhile had gone to Bruges, returned, escorted by six knights of the Golden Fleece, to visit Margaret. Sluys has to our times kept its reputation for domestic gardens, and it was in the garden of the Governor's house that the lovers now met and sat on a bench, exchanging compliments and discussing divers matters. At a respectful distance were groups of knights and courtiers, dames and damsels. Presently the Comte de Charney, who had been appointed to wait on Margaret, approached the Duke and her, accompanied by the Bishop of Salisbury. He spoke thus to his master: "Monseigneur, since God has brought this noble lady safely to port, as your heart desired, it is fitting that you should not part without showing her your good will, and now is the moment to pledge her your troth."[10] Margaret's betrothal in that *lusthof* of Sluys is worthy of a great artist's brush!

Margaret tarried in Sluys until Saturday, July 2, when she proceeded on a state barge to Damme, where at 5 o'clock on the following morning she was married to Charles in the dining hall of the bailie of Damme, by the Bishop of Salisbury, in the presence of the Papal Legate, the Archbishop of York and seven other Bishops. Charles and his suite had ridden over from Bruges that morning, so must have been very early risers. They returned to the city immediately after the marriage to await the coming of the bride.

At 10 o'clock Margaret entered a litter slung between four magnificently caparisoned horses, itself covered with cloth of gold adorned with many pearls (marguerites), in allusion to her name. She was clad in white cloth of gold, wore many priceless jewels

[9] Kervyn, "Histoire de Flandre," IV., 116.
[10] *Ib.*, IV., 116.

and a costly ducal coronet, with the letters "M" and "C" entwined encircling it. This coronet is still to be seen among the treasures of the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle.[11] The account of Margaret's reception in Bruges fills many pages in Olivier de la Marche's memoirs. It is clear that even in that age of pageantry it made a deep impression on him and his contemporaries, for besides his we have handed down to us several by eye-witnesses, of whom one was an Englishman.[12] Space does not allow of even a digest of these various accounts being given here, and they would lose much of their quaint interest if not read in the originals. Suffice it to describe here the salient features of Margaret's entry into Bruges, of the banquets at the Princenhof, the palace Philip the Good had built, and of the jousts on the market place of the city.

Margaret entered by the Holy Cross gate, which still stands. Above it were posted trumpeters to herald her approach and choristers who sung sweetly as she passed beneath them. Inside was formed a great procession of rich merchants from Venice, Genoa, Spain, Portugal and other lands, mostly on horseback, attended by torch-bearers and pages. The English merchants walked around their princess' litter, and at the head of them, as their governor, Caxton. Then there were soldiers in shining helmets and breast-plates, pikes or bows in their hands, among whom the English guard, then as now in red jackets, were much admired. Princes of the houses of Burgundy, Bourbon, Nassau and Luxembourg, richly attired and attended, rode in the procession, which on its way across the city halted ten times to allow Margaret to admire stages erected along its route, on which were represented various Scriptural or profane subjects, suitable to the occasion. Vying with the princes in the richness of their costumes, in the beauty of their horses and in the number of their squires and pages were many great nobles and knights. Minstrels enlivened the scene by their songs, while drummers and trumpeters added to the din caused by the pealing of bells in the belfry and in the towers of the many churches of Bruges. Some idea of this great procession may be formed by those who have witnessed one of those for which Bruges is still celebrated. But this procession in Margaret's honor contained so many personages, high in Church or State, that good old Olivier de la Marche owns that he grew weary of enumerating them. He did not, however, forget to mention the nine Bishops and the canons and parish priests who came forth to greet the

[11] A full description of it, with a drawing, is given by W. H. James Weale in "La Flandre," II., 324.

[12] His manuscript has been printed by Kervyn in the Belgian "Bulletins de la Commission royale d'histoire," where will also be found a Latin manuscript on the same subject edited by De Ram, V., 169.

White Rose, nor the fair ladies of England and Flanders who bore her company until she descended from her litter at the door of the Princenhof, where Charles awaited her and where his mother conducted her to her bridal chamber.

Various presents were offered to the bride as she entered the city. The Florentine merchants presented her with four coursers trapped with gold-embroidered damask; the civic authorities of Bruges gave her wine and wax and begged her to be a gracious lady to their city. The citizens, folk from the country and people from other cities and towns of the Duke's provinces thronged the streets along which she passed, and by their shouts sought to please their new Duchess.

At the Princenhof a great wooden hall had been built in which twice daily during nine days gorgeous banquets were served to all the great personages who had come for the wedding and to their numerous suites. Two long tables were placed down the whole length of the hall, while a third table stood crosswise on a dais, at which the Duke and his bride and their princely guests took their seats, while at one end of the hall were galleries from which noble dames and fair damsels watched the proceedings. All the tables and sideboards were loaded with the gold and silver plate, of which many pieces were encrusted with precious stones, which Philip the Good had amassed to the value of sixty thousand marks. Many mechanical contrivances amused the guests during these banquets designed, we are told, by Jehan Stalkens, a canon of a church at Lille! One of the most graceful was an artificial leopard riding on the back of a unicorn, holding in one paw the banner of England, in the other a *marguerite* or pearl. The master of the Duke's household, taking the pearl from the leopard, presented it to the Duke, saying: "Most excellent, most high, most victorious prince, the proud and dreaded leopard of England makes you a present of this noble Marguerite!" The leopard and the unicorn having departed, there entered a wonderful golden lion, having fearful claws, representing all the wealth and power of Flanders. It opened its jaws, not to roar like Bottom the weaver, to fright the Duchess and the ladies, but to sing a pretty ballad in honor of the bride, of which the burden was expressed by her motto: *"Bien en avienne!"*

In the intervals between the banquets there were daily tournaments and jousts on the market places. Among those who entered the lists and most distinguished themselves were Sir John Woodville, brother of the Queen of England, Adolphe de Clèves, Lord of Ravenstein, and Charles the Bold himself. During one encounter, in which six knights were engaged on either side, the blows fell

so fast and furious that Margaret, so the English eye-witness relates, "wearing a dolorous countenance," waved her handkerchief as a signal that the strife should cease. This kindly action reveals to us her good heart. But on the whole there was much childishness in the amusements of her times, and "it is difficult for us to imagine that they were men and not grown-up children that were present at the wedding festivities of Margaret of York."[13]

Margaret's married life lasted less than ten years. Her husband had already been twice married, for the first time in 1439 to Catherine, daughter of the French King Charles VII., but she dying seven years later, Charles married in 1454 Isabelle de Bourbon, his cousin. According to the annalist De Meyer, this union was forced on Charles for political motives, but he proved himself as good a husband as he did to his third wife. His only child, Mary of Burgundy, was the daughter of his second wife. He appears to have disliked female interference in politics, and allowed few if any women to reside in the Princenhof at Bruges, where he gave audiences and transacted affairs of state. When in Flanders he resided with his wife and daughter either in the Castle of the Counts, at Ghent, or in the old castle of Male, outside Bruges. The chapel of this castle, it is believed, was blessed by St. Thomas of Canterbury.[14] It was while residing at Male with the Duke that on the night of April 17, 1472, a fire broke out in the castle, by which Margaret lost all her jewels, tapestries and personal belongings and had, with the other inmates, a narrow escape of losing their lives. Her losses were estimated at sixty thousand crowns, but the States and cities of the Low Countries hastened to make good her losses. This shows how in a short time she had won the good will of the Netherlanders, who are never too ready to untie their purse-strings.[15]

Hardly were the wedding festivities over when affairs of state called Charles away from Bruges, after taking affectionate leave of the English lords and ladies who had accompanied Margaret across the sea. It was time for the wedding guests to depart, for the plague began to ravage the city. As time went on Charles was oftener and oftener away from Margaret's side, busy in pushing his ambitious plans, in prosecuting the wars in which they involved him and in which his arch-enemy, the astute Louis XI., took good care Charles should become more and more involved. Margaret's anxiety for her husband must indeed have been great when he was away, for her keen intellect could measure the dangers he ran in this contest with the crafty French monarch. But Margaret had

[13] Pirenne, *op. cit.*, II., 434.
[14] Weale, "Bruges et ses environs," p. 288.
[15] Galesloot, *op. cit.*, pp. 14 and 31.

no political influence over her husband unless it was when her brother, Edward IV., was forced by Warwick to flee from England and to seek refuge in Flanders. Charles did not want to break off relations with England, so received the royal fugitive coldly at first, but finally, at Margaret's instigation, he secretly lent Edward money, men and ships with which to recover his kingdom.[16]

Charles on his part showed by deeds that his words were true when he spoke of "the singular love and affection I have for my companion" when he settled on her a pension for life of one hundred crowns in the event of his dying before her, and he had already promised her, when she should become dowager, the usufruct of the revenues of several towns and districts in his dominions. From the date of her marriage until her death (except for a short period) Margaret had command of a considerable fortune, and she looked keenly after it. She placed stewards over her different domains and carefully examined the accounts they rendered. When her secretary wrote in her name to them, she not seldom added a postscript in a French that betrayed her English origin and in large, bold handwriting that showed that she knew how to make herself obeyed.[17]

Margaret's household, even after the Duke's death, was very considerable, as we learn from a letter that she wrote in 1501 to the Bishop of Tournay, in which she mentions that it then comprised one hundred and twenty persons. During Charles' lifetime it must have been on the scale of that of Isabella of Portugal, wife of Philip the Good, of which a list has been preserved. Besides ladies and maids-in-waiting and a *chevalier d'honneur* with six attendants, there were chaplains, almoners, doctors, surgeons, equerries, cooks, valets, butlers and servants, to the number in all of one hundred and sixty, nearly all of whom were provided with horses. The *chevalier d'honneur* of Margaret of York was Guillaume de la Baune, Lord of Irlain, on whom she settled an annuity of a thousand livres. When Margaret traveled, as she did frequently, it was either on horseback or in a horse-borne litter and accompanied by many of her household. Thus once when on her way with her stepdaughter, Mary, from Ghent to Brussels, they halted at the small town of Assche, which offered them wine and had to provide stabling for some thirty horses.[18]

While Duchess most of Margaret's journeys were undertaken in order that she might make her "joyful entry" into the good towns

[16] Kervyn, "Hist. de la Flandre," IV., 146-155; Lingard, III., 533-534.

[17] Galesloot, *op. cit.*, pp. 7, 15, 41-45, who gives a fac simile of Margaret's writing.

[18] Galesloot, p. 22, note.

of her husband's dominions. She does not, however, appear to have visited any of his Burgundian possessions. One of her first "joyful entries" was in the May after her marriage to Ghent. The Duke and his daughter there witnessed with her a tournament on the Friday Market and a mimic naval combat on the Lys. A year later she paid her first visit to Mechlin, arriving at night by the Brussels gate, which was lighted by many torches. She was presented with a silver-gilt ewer and a barrel of Burgundy, the gentlemen of her suite also receiving wine and her servants being gratified with money. A poet composed and recited verses in her honor. She witnessed the procession in honor of St. Rumbold, the Irish, or perhaps better, the Saxon patron saint of the city. In commemoration of Margaret's first visit, the civic authorities of Mechlin presented themselves with a dozen silver plates and goblets![19] Seven months later she paid her first visit to Mons, where the Mayor, Aldermen and a hundred horsemen met her with one hundred torch-bearers, all dressed in green uniforms, to light her way through the streets in the darkness of a November evening. She, Mary of Burgundy, and six ladies were mounted on white, ambling horses, followed by three cars full of ladies. The Lord of Ravenstein escorted the Duchess, who, after being duly harangued and complimented in ballads that compared her to the women of the Old Testament, and having received gifts of a gold cup and barrels of Rhine and Burgundy wine, she went to the Heame hôtel to lodge. On the following day she assisted at Mass in the Church of St. Waudru, of which the rebuilding was then in progress, and at Vespers in the church of the Friars Minor, in whose convent a banquet was afterwards served.[20] In other towns Margaret was received with like honors, as their accounts still extant show.

Margaret made good use of her wealth and position to befriend religion. At Mons she built a refuge for penitent women and enlarged the town's hospital. She helped to found charterhouses at Louvain and Scheut and convents of Poor Clares at Mechlin and of "Black" or nursing Sisters at Binche. She was the good friend of the Carthusians of Hérinnes, in Brabant, of whose church and convent hardly a stone remains. She bequeathed to it her heart. She was in correspondence with Dionysius the Carthusian, known as the "Doctor Extaticus," the author of many ascetical works. She defended the Norbertines of Bonne Espérance against a great noble who tried to encroach on their property. She brought about reforms in many religious houses of either sex. The chronicler of the Louvain Charterhouse calls her an *honesta et religiosa valde matrona,*

[19] Galesloot, pp. 23-25.
[20] *Id.*, pp. 28-31.

adding: "She was a great benefactress of many of our houses."[21] Margaret seems to have been attracted to the Carthusians by the great reputation for sanctity which Father Laurent Muschelede, the prior of Hérinnes, enjoyed when she first came into the Low Countries. She visited him there in 1473 and gave his house many rich presents. When five years later the saintly monk was dying from gangrene produced by dropsy, she sent her surgeon to help him. But the holy man refused his services, leaving himself entirely in the hands of God to live or die as He willed.[22] A memorial of Margaret of York was erected in the Louvain Charterhouse, and traces of it still exist amid the ruins of that house.[23]

Margaret did her utmost to obtain a reform among the secular clergy in Flanders, whose morals had become lax. At Oudenarde she moved the Bishop of the diocese to exert his power to reform the parochial clergy of the town. In bestowing benefices that were in her gift she took care that they should only be given to clerics of good life and well versed in the Scriptures. She gave many gifts to various churches. The Cathedral of Mechlin, among others, owed to her some stained glass. Binche received from her a relic of the True Cross, as also a rich set of vestments, which were exhibited at Paris in 1878, while some fine silver candlesticks in the church at Lierre were her gifts.[24]

The Royal Library at Brussels contains several illuminated manuscripts which once belonged to and some of which were written for Margaret of York, costly works that prove how generous she was in her patronage of learning. She formed libraries both at Binche and at Mechlin, in which places she chiefly resided after her husband's death, so Galesloot says, and he adds long descriptions of her manuscripts still preserved in the Royal Library at Brussels.[25] In the library of Valenciennes there is a manuscript signed "Margarete Dengleterre;" another one, says Kervyn, is to be found in the British Museum. Gachard relates[26] that Margaret bought three illuminated Breviaries from the widow of the unfortunate Chancellor Hugonet. Kervyn also tells us that Margaret founded the library of the Dominicans at Ghent.[27] And the same historian thereupon asks: "What claim had Margaret of York to be remembered by posterity? Those claims were probably those she valued the least:

21 Reusens, "Analectes pour servir à l'histoire ecclesiastique de la Belgique," XIV., 228.

22 Galesloot, p. 142.

23 *Id.*, pp. 55-59.

24 For full details of her gifts to churches and her conduct towards the clergy and religious, see Galesloot, *passim.*

25 Pp. 71-80.

26 "Bulletins de la Commission royale d'histoire," S. 2, II., p. 120.

27 "Hist. de la Flandre," IV., 408.

she had given to England a William Caxton, while Flanders owed to her love of letters the foundation of the rich library of the Preaching Friars at Ghent."

The story of Caxton is too well known to need repetition here; his connection with Margaret of Burgundy is what most interests us at present. Within a couple of years of her marriage Caxton, who had long held the honorable and lucrative position of Governor of the English Nation beyond the seas, had resigned that post and entered her service, in what capacity does not appear. Two probable motives for this change of condition have been suggested—that he found his duties as Governor too burdensome, allowing him little leisure to pursue literary work that he had already begun; and that he wished to be free to marry, which by the rules of the Merchant Adventurers he could not do while living abroad. That he married about this time seems certain; whether the "Mawde Caxton" who died in the year 1490 and was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, we cannot be sure; but a deed of separation, dated May 20, 1496, found in the Record Office by Gairdner, shows that Elizabeth, wife of Gerard Croppe, merchant tailor, was Caxton's daughter. But who Caxton's wife was we know not, and we can only surmise that she may have been one of Margaret's maids-in-waiting. Caxton, whatever may have been his position in the ducal household, certainly earned the salary he received from the Duchess by the literary work he produced. The "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye" was, as Caxton himself tells us, "drawen out of frenshe in to englisshe" by himself at "the comandemet of the right hye myghty and vertuouse Pryncesse hys redoubtyd lady Margarete." Copies of this work in manuscript were in such demand that his hand grew "wery and not stedfast" with much writing, and "his eyes were dimed with overmoch lokyng on the whit paper." Then it was that he learned the new art of printing. We cannot doubt that Margaret helped in the expenses this must have involved, in those of buying the press and type with which his later works were produced and in carrying them across the sea and in securing for him the patronage of great personages in England. But he may also have rendered good service to the Duchess in helping her by his experience as a trader in exercising those privileges and exemptions that Edward IV. had granted her of trading in English wool. The noblest born in those days were not above such lucrative commerce.[28]

Caxton's "redoubted lady" figures in art as well as in letters. The regretted Keeper of the Royal Library at Brussels has discussed in detail the various portraits of Charles the Bold and of Margaret

[28] See "William Caxton," by W. Blades (London, 1882), notably Chapter III., pp. 15-32.

of York.[29] He mentions a glass window in which they were portrayed that was formerly in Our Lady's Church at Bruges, of which there is a drawing in the public library of that town; also similar portraits that existed in the Cathedral of Mechlin, and those in fresco in the Town Hall of Ypres. These frescoes were painted by Joris Unterhove in 1469, and would be of great value as contemporary portraits had they not been restored beyond recognition a few years ago. Magaret's statue in the Halles at Ypres dates only from 1860. Father Van den Gheyn does not mention a drawing representing Margaret of York by a sixteenth century Flemish or French artist, preserved in the library of Arras, together with a similar drawing of Perkin Warbeck;[30] nor the oil painting of her belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, London, supposed by Blades to have been painted on occasion of her marriage and of which he gives a lithographic copy.[31] The most valuable representations of her are perhaps those in manuscript No. 9296 in the Royal Library at Brussels. One of its miniatures depicts Margaret at prayer, kneeling, wearing regal attire; around her stand the doctors of the Church, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose and St. Gregory the Great, and St. Margaret, her patron. Another miniature depicts Margaret performing the seven corporal works of mercy. The manuscript is entitled "Benois seront les misericordieux," and was done into French, from a work compiled by the Carthusians of Hérinnes, by Nicholas Finet, master of arts, canon of Cambray and Margaret's almoner. The learned Ch. Ruelens, a former keeper of manuscripts of the Royal Library, judged this to be one of the finest of the manuscripts from the Burgundian library.[32] Judging from these various portraits, the description of Margaret's personal appearance, given by a lady writer of the seventeenth century, on what authority we are not told, does not seem wholly fanciful. Margaret, she says, was "fair, and her face was so fresh and charming that it had an extraordinary splendor."[33]

Many a furrow on Margaret's noble countenance must have been traced by the anxious times through which she passed during the closing years of Charles the Bold's career. What she felt regarding his efforts to form a great middle kingdom between France and Germany, that would have stretched from the bleak shores of the North Sea to the sunlit Mediterranean, we have no record. She

[29] J. Van den Gheyn, S. J., "Annales de l'Académie Royale d'Archéologie de Belgique," LVI., pp. 384-405.

[30] See "Catalogue of National Portrait Gallery" for 1903, p. 580.

[31] See "William Caxton," by W. Blades (large edition of 1861), frontispiece and preface, p. x.

[32] Galesloot, *op. cit.*, pp. 71-75.

[33] Mlle. Caumont de la Force in her book, "Marie de Bourgogne," published without author's name at Lyons in 1694.

must have known that her marriage, that the conclusion soon after it of a commercial treaty between England and the Low Countries for a term of thirty years, that Charles' gift of the Golden Fleece to Edward IV. and the latter's conferring on the former the Garter, were all proofs of a final rupture between France and her Burgundian vassal and marked the opening of a duel unto death between Charles the Bold and Louis XI. In this deadly game Charles used his daughter Mary as a pawn. Seven times he had promised her hand to various princes according as his policy deemed it necessary. This must have tried Margaret's feelings, for she had become deeply attached to Mary of Burgundy, and they were constantly together. She must have seen with sorrow Charles involved in all the pomp and circumstances of war at the siege of Neuss, and have lamented that it broke up the Anglo-Burgundian coalition against France. But worse was in store. René of Lorraine, backed by Louis XI., had declared war on Charles. Nancy was soon taken, and his victory made it seem easy to push on south. But on his flank were the warlike Swiss, who in the previous year had attacked his troops and dominions. He marched his splendid army against them; it was shattered to bits on March 3, 1476, at Granson. Until then Charles had been thought invincible, especially as the Burgundian artillery was such as no other prince then possessed. He would not take advice; he did not or would not see that behind the Swiss was the astute Louis XI., that his allies and mercenaries were ready to abandon one whom fortune had deserted. Morose and irritable, he went to his fate and met it in another crushing defeat at Morat at the hands of the same mountaineers who only less than four months earlier had beaten him at Granson. The last scene of this tragedy was soon enacted. René of Lorraine had recovered his capital. Charles resolved to retake it. Deserted in the battle of January 5, 1477, under the walls of Nancy, by Campo-Basso and his mercenaries, Charles was killed fighting to the last. Two days later his body was found in a frozen pond, gnawed by wolves and pierced by three fatal wounds. It was identified by a laundry maid of his household and a page who bore the noble name of Colonna. Duke René buried his dead foe with all honors due to his rank in the Church of St. George at Nancy, where it rested until Charles V., his great-grandson, obtained its removal to Bruges.

The death of Charles left his dominions in a wild state of confusion. There survived him, to save a situation so deeply compromised, only "a young girl and a woman, Mary, Charles' only daughter, barely twenty years of age, unknown to her subjects, from whom she had been from her birth severed by the rigid etiquette of the Burgundian court, a gentle, feeble girl; and her stepmother,

the intelligent and learned Margaret of York, full of resolute energy, but bewildered by the sudden catastrophe that had struck her."[34] The two princesses resided together at Ghent when the first tidings of Charles' death reached them.

At first the fatal news arrived in such doubtful terms that many refused to credit it. Even ten days after the battle Margaret had received no positive news of her husband's death and wrote to the magistrates of Mechlin thus: "By accounts received from various quarters, we understand and trust that by God's grace Charles is alive and well."[35] It was only on January 25 that she and Mary went into mourning for the Duke; she caused a grand funeral service for the repose of his soul to be celebrated at Oudenarde, one of the towns of her dowry. She also arranged that a certain devout nun should retire into a hermitage near Mechlin, there to spend her life in prayer for the deceased Duke. She wrote letters to the Emperor and to Louis XI., to announce to them officially the sad news. Within four days of the battle before Nancy Louis knew that Charles was defeated and a day later that the Duke was dead. He hastened to lay claim to the Duchy of Burgundy and to assert his authority over the helpless young Duchess.

The latter and Margaret had written to inform the towns of the Netherlands of the Duke's death and convoked the States General to meet at Ghent. These voted a levy of one hundred thousand men for the defense of the Netherlands, but exacted from the helpless young Duchess the "Great Privilege" which destroyed the monarchical and centralized government the Burgundian dukes had founded, replacing it by a feeble federation of cities and States, quite inadequate to cope with the power of such an enemy as Louis XI. All that was left to the young Duchess to do was to seek safety in delays, in negotiating with her enemies abroad and her unruly subjects at home.[36]

The Flemish communes, bent rather on winning back and on extending their privileges than on chivalrously defending the rights of the Duchess Mary, sought to isolate her from her friends. Thus Adolphus of Cleves, Lord of Ravenstein, who had been appointed lieutenant general of Charles in his absence, was forced to leave Mary's side, while, more cruelly still, they forced Margaret of York to leave her beloved stepdaughter. Margaret retired to Oudenarde, protesting that "if she was a stranger to the country, she was not so in heart and courage.[37] It is pleasant to find that Margaret was able to keep up a correspondence with Mary during the troubled

[34] H. Pirenne, "Hist. Nat. de la Belgique," III., p. 4.
[35] Kervyn, *op. cit.*, IV., 185.
[36] See H. Pirenne, "Histoire Nationale de la Belgique," III., 7-15.

times of their separation by the courageous help of the Dame de Hallewyn.[38]

Margaret was driven away because the Ghent people knew that she was opposed to a marriage of Mary with the Dauphin of France, which they favored. She would have liked her to marry her brother, the Duke of Clarence, but this was thwarted by Edward IV., whom Louis had on over to his side. There were other claimants to the hand of Mary, who was the richest heiress of her times. But Charles before his death had promised to give her in marriage to the Archduke Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick III. Margaret now did all in her power to hasten this marriage, which politically would save Mary from the power of Louis XI. On April 15, 1477, she wrote from Mechlin to the Emperor, and after thanking him for the embassy he had sent with his condolences, she promises to do her utmost to promote the marriage and begs the Emperor to hasten it.[39] Six months later she sent the Emperor another Latin letter, rejoicing that the marriage had taken place and praising in affectionate terms the Archduke.[40]

During the brief reign of Mary of Burgundy Margaret strove to obtain for her the help of Edward IV. With this object she undertook a journey to England in 1480. She left Bruges with her suite and embarked at Calais on June 24; she was back in Bruges by the middle of September, when the magistrates of that city presented her with eighty pounds of wax and a barrel of wine.[41] It appears from some letters in which she gave an account of her embassy, preserved in the imperial archives at Vienna, that she stayed at Rochester on her return journey. Adrian But, the chronicler of the great abbey of the Dunes, on the Flemish coast, says that she visited it both on her way to and from England, and that on her way to Calais an attempt was made by the French to waylay her and to capture the treasure that she carried with her. On her return she dined at the abbey, together with several English nobles and the abbot of St. Bernard's-on-the-Scheldt, who, with his two nephews, had crossed the Channel with her. One of the objects of her embassy was to arrange for the betrothal of her nephew with Philip the Handsome (he was only a child two years of age!) with a daughter of Edward IV. If she did not succeed in this, she was at least successful in obtaining three thousand English soldiers to serve under Maximilian.[42]

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[37] Kervyn, "Hist. Flan.," IV., 216.
[38] "Biographie Nationale," XIII., 670.
[39] "Monumenta Habsburgica," I., 145. Vienna, 1854.
[40] *Ib.*, p. 165.
[41] L. Gilliodts, "Inventaire des Archives de Bruges."
[42] Galesloot, *op. cit.*, pp. 114-116.

After the untimely death of "the gentle Mary" at Bruges on March 27, 1482, Margaret continued to aid Maximilian and his two children. On the very day of his son's birth she wrote from Bruges a joyful letter to the magistrates of Mechlin to announce the happy event. Molinet gives a detailed account of the baptism of this Prince, afterwards to be known as Philip the Handsome, in the Church of St. Donatian, at Bruges. "The most high and most noble Princess," he says, "Madame Marguerite d'Yorck, wearing a robe of black velvet, carried the baby in her arms" to the church and held it at the font while the Bishop of Tournay baptized him, and she gave the child a gift worth twenty thousand crowns. The ceremonies at the church over, Margaret carried back the new Christian to his mother at the ducal palace. She also acted as godmother to Mary's daughter, Margaret of Austria, who was named after her. She also held at the baptismal font Philip the Handsome's daughter, Eleanor, giving her a costly reliquary, and she lived long enough to render the same service to her brother, who was afterwards to be known to the new and old world as the Emperor Charles V. To him she gave a rich helmet adorned with gold and precious stones, surmounted by a golden phenix arising from its burning ashes. Margaret seems to have delighted in standing godmother, for there are several other instances of her having done so for children of lesser rank.[43]

Margaret visited her native land once more in 1486, and the accounts of the city of Mechlin show that it contributed 600 livres towards the expenses of her journey.[44] What its object was can only be surmised. Henry VII. was now King, and by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., the houses of York and Lancaster were united. It seems probable that Margaret wished to ascertain how far the reconciliation of the two houses was sincere. If so, she must have discovered that the King's behavior to the Queen "had created great discontent. Why, it was asked, was she not crowned? Why was she, the rightful heir to the crown, refused the usual honors of royalty? Other kings had been eager to crown their consorts;" but Elizabeth was to be left crownless and in an obscurity unworthy of her high station, even after she had borne the King a son and heir to his throne.[45] This state of affairs must have been bitterly resented by Margaret, and explains, if it does not justify, her subsequent conduct towards Henry VII. From the time of this journey her court at Mechlin became a place of

[43] For these princely baptisms, see Molinet (édition de Buchon) and Galesloot (*op. cit.*, p. 110).

[44] Galesloot, *op. cit.*, p. 116.

[45] Lingard, "Hist. of England," III., 622.

refuge for the partisans of the house of York and the centre of their intrigues and plots against that King.

As Dowager Duchess of Burgundy Margaret was all but in name a sovereign. When Mary had been inaugurated as Duchess at Louvain she had invested her stepmother with the suzerainty not only of Mechlin, Oudenarde and Dendermonde, settled on her by Charles, but, because these did not suffice to pay her dowry, also of those formerly enjoyed by Isabella of Portugal and of the lordships of Cassel, la Motte, the forest of Nieppe and of the towns and districts of Brielle and Voorne, in Holland, which Mary added to Margaret's dowry. But when experts taxed the revenues of all these localities they were found insufficient to pay the dowry of one hundred thousand crowns, so Maximilian added to it the domains of Binche and Quesnoy. As according to feudal usages, a woman could not be personally invested with suzerainty, Josse de Lalaing, Knight of the Golden Fleece, acted as Margaret's proxy and took the oaths of fidelity in her name.[46]

As dowager Margaret had many residences, castles at Oudenarde, Lierre and Quesnoy and houses at Binche, Bruges, Louvain and Mons. But her favorite and more permanent residence was in Mechlin. There she had purchased from John of Burgundy, Bishop of Cambray, for four thousand gold florins, his house in the Rue de l'Empereur, restoring it and adding to it a hall designed by the famous architect, Antoine Keldermans. The house was bought furnished, but she brought to it twelve wagonloads of her own furniture from Binche. She settled this palace on Maximilian and his son, Philip the Handsome, reserving her right to inhabit it during her lifetime. It thus came to be called the Kaiserhof after her death. Charles V., Mary of Hungary and Philip II. were among those who occupied it. In 1613 it became a college of the Jesuits, and on their suppression a hospital for three hundred invalid Austrian soldiers. Pulled down early in the last century, hardly a vestige of this historic edifice remains.[47] Mechlin appears to have been proud to have Margaret among its residents, though occasionally difficulties arose and even led to lawsuits between her and the town, particularly about her right to appoint its magistrates. Nevertheless, it frequently voted her grants of money and offered her gifts, and whence once she fell ill at Binche it made anxious inquiries about her health, which she herself answered by letter in most affectionate terms. She also procured from her brother, Edward IV., special privileges for its traders in England.[48]

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[46] Galesloot, *op. cit.*, 15-17.
[47] Galesloot, *op. cit.*, pp. 23-28.
[48] *Ib.*, 34-36.

In the places of which Margaret was suzerain she had the right to administer justice both in civil and criminal affairs. According to the ideas of her times, she was merciful, as, for instance, when she sentenced a maid servant guilty of domestic theft to a few days in prison on bread and water and then to be banished from the district where she dwelt. Even as late as the days of Maria Theresa domestic theft was punished in the Netherlands by death! Galesloot gives a curious account, too long to quote, of how Margaret punished the folk of a whole village; also how she came into conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities on the often abused right of sanctuary.[49]

The accounts of the city of Mechlin show that hardly a year passed without Margaret receiving envoys from England. Probably many of these were in reality agents of the supporters of the house of York, at least those who came after Henry VII. had begun to reign. Anyhow, after the Yorkshire insurrection of 1486 Lord Lovell and others found refuge there, and thither, too, came John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, Margaret's nephew, to obtain her support for the impostor, Lambert Simnel, the pretended Earl of Warwick. Aided by the Archduke Maximilian, she helped Lincoln with money and two thousand German veterans, commanded by Martin Schwartz, a tried German officer. Into the details of this expedition it is needless here to enter. Lincoln, Schwartz and his Germans and many leaders of the insurrection perished in battle. Lovell was never after it seen alive. Simnel was taken prisoner and became a scullion in the royal kitchens.[50]

The failure of this expedition did not deter Margaret from again attempting to retrieve the fortunes of the house of York. So ardent was she in this that writers of the Tudor times describe her as playing the part of a Juno towards Henry VII. The Yorkist refugees, no doubt, excited her to action, and, as Lincoln had persuaded her to support Simnel, they persuaded her to acknowledge as her nephew one whom Lingard describes "as one of the most mysterious personages recorded in English history.[51] This was the famous Perkin Warbeck, who claimed the English crown as being Richard, Duke of York, the younger brother of Edward V. Both brothers were believed to have been murdered in the Tower of London in 1483, the younger then being eleven years of age. After passing in review all the evidence that we have of the murders of the royal princes in the Tower and of Warbeck being an impostor, we think that if two questions were

[49] Galesloot, *op. cit.*, pp. 62-70.
[50] Lingard, III., 616-622.
[51] *Ib.*, III., 637.

posed before a jury: Were the princes one or both murdered in the Tower? Was Warbeck an impostor? the answer would have to be in the negative, or at least, to borrow a term from Scotch law, "Not proven!" The judicious Lingard, however, after reviewing all the evidence about Warbeck, concludes that "the considerations of these circumstances has left little doubt on my mind that Warbeck was an impostor."[52]

On the mind of Margaret of York there was probably quite as "little doubt" that he was really her nephew. Her wish to believe in him, of course, was strong within her. Have we not seen in our own times, in the Tichborne case, a mother recognize as her son one whom two courts declared to be an impostor? And Warbeck was a far more plausible claimant than was the man who laid claim to the Tichborne title and estates. Of course, Margaret's support of Simnel tells against her, unless we remember that that support was given not so much to the impostor as to her nephew, the Earl of Lincoln, whose puppet he was.

Warbeck's story need only be briefly told here. He appears publicly in history in 1492, on board a ship from Lisbon that had anchored in the Cove of Cork. Recognized by not a few as Richard of York, he took advantage of the situation, availing himself instead of an invitation to the court of Charles VIII., King of France. There the handsome, courtly youth was given a guard of honor and was joined by a hundred English exiles. Thereupon peace was concluded between England and France. Warbeck was ordered to quit the latter country. He betook himself to Margaret, who received him as her nephew, gave him a guard of thirty halberdiers and named him "The White Rose of England." Henry VII. took alarm and sent his spies all over Flanders to discover who this "White Rose" was, while Sir Robert Clifford also made inquiries and was able to satisfy the Yorkists in England that the youth was indeed Richard, Duke of York.[53]

In July, 1493, Henry VII. sent Sir Edward Poynings and Dr. William Warham, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, to the court of Philip the Handsome, Duke of Burgundy, to demand the surrender or banishment of the pretender. Maximilian, still Regent of the Netherlands, replied in Philip's name that no assistance should be given to the King's enemy, but that he had no control over the doings of the Dowager Duchess. Thereupon Henry recalled all English merchants from Flanders, removed the staple of wool from Bruges to Calais and banished all Flemish merchants from his dominions. Perhaps to get him away from Flanders, Maximilian took Warbeck

[52] III., 682.

[53] Lingard, "Hist. of England," III., 637-639.

with him to Vienna, where the youth was present at the funeral of the Emperor Frederick III. He returned with Maximilian to Flanders, where he was recognized as King of England. Garter King-at-Arms,was then sent to Mechlin,where he made proclamation in the streets that the pretender was an impostor and the son of a burgher of Tournay. Warbeck was at Antwerp when Philip the Handsome made his joyful entry there and put up the English royal arms over the doorway of the house where he lodged. Some English merchants protested, and a tumult ensued, in which a man was killed.[54] It was then that Warbeck signed, as Richard, Duke of York, six deeds before a notary, which were witnessed by Sir Robert Clifford and William Barley, among others. By these deeds he promised to repay Margaret all the expenses she had incurred in support of Simnel, to pay her all that remained due on her dowry and to secure to her Scarborough and other privileges as soon as he had recovered his crown.[55]

The two witnesses, Clifford and Barley, proved themselves traitors to the house of York and brought about the execution in England of many of its supporters, among others of Sir William Stanley, whose great wealth Henry VII. confiscated.[56] Meanwhile the pretender tarried in Flanders, until at last his Flemish friends, whose commerce was suffering sorely on his account, forced him into action. He set out to invade England and made a descent near Deal, but the people drove him and his men back to his ships, capturing some prisoners, who were at once hung. Forced again to act, he went once more to Ireland, but meeting with a cold reception there, he betook himself to Scotland, where the King gave him his near relative, Lady Catherine Gordon, in marriage. An attempt to invade England from the north failed and one to arouse the men of Cornwall to a fresh insurrection not being wholly successful, the pretender lost heart and took sanctuary in Beaulieu Abbey. Then he threw himself on Henry VII.'s mercy and was kept at court as a prisoner at large, but having attempted to escape, he was punished by having to stand in the stocks twice and to read what purported to be a confession that he was Perkin Warbeck. He was then imprisoned in the Tower of London, where the Earl of Warwick was a prisoner. They plotted to escape, with the result that both were tried and sentenced to death. Warbeck, who immediately before his execution is reported to have avowed that that

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[54] Galesloot, *op. cit.*, p. 128.

[55] The deeds have been preserved in the archives of Antwerp, and have been printed by Génard in the "Bulletins de la Commission royale d'histoire" of Belgium, S. 4, II., pp. 9-22.

[56] Lingard, III., 640-641.

was his name, was hung at Tyburn on Saturday, November 23, 1499.[57]

Already before his death the ill effects on the commercial relations of Flanders had ceased and the great treaty known as the "Intercursus Magnus" had been signed and trade with England had begun to revive. Maximilian and his advisers had risked much in sheltering the pretender. Were they influenced in this by the strong will of Margaret of York? Did they honestly believe that he was Richard of York and so think themselves bound in honor to jeopardize the commerce of the Netherlands and the welfare of its traders by supporting his cause? A document discovered in the Royal Library of The Hague by the historian Kervyn seems to shed some light on these questions. It is a charter secretly signed in presence of Berthold, Archbishop of Mainz; Margaret of England, Louis de Gevera and Thomas de Plaine, by Richard, King of England and France, on January 24, 1494, whereby the latter cedes all his rights to the kingdoms of France and England to Maximilian and after him to his son, Philip the Handsome. As Kervyn remarks, this seems to show that "Perkin Warbeck was nothing but a tool in the hands of Maximilian to place him on the throne once occupied by Edward III. and Henry V."[58]

It must be confessed that this document puts Margaret of York's conduct towards the pretender into an unfavorable light. If he was ready to sell to Maximilian, for we know not what mess of porridge he claimed as his birthright, surely Margaret could no longer regard him as Richard of York, but only as a weapon useful in her warfare against Henry VII., and so Bacon's application to her of Virgil's line, "Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo," was not wholly undeserved. If her supposed nephew was indeed no other than Perkin Warbeck, we may perhaps be allowed to suppose that the latter was the youth who, as Galesloot tells us (without giving us a reference), Margaret had caused to be educated in the school of the Brothers of St. Jerome established at Ghent in the House of Gerard the Devil. This would account for his good manners and educated bearing and explain also his unwillingness to account for the years he had spent between the time of his pretended escape from the Tower and his first public appearance at the Cove of Cork until he had been forced to make his "confession" in the stocks. According to that "confession," he was the son of Jehan de Werbeque, an official of Tournay. One of his grand-

[57] Lingard, III., 642-654. See also "Dict. National Biography" under Warbeck. *Cf.* Gairdner, "Richard III.," in "Story of Warbeck." Kervyn, Galesloot and many other writers give the story at great length and with varying details.

[58] "Bulletins de la Académie de la Belgique," S. 2, XXI.

fathers was Piérart Flan, tax collector of the same town; another was named Faron, porter of St. John's gate of the same place. His mother placed him in the house of a cousin at Oudenarde in order that he might learn Flemish. In the main, this "confession" is confirmed by recent researches in the records of Tournay. From these it appears that there was a Dieric de Werbecque, a shipwright, born near Oudenarde, who became a citizen of Tournay in 1429 and died there in 1474. His son, Jehan Werbecque, was a river pilot, died before 1498, and had been married in 1473 to Nicaise Faroul, by whom he had two children, Pierrechon and Jenette. Their mother married a second time and died in 1513. In her will, made in 1509, mention is alone mentioned of Jehan's two lawful children. Pierrechon was born in 1474, and no doubt was the youth whom we call Perkin Warbeck.[59]

After the failure of Warbeck's attempts Margaret's life passed tranquilly at Mechlin, untroubled by politics, in good works, beloved and honored especially by her nephew, Philip the Handsome, who frequently visited her and who, when he was inaugurated as Duke at Brussels, quartered her arms with his as if she had been a blood relation.[60] He outlived her long enough to deplore her death.

Philip had just visited her at Mechlin and was at Brussels a few days later when a messenger came from the former town bringing him the sad tidings that the Dowager Duchess Margaret had died there on Thursday, November 23, 1503. Great was his sorrow and that of his court, and he caused a funeral service to be celebrated such as became her high rank. Margaret seems to have kept all her faculties to the last, for she signed an important document with a firm hand very shortly before her death. The chronicler Molinet, in recording her death, says that "she was much regretted, deplored and wept for by the religious of the houses she had reformed and by the devout persons to whom she had given largely of her goods, and she was," he adds, "the mother of orphans, the nurse of the poor and the refuge and comforter of all sorrowing hearts." Other contemporary writers speak of her in like terms.

Margaret's last will has not been preserved, but only the names of her executors and the orders that Philip the Handsome gave that her last wishes should be duly carried out. She was buried in the church of the Friars Minor at Mechlin, to which and to its convent she had been a great well-doer. Her tomb was of white marble, on which she was represented in her agony praying to her patron, Saint Margaret, and assisted by St. Francis and St. Bernard.

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[59] Notes on the Werbecques by Comte P. A. du Chastel de la Howarderie in the "Bulletins de la Société historique de Tournai," XXV., pp. 410-414.

[60] Galesloot, *op. cit.*, 111.

Her epigraph was engraved on brass, of which the first three lines were:

> Sub lamina astii hujus chori illustrissima princeps
> Domina Margareta de An glia ducissa Burgundiae
> Pia humilitate corpus suum condi mandavit.

The remaining lines give her titles, the date of her death and that she was "Religionis reformationis pietati mirum fautrix." The convent is now a barracks and its church a store for forage. It is believed that her remains still rest under the pavement of this desecrated church. Her monument was destroyed in one of the sackings of the city in the sixteenth century, probably in that begun when Colonel Norris and his English soldiers and others took the place from the Spaniards on February 28, 1580. The pillage lasted a month, and is known as "The English Fury." It was so thorough that even the tombstones were torn up and carried off on vessels to be sold in Holland and England.[61] Strange if English hands destroyed in their fanatical frenzy the tomb of one of their own princesses! But she is still remembered in the city she loved. Before the French Revolution a Mass of Requiem for her soul was sung yearly on the anniversary of her death. And still every year, on April 3, a Mass is said in the Cathedral of Mechlin for the repose of the souls of Berthold IV., Lord of Mechlin in the thirteenth century; of Charles the Bold and of Margaret of York.

WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

Bruges, Belgium.

[61] Strada, "De Bello Belgico," Bk. XIII.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN GERMANY

EARLY in 1888 the eyes of the whole world were turned on Germany, whence came tidings of the passing away of the old Emperor. He was probably the best-known figure in Europe at the time, and few rulers had changed so much for the better the material prosperity of their subjects as had William I. of Germany. Before many months had passed he died, and was succeeded by his son Frederick. But scarcely had the new Emperor assumed the reins of power when a secret, hitherto well guarded, began to get noised about. For the Emperor Frederick had long been suffering from an incurable disease and was himself rapidly sinking to his grave at the time of his father's death. Then it was that people grew alarmed, for they saw that the Empire was soon to be ruled by a young man of whom, at this time, nothing was known.

After a reign of exactly ninety-nine days the Emperor Frederick died, and was in turn succeeded by his son, William II., Germany's present ruler. It was an anxious moment for the Catholics. No one doubted for a moment that the young Emperor had inherited much of the conciliatory spirit that had been so characteristic of his father, but what people did fear was that he had not sufficient experience to guide the destinies of the nation at this trying time. William II. was then but thirty years of age, and the reins of power had been thrown into his hands much earlier than could have been foreseen. It was therefore natural to fear that the country might once again fall under the sway of Bismarck, and with him restored to his former position, no one could say how things might fare with the Catholics. The more thoughtful, however, had already formed some idea of the men about whom such grave doubts were then expressed. Some time before his coronation, when it was quite certain that his father's life was only a question of weeks, the *Civilta Cattolica* ventured to express high hopes of the future ruler: "Prince Frederick is undoubtedly a great and conciliatory ruler," said this magazine, "and one whose demise will be universally regretted. But there is no reason for entertaining any suspicions about his son William or for spreading unfavorable reports of him. Prince William, who will soon attain to his thirtieth year, is not only an excellent soldier, but a gifted and well-read man of the world, who has for many years done splendid work in different branches of the public service."

The very first act of the new Emperor with regard to the Holy See was one that went far towards allaying the fears of the

Catholics. By his own express wish, the news of his proclamation as Emperor was conveyed to the Pope by a special envoy, who was instructed to make the announcement at the Vatican at precisely the same time as the official announcement was made to King Humbert at the Quirinal. People saw in this act of courtesy the evident wish of the Emperor not to wound the feelings of the Pope by openly recognizing the precedence of the King, and they rightly concluded that the conciliatory policy of William I. and Frederick would be carried out also by the new ruler.

The young Emperor's address at the opening of the Prussian Landtag was looked forward to with great interest, for every one knew that on that occasion he was practically bound to declare his attitude towards the Church. And he did do so in a manner that aroused lively feelings of joy in the hearts of his Catholic subjects.

"I have seen with particular pleasure," he said on this occasion, "that the recent politico-religious legislation has modified the relations between the State, the Catholic Church and its supreme head in a manner acceptable to both parties. I shall use all my efforts to preserve religious peace in my dominions."

The good impression produced in the minds of Catholics by these and similar expressions was still prevalent when a rumor was spread that William II. intended, in the very near future, to visit King Humbert at Rome. Once more the atmosphere began to cloud and old suspicions were revived. The jubilation with which the anti-Papal press of Italy hailed the news of the coming visit seemed certain evidence of the idea that some slight was to be put on the Pope. In German Catholic circles there was a spell of dismay and apprehension. The Catholic masses began to wonder if Bismarck was already overawing the young Emperor and if this visit to Rome was to be the first move in a new Kulturkampf.

In the midst of all this surmising and criticizing came the welcome news that the Emperor was making arrangements for a visit to the Pope while in Rome. At first the people, more especially those of them who were not Catholics, refused to believe it. However much the Emperor may wish to respect Catholic sensibility, they regarded it as impossible that a man of his autocratic and haughty disposition would submit himself to the conditions which the Roman Pontiffs have been obliged to impose on all their royal visitors since the usurpation of 1870. For most people are no doubt aware that, since that date, any monarch visiting Rome as the guest of the ruling dynasty and wishing to be received by the Pope, must, after leaving the Quirinal, drive to his embassy, change carriages there, and then, in his own property and from his own territory, set out to the Vatican. Many regard this as mere melodramatic humbug

on the part of the Pope. We Catholics think it nothing of the kind, and regard it as the only means by which the Pope can fulfill his double duty of receiving monarchs who have many Catholics among their subjects and at the same time of refusing to recognize the iniquitous spoliation of the Holy See. But it would be a digression to drag that subject into this article. Let it suffice to say that, rightly or wrongly, the Pope lays down those conditions as necessary to be complied with by any foreign ruler who wishes to visit him during the present deadlock. The idea of William II. carrying out those conditions brought forth a howl of protest from the anti-Catholic press of both Germany and Italy. Yet of all this the young Emperor took not the slightest notice. Not merely did he signify his intention of complying in full with the etiquette prescribed by the Pope, but he even gave orders that the carriage which was to drive him to the Vatican should be specially sent for that purpose from Berlin to the Prussian embassy at Rome.

On October 12 William II. set out from the Quirinal to the Prussian embassy, where the Ambassador, M. de Schloeazer, had invited a number of prelates to meet him, among them being Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State. After the repast the Emperor himself gave the toast of "The Pope," and spoke most enthusiastically of the services which Leo XIII. had rendered to science, to peace and to the material prosperity of Europe. He then set out to the Vatican, and within an hour were met face to face "these two moities of God, the Pope and the Emperor"—to use the picturesque and not, in a sense, inaccurate expression of Victor Hugo.

The interview between the two monarchs looked at first as if it would be of the happiest kind. Between these two really great men there was much in common. They were perhaps the two most formidable adversaries of the revolutionary tendencies with which, unfortunately, modern society has become impregnated. And this was the very subject they had begun to discuss when their interview was disturbed by an extraordinary, unforeseen and most deplorable incident. For just at this moment their seclusion was broken in upon by the sudden and unannounced entrance of Prince Henry, the Emperor's brother. How he came to intrude himself into the Pope's private apartments was soon explained. Prince Henry had arrived at the Vatican some time after the Emperor. He was accompanied by Count Herbert Bismarck, son of the Chancellor, a young man with all the arrogance, but little of the ability of his father. Arrived at the Vatican, Bismarck displayed the utmost insolence towards the Papal officials. He proceeded straightway to the audience chamber, refused to wait for the introduction which

is deemed necessary at all times, but especially on such an occasion as this, and finally he practically pushed Prince Henry into the presence of the Pope. Needless to say, this incident completely changed the course of the conversation between the two rulers. Some few minutes were passed in discussing, in a very general way, the religious affairs of Germany, and the interview came to an end.

But, bad as was this incident, still worse was to come. How much the Emperor was perturbed—or whether he was perturbed at all—by the rude behavior of his brother no one can say. But certain it is that when he emerged from the Vatican he himself was guilty of a breach of etiquette which, in the eyes of many, was much more unpardonable than that of Prince Henry. Forgetting all about the arrangements which he had made with the Papal authorities concerning the return journey, namely, that he should drive from the Vatican to the Prussian embassy, and there change his carriage, as he had done on setting out, he curtly ordered to be driven directly to the Quirinal and omitted the formality of the visit to the embassy.

These two incidents, coming in such close proximity, created a distinctly bad impression at the Papal Court. Nor were the further actions of the Emperor calculated to allay this feeling. The very same evening, at a state dinner given in his honor by King Humbert, William II. seemed to go out of his way to refer to Rome as "the capital of His Majesty the King of Italy." Persons not well acquainted with the state of things that exists in Italy at the present moment will fail to see the significance of that expression. But it has a very deep significance in it for all that. To recognize Rome as "the capital of His Majesty the King of Italy" is to recognize the spoliation of 1870, and, intentionally or otherwise, to uphold the movement against which the Catholic world has never since ceased to protest. It is, moreover, an open declaration of hostility to the Papacy, since three successive Popes have strongly denounced this spoliation and, rather than recognize it, have preferred to shut themselves up in the Vatican and refused to listen to any overtures which do not propose its full and entire undoing. Consequently, to play the rôle of apologist for this movement would be bad coming from a ruler who, as every one knows, would regard it as sacrilege to be deprived of a single acre of his own rightful possessions; it was still worse coming from a monarch who numbered more than twenty million Catholics among his subjects; but it was worst of all coming from a man who, only a few hours before, had received a most cordial welcome from Pope Leo XIII.

The European press, more especially that section of it which is bitterly hostile to the Papacy, did not fail to make capital out of these regrettable incidents. The official organ of the Italian

Government, of which the notorious Crispi was then Prime Minister, proclaimed that the visit of the German Emperor was undertaken to show that there was nothing abnormal in the fact that the King of Italy and the Pope resided side by side in Rome. Nevertheless, that was not the opinion of many prominent journals, little though they were in sympathy with the aspirations of the Pope with regard to the temporal power. The *London Times* declared that "the meeting between the Emperor and the Pope was a great historical event. Prince Bismarck has not been to Canossa, but the Emperor has been to the Vatican. He now meets peace where, only a short time ago, he would have found hostility, and a happy reconciliation has effaced all traces of the recent struggle."

One of the most prominent French journals, *Le Journal des Debats,* said that "the formalities of the visit to the Vatican were arranged just as if the Pope were the only sovereign in Rome and the King of Italy had his court at Florence or at Turin."

The bad impression created in German circles by the incidents of which we have spoken was of very short duration. It was not that any explanation of them was ever given; it is doubtful whether any could be given. But Catholics were very soon assured that the Emperor had no intention whatsoever of systematically wounding Catholic sensibility and certainly was entirely opposed to the construction put upon his actions by the anti-Papal press of Italy. A few days after his return the *Boersen-Zeitung,* a Berlin paper and an organ of the Government, contained a very significant passage which seemed to have been called forth by the comments of the Italian papers.

"The Emperor," said the *Boersen-Zeitung,* "had no intention of offending any one. Still less did he desire to make a demonstration in favor of those who, in 1870, took forcible possession of the capital of the Popes. It assuredly was not his business to criticize the existing order of things, but neither did he make himself an apologist of the 20th of September. At Rome one must weigh his words before speaking, if he does not wish to expose himself to a very embarrassing situation. Words are of silver, but silence is golden."

And there is no denying that these words, whoever may have inspired them, set forth the principles of Germany's present ruler. Proud, imperious and haughty people, as a rule, consider him, but no one can deny that his dealings with his Catholic subjects have always been of such a nature as might be followed with profit by the rulers of many nominally Catholic countries. He has since the very beginning of his reign disassociated himself from all those movements whose dominating note is abuse of the Catholic Church.

During the course of this same year one of those associations—the Evangelische Bund—solicited his patronage for their work. In the address which the members of this association presented to him little or no effort was made to conceal the deep spirit of anti-Catholic bigotry which pervaded their propaganda:

"We are well able to distinguish," ran this precious document, "between the sincere devotion of a great number of our fellow-countrymen and the Jesuitical spirit that is gaining more and more ground in the Roman Church. Against Jesuitism we are bound in self-defense to make war. We hope that your Majesty will appreciate our efforts."

The reply of the Emperor and his blessing on their work were by no means as enthusiastic as those antiquated bigots would have liked. He, of course, expressed his sympathy with their zeal for the extension of Protestantism by all lawful methods:

"At the same time," the note went on, "His Majesty hopes that your association in its work, both on the platform and in the press, will never show itself lacking in respect for the faith of its opponents and will not fail to extend to them the toleration which springs from respect."

This is but one example of many that could be cited to show the Emperor's dislike of bigotry. Whatever other faults may be laid to the charge of William II., his bitterest enemy could not accuse him of being a bigot.

But even now the evil effects of the Kulturkampf were far from being at an end. Strange to say, the trouble that still remained was almost entirely confined to the most Catholic of the German States. Long after things had settled down in Protestant Prussia there was still considerable trouble in Catholic Bavaria. As is usual whenever trouble with the Church occurs in a Catholic country, the leaders of the anti-Catholic movement took good care not to assign their opposition to any fundamental doctrine of Catholicism, but endeavored to make out that they were only patriotically protecting the rights of the State against the encroachments of the Church. It was therefore more or less under the guise of a national patriotic movement that the anti-Catholic persecution was carried on in Bavaria. The movement could, of course, have been crushed in the very beginning but for one thing—its leaders were nearly all nominal Catholics. That may seem a very strange statement to many, but it is an undoubted fact that, in a Catholic country, any revolt against the Church cannot be successfully carried out by any one but a Catholic. Let a Protestant attempt it and his failure is certain. His reason for personally disliking the Church is evident, and no one listens to him. But a Catholic on the other hand easily

manages to convince people that his struggle is being waged solely in the interests of justice and merely to preserve the rights of the State, and hence his movement is often a success.

Now, in Bavaria the chief opponent of the Church was M. de Lutz, the Prime Minister. He was a man who never practiced his religion, but yet he had been baptized and brought up in the Church, and consequently, in the Continental fashion, he was regarded as a Catholic. But even he could not have attained any great success had it not been for the shameful preference shown to the Protestants by the Catholic Regent. The chief points upon which these two men set themselves in opposition to the Church were the following: In the first place, they wished to establish in Bavaria what we in this country know as the undenominational system of education. Secondly, they desired to reintroduce the royal Placet, which meant that no ecclesiastical edict, even though it emanated from the Pope, could be promulgated in Bavaria without the approbation of the Government. But perhaps the most extraordinary thing of all was their attempt to class loyal Catholics and the adherents of the Old Catholic sect as one and the same thing. By this, of course, they meant that any post to which a Catholic should be appointed might be filled by a member of that sect. With these three fundamental theories, they hoped to undo the conciliatory work of the Reichstag and inflict a severe blow on the Church in Bavaria.

But the Bishops and the Catholic leaders soon set up a vigorous and effective resistance to this new attempt at reviving the Kulturkampf. On April 29, 1889, Pope Leo, in a letter to the Bishops, pointed out to them the necessity of offering a unanimous resistance to the policy of M. de Lutz, which was opposed to the very basis of the Church's liberty. In September a Catholic congress was held at Munich, during the course of which an address, signed by sixteen thousand Catholics, was drawn up and sent to the Prince Regent. In it were set forth the reasons why Catholics must refuse to coöperate with any legislation framed on the principles of the Prime Minister. The Regent disdainfully took no notice of the address and sent no reply to it, while almost at the very same time he gave an assurance of protection and assistance to the Gustave-Adolphe Verein, the most prominent—and most bigoted—Protestant association in Bavaria.

The Catholics were entirely undaunted—perhaps they were even spurred on to greater activity—by the unfair and rude action of the Prince Regent. They set to work in the most practical manner to redress their grievances. The leader of the Catholics in Bavaria at this time was Baron de Franckenstein, of whom we have already

spoken in connection with the military service bill. He saw that the first thing necessary was to heal existing differences among the Catholics and thus, having cemented them all into one body, obtain a majority in the Landtag. All minor questions of politics were, therefore, submerged in face of the common peril, so that, in an incredibly short period, the anti-Catholic Ministry, which counted only seventy-one votes, found itself faced by a united, determined Catholic party of eighty-two. Seeing defeat staring him, Lutz began to recede step by step. He, however, attempted to strike a bargain at first. He agreed to regard the Old Catholics as outside the Church, to give the Bishops the same powers over education as their colleagues in the rest of Germany enjoyed and to abrogate some decrees passed against the religious orders. But in return for these concessions he wanted the Catholics to agree to a full recognition of the Placet. The Catholics, needless to say, refused to do anything of the kind, knowing quite well that they had now a parliamentary majority to enforce their claims, and could consequently dictate their own terms. Finding it impossible to carry out his policy, M. de Lutz resigned, and the principles which he had striven so hard to establish were abandoned as impossible in Bavaria. Just a few months afterwards their great defender, M. de Lutz, fell seriously ill and died. On his deathbed he was, at his own request, reconciled with and received back into the Church which his whole later life had been devoted to overthrowing.

By the Catholic Deputies in the Imperial Parliament a sharp tussle had still to be waged. For there remained many important questions to be solved yet before the Catholics could regard themselves as having received the measure of justice which was their due. But by far the most important of these was one which arose out of the abolition of the Sperrgesetz, that is, the law which ordered the suspension of the annual payments made to ecclesiastics. While this law had been in force a sum of money, amounting roughly to twenty million marks, had been withheld from the Church. But now that the law had been abolished the question naturally arose as to what should be done with this money. The members of the Centre thought that, as a matter of justice, it should be handed over to the ecclesiastical authorities, from whom, they argued, it should never have been withheld. The anti-Catholic Deputies, on the other hand, declared that by acting thus the Government would be guilty of treason, inasmuch as it would be paying salaries to men for a period during which they were in active revolt against the laws of the country. To escape the severe criticism to which he was certain to be exposed by one party or the other, Bismarck attempted to have the matter settled at Rome by the Prussian

Ambassador and the Holy See, hoping that if that were done he would be spared the heated scenes which its discussion in the Parliament was sure to give rise to. But the Pope could not see his way to fall in with Bismarck's idea. The question, he said, was one that did not touch in any way the doctrine or discipline of the Catholic Church; it was a purely domestic question, within the competence of the Bishops to decide, and as such he thought it better to let the affair be thrashed out in the Parliament.

This was Bismarck's last political deal. It was an open secret that ever since his elevation to power the young Emperor had disliked the Chancellor. This feeling of dislike grew worse and worse as time went on, until at length the position of the Chancellor became untenable. His attempt at direct negotiations with Rome, which was wrongly construed by many as an open affront to the Landtag, brought down another torrent of abuse on his head. Resignation was the only alternative to dismissal, and, preferring the former, he sent in his resignation, which was accepted by the Emperor on March 20, 1890. From that time till his death, which took place five years later. he lived a quiet and uneventful life. He retired absolutely from the field of politics, and his advice was never again sought by his countrymen on any affair of domestic or international interest.

It is impossible even for a Catholic not to feel some regret for the sad and unhappy ending of so great a man. He was beyond doubt one of the foremost, if not indeed the very first, of modern statesmen. No one recognized his ability more clearly than Pope Leo XIII., whose own diplomatic ability no one will deny. Catholics sometimes assert that his dismissal from office arose from the Emperor's dislike of his attitude towards the Church. It arose from nothing of the kind. Any one who has the faintest conception of the character of William II. and who takes into consideration the ideas that were afloat at the time of his coronation will find it very easy to explain the real reason of the dismissal. For if there is one thing more than another that Germany's ruler would not tolerate it is the idea that he was being dictated to. Not merely does he wish to do the ruling himself, but he regards his right to do so as something much more clearly established than that of any other monarch. Even to us who live in monarchical countries his references to his "divine right" sometimes appear a little ridiculous, not that we do not believe that all power is from God, but because we fail to see that the power wielded by the Emperor of Germany comes to him from God any more directly than it comes to all other rulers. William II., however, certainly seems to think that it does. No one can fail to see that to a man who sincerely

entertains such an idea the suggestion that he was being dictated to would be particularly distasteful. Now, at the time of his accession this was the very idea that was prevalent. And Bismarck, of course, was to be the dictator. Against such a notion the young Emperor at once rebelled, and the eventual dismissal of the Chancellor was only a means, the surest one, it must be admitted, of letting his subjects know that he himself meant to be Emperor in fact as well as in title. Still, Bismarck deserved a little better treatment from the grandson of William I. Without Bismarck it is very doubtful if there ever would have been a United Germany, while it is almost certain that, even if Germany had become united, Prussia would never have obtained the supremacy in it that she enjoys to-day. In spite of many faults, the Chancellor's love for his country was of a lofty and self-sacrificing nature, and few men have devoted their talents so unsparingly in the service of their fatherland as Bismarck did for Germany. It is at least something to know that he did not die in disgrace. A short time before his death a reconciliation took place between the Emperor and himself. He never, of course, got back to his old position, but it must have been some consolation to him to know that William II. did not altogether shut his eyes to his many services and would not permit him to go down to his grave "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

To the all-important post vacated by Prince Bismarck the Emperor appointed General Caprivi, an appointment which was, on the whole, very acceptable to the Catholics. For Caprivi was a man who enjoyed the reputation of being singularly free from sectarian prejudices, and, though a Protestant, was supposed to have a high esteem for his Catholic fellow-citizens. But the task before him was unquestionably one of great difficulty and required very delicate handling. He found himself confronted by two parties, each of them strong and determined. In attempting to solve the question of the distribution of the twenty million marks he had to reckon with the Catholic party, which was absolutely united in its demand that the money should be restored to the Church, and the forces of Protestantism, which were prepared to fight to the bitter end any such proposal.

In May, 1890, the proposals of the Government, formulated in a bill, were laid before the Parliament by M. de Gossler, the Minister of Worship. Briefly summarized, the bill amounted to this: The twenty millions were to be retained by the State, which, however, guaranteed to each of the twelve dioceses of Prussia an annual rent of seven hundred thousand marks. But a full account of the manner in which this money was to be expended had to be rendered

to the Minister of Worship, who possessed the right of refusing to grant any money for purposes of which he did not approve.

By the Protestant members of the Landtag and the Protestants throughout the country this solution of the question was hailed with delight. By the Catholic Deputies it was assailed with might and main. Windthorst and Reichensperger did all that two mortals could have done to prevent the perpetration of such an act of injustice towards the Church. But for a moment they were defeated, and the victory rested with their opponents. The Catholics were ousted when it came to a vote, and the measure, incomplete as yet, was entrusted for completion and revision to a select committee of twenty-one members of the Assembly before being read and discussed a second time.

Throughout the whole of the religious struggle no incident is more marvelous—or perhaps more providential—than the eventual rejection of this bill. The whole Parliament united against the Catholics when the first vote on the measure was taken. But when the select committee of twenty-one, of whom, it may be added, only eight were Catholics, began its revision of the separate clauses, there was by no means such unanimity. Some wanted to have a little more liberality shown to the Church, others wanted to have very much less. With the latter end in view the National-Liberal members of the committee proposed an amendment which was calculated to excite still more the already exasperated feelings of the Catholics. The Conservatives, fearing the storm that would assuredly be aroused, voted with the Catholics against the amendment and thus effected its defeat. This seemingly trifling incident proved to be the means of wrecking the whole bill. The National-Liberals, furious at the rejection of their amendment, wreaked their vengeance not upon the Catholics, but upon the Conservatives. The anti-Catholic coalition was torn by dissension, and when, in the early days of June, a vote was taken on the first article of the bill, which article was the hinge of the rest, for it embodied the principle of handing the money over to the State, the National-Liberals, to gratify their spite, voted with the Centre, and the article was defeated. To proceed with a bill the fundamental principle of which had been defeated was impossible, and, amid the wildest jubilation on the Catholic side, the measure was abandoned. It would be hard to find in the pages of history a more forcible example than this of the truth contained in the well-known adage, "When thieves fall, honest men get their due."

Exasperated by the action of those who had loudly demanded the handing over of the money to the State, and then voted against the bill which proposed to do so, the Minister of Worship attempted

to strike a bargain with the Centre. But the Catholics would accept no half measures; they clung obstinately to their original demand that the money belonged to the Church and should be handed over to it. Nothing finally remained to M. de Gossler but to accept their terms. The coalition against them could not be kept together, and the defeat of another measure would have ruined the Government. He consequently set to work to draft a measure restoring the money to the Bishops.

The new bill was laid before the Parliament in January, 1891. Its main provisions were the following: Each of the dioceses was to be compensated for the pecuniary loss sustained because of the withholding of salaries during the Kulturkampf. Whatever remained over out of the twenty millions was to be divided equally and placed at the disposal of the Bishops. When that was done, the State withdrew and the expenditure was left entirely to the discretion of the Bishops. This measure was at first severely criticized and fiercely opposed. But the same spirit of dissension and lack of unity in the ranks of the opposition, which had been the means of defeating the former bill, was still plainly evident and rendered effectual resistanec to the measure impossible. In a few months it passed through all its parliamentary stages and became law. Before the end of the same year the money was disposed of in the manner laid down in the bill and the last vestige of the Kulturkampf had disappeared.

The rejoicings occasioned by the magnificent victory of the Catholic Deputies were considerably saddened by the death of Windthorst, which took place only a few weeks before the new bill passed into law. Up to the very moment before he was stricken down with his fatal illness he was the life and soul of the Catholic movement. He went into all parts of the country, organized and marshaled the Catholic voters, healed dissensions and filled every Catholic with a full sense of the responsibility that devolved upon him of standing up for the rights of his Church. His presence was marvelously effective in arousing enthusiasm, his great ability and powerful oratory attracted opponents as well as followers to all his meetings, for his invariable courtesy made it possible for all to do so. Many who listened to him were not followers of his policy and were not in sympathy with most of his principles, but no one could deny that his manner of propounding them was such as could not be objected to, for he never questioned the honesty or doubted the sincerity of his opponent's convictions. In January, 1891, he celebrated his eightieth birthday, and the occasion was made a national festival by the Catholics. From all parts of the Empire messages of congratulation and expressions of loyalty came

pouring in on him. Needless to say, Pope Leo did not fail to participate in the demonstrations got up in honor of this veteran defender of the Church. The Pontiff sent him a special message of congratulation, and showed his appreciation of his services to the Holy See by creating him a Knight of St. Gregory, an honor which he was not destined to enjoy for very long.

For even in the midst of this outburst of devotion and affection his friends could see clearly that he was failing rapidly. But the end came even sooner than most of them expected. Towards the end of February his condition grew worse, and soon it became a question of days. The most distinguished in the land, as well as some of the very poorest, gathered around him in these last moments. Just a week before his death the Emperor came in person to the humble home of him who only a few years before had been publicly stigmatized as an enemy of the Empire and the throne.

On March 14 he passed away. His death was like that of all men whose life has been noble and virtuous. Perhaps the only regret he had on leaving this world was that it did not please the Providence of God that he should be spared to see the last shackles of the Kulturkampf burst in twain. Like Moses, he had led his people into the promised land, but was not privileged to enter it himself. His funeral obsequies were such as might have been accorded to the Emperor. Round his cortege the rivalries of political partisans were hushed, and all Germans became brothers for one day to do honor to the memory of a man whom they all respected alike. One of the many wreaths that covered his coffin was sent by the Emperor, while in the immense multitude that followed his remains to their last resting place every political party and every religious body was represented. Nor was the mourning confined to Germany. The champion of a Universal Church must needs have friends and sympathizers in all parts of the world, and many who attended the obsequies of Windthorst had neither known him nor even seen him. They merely knew that he was the man who had, amidst unpopularity, calumny and abuse, upheld and led to victory the persecuted masses who professed the great world-wide doctrines of Catholicism and whose very name had become synonymous with loyalty to the Vicar of Christ. Even the official organs of Protestantism did not withhold from him their meed of praise. On the day following his funeral the *Berliner Zeitung* wrote of him: "He leaves no enemy behind him; his hearse is encircled with the sympathy of an entire nation, with whose demonstrations of affection even outside countries associate themselves."

By the Catholics of Germany his death, though deeply and sincerely regretted, was not exactly regarded as a disaster to their

cause. Probably no one could have accomplished as skilfully as Windthorst the work that had been done, but the task that lay before them now was comparatively easy. It consisted merely in preserving intact the splendid concessions gained for them mainly through the ability of Windthorst. And the doing of this was not very difficult, for the Catholic population of Germany is too strong and too well organized to be attacked with impunity. As a matter of fact, there has been a close alliance between the Government and the Catholic party ever since, and for many years past they have almost invariably voted side by side on all questions of importance. These harmonious relations, it is true, do not exist at the present moment, owing to the trouble over the question of the Jesuits; but in all probability this little squabble, like many others of the same kind, will soon be amicably settled.

We might have brought this narrative to a close here, for the Kulturkampf can be regarded as having come to an end in 1891. But two years later an important event occurred, a few details of which will not be altogether outside the scope of our article. We have already spoken of the first visit of William II. to the Vatican, as well as of the incidents on which the Emperor adopted a rather partisan attitude against the Papacy. And hence we would not like to close these lines without mentioning his second visit to the Eternal City, for this visit was not marred by anything resembling the disagreeable incidents of the first. In 1893 King Humbert of Italy was celebrating the silver jubilee of his marriage with his cousin, Margaret of Savoy. One of the sovereigns who visited him on the occasion was William II., Emperor of Germany. As on the occasion of his former visit, the Emperor expressed his desire to visit the Vatican and pay his respects to Pope Leo XIII. No difficulty stood in the way as far as the Vatican was concerned, except of course that the Emperor was obliged to comply with the etiquette of which we have already spoken. To this William offered no objection, and arrangements were made for the visit.

On April 23 the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, set out from the Quirinal to the Prussian embassy. Here he was entertained at luncheon, and renewed his acquaintance with several princes of the Church. After the luncheon the Emperor decorated Cardinal Rampolla with the Order of the Black Eagle, a distinction very rarely conferred on outsiders, except monarchs. But even more significant still was the fact that on this occasion also he presented Cardinal Ledochowski, the most prominent victim of the Kulturkampf, with a gold snuff-box. On presenting it to him the Emperor said: "Your Eminence, from this moment the past is forgotten."

From the embassy the Emperor and Empress proceeded to the Vatican. For twenty minutes the two conversed with the Pope, then the Empress withdrew for the purpose of visiting St. Peter's, while the Pontiff and the Emperor remained together for another hour. This time there was no incident which could give rise to jubilation in the columns of the anti-Papal press. The Emperor carried out to the letter all the arrangements that had been agreed on. After the audience he returned to his embassy, changed carriages there and then drove to the Quirinal in the carriage of the King of Italy.

The hostile press did not fail to manifest its indignation at the conduct of William II. The *Corriere di Napoli* declared that the visit to the Vatican had outraged the feelings of all and said that "there would have been universal delight if the Emperor had shown his appreciation of the fact that Rome has ceased to be the metropolis of Catholicity, or else that he had repeated his performance of 1888 and returned directly from St. Peter's to the Quirinal without changing carriages." The *Correspondenza Verde* almost brought the arm of the law on itself for what it said on the point. Commenting on the Emperor's visit to the Pope, this journal said:

"The conditions which the Emperor has been obliged to submit to for the purpose of being admitted into the presence of Leo XIII. make one believe that he has only seized upon the royal silver jubilee as an excuse for getting an opportunity of visiting the Leonine City."

Against this suggestion the official organ of the Government—*La Tribuna*—protested vigorously. This paper recalled the many tributes paid to the existing dynasty by the Emperor and described his attachment to the Vatican as "a black cloud between the young Emperor and the love of the Italian people." But a further suggestion thrown out by this paper, that the Emperor's visit to the Vatican was viewed with popular disfavor, was emphatically denied by other papers having no sympathy at all with the Papal claims. The Roman correspondent of a prominent Milan paper—the *Corriere della Sera*—though in sympathy with the liberal and rather anti-Papal views of the *Corriere*, did not endorse the unfavorable verdict of the Roman papers with regard to this affair. "It is said," he wrote, "that the young Emperor is anxious to be generally popular, abroad as well as at home. He certainly is so at Rome. I witnessed his journey to and from the Vatican, and I can say, notwithstanding all assertions of the official organs to the contrary, that he was enthusiastically applauded even on that day. What is more, I could see that the populace was as much impressed by the simplicity in which he drove to the Pope as it was by the

gorgeous trappings with which he was surrounded on his entrance into Rome." It is therefore more than doubtful if the *Folchetto* —another official organ—represented the feelings of the Roman populace when it protested against "the extraordinary action of an Emperor who, while a guest of the King of United Italy, goes in Italian Rome to pay his respect to an old man for whom the Italian sentiment of Rome has no love and regards as a personification of the diminution of its rights."

It is almost needless to say that William II. paid not the slightest heed to the criticism that was leveled against him for his audacity in visiting a ruler for whom more than twenty millions of his subjects would have laid down their lives. The freedom with which these offensive remarks were published may indeed have persuaded him, as similar events have persuaded many others, that the Pope is very far from being, as he is often represented, the petted darling of the present rulers of Italy, and that the Law of Guarantees, which promises all sorts of nice things to the Roman Pontiff, is nothing but the hollow sham that three successive Popes have not hesitated to pronounce it. At any rate, the attitude of William II. to the Holy See ever since has been of such a fair and conciliatory nature that his fiftieth birthday in 1908 was celebrated by the singing of a Te Deum in St. Peter's, the only occasion, as far as we are aware, that such a thing has been done in honor of a Protestant ruler.

Next to the Emancipation of the Catholics of the British Isles, the successful fight of the German Catholics was the greatest victory which the Church won in Europe during the course of the last century. It is a struggle the details of which future generations will recall with pride. Not long ago we heard a public lecturer in this country assert that it was almost impossible to defeat any movement which possessed three qualities—capable leadership, organization and a definite end to be obtained. That would go far towards explaining the victory of the German Catholics. They certainly could not have had two more capable leaders than Pope Leo XIII. and Ludwig Windthorst, while the numerous Catholic associations throughout the country were certain proof of their good organizing power. But perhaps the factor that contributed most to their success was the fact that the end which they wished to arrive at was perfectly well known to every individual taking part in the campaign. It required no pamphlets or no oratory to tell the Catholics what the May Laws were or why they were bound to fight them. But even these qualities are no guarantee of a movement's success, unless another is added to them, namely, a spirit of loyalty among its promoters. And certainly the German

Catholics were not lacking in this. The rank and file obeyed their leaders and the leaders obeyed the Pope. And thus, standing loyally together, they have succeeded in obtaining for themselves and for the generations which shall come after them a position which the Church does not enjoy in any other country of Europe to-day.

One last reflection arises naturally out of the history of the Kulturkampf. Just at the very time that Germany was relaxing her penal laws one by one her near and hostile neighbor, France, was entering on the anti-Catholic campaign which has now reached its climax. If, therefore, we contrast the present condition of things in both countries with the state that existed, let us say, in 1880, we can see how the enslavement of the Church affects the prosperity of a nation. Since that time the population of Germany has increased by more than a million, her external prestige has progressed to a degree that has excited the alarm of the great powers, while the patriotism of her sons is admitted to be second to none. Within the same period the population of France has decreased by just the same amount as that of Germany has increased, her military prestige has fallen so low that it would be regarded as madness for her now to enter unaided into another war against Prussia, the spirit of anti-militarism has made such progress in the ranks of her army that it would be impossible for her leaders to tell how many men they could rely on in case of war. Her protection is sought by no one now, while her larger cities, such as Paris and Lyons, show an increase of crime that is appalling. From the contrasted conditions of these two countries fair-minded men can see what little truth there is in the familiar shibboleth that Catholicism is opposed to the material prosperity of a nation.

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LOUIS VEUILLOT.

THE date, October 11, 1913, coincides with the first centenary of the birth of Louis Veuillot, the most valiant and vigorous of the lay champions of the Church in the nineteenth century; the brilliant Catholic journalist in whose hands the pen was a powerful weapon with which he smote the French Philistines of his epoch hip and thigh; and the gifted author whose numerous works are among the most finished masterpieces of their kind which the literature of his country has produced within later years.

He was what is called a self-made man. Though of humble origin, he came of a good breed. "Je suis de vieux sang français et chretien," he said. It was "de bon-ton," we are told, among people who regarded themselves as "superior persons" to belittle him on account of his lowly birth, to look down upon him as "a plebeian." But he made the name respectable and respected; he came to be honored as "the great plebeian" by another distinguished journalist, Edouard Drumont, who, in concluding an *éloge* spoken after his death, said: "What we pay homage to to-day in the tomb is, then, not only the great writer, but also the great plebeian; it is the image of the true people, incarnated in that indefatigable combatant and that convinced Christian; it is the worthy son of those men who, they too, have been to the Crusades, but without bringing back a title; the representative of that nameless multitude who built up the greatness of France. Peasants and workmen, they have for centuries led tranquil, happy, honest lives on their native soil or in the old corporate bodies; in firm and robust hands, which shrank from no labor, they hold, on occasion, the sword, the pen or the tool; they have given to our cathedrals architects like Pierre de Montereau, to our battlefields heroes like Stofflet or Cathelineau, to literature writers like Louis Veuillot."

Veuillot was one of nature's noblemen. As Dr. Lecigne[1] says, in default of quarterings of nobility, he exhibited acts of nobility. Self-centred and self-respecting, he did not hesitate to take down aristocratic pretensions ostentatiously displayed when the individual put on insufferable airs or repudiated the heritage of sacred duties. To an arrogant gentleman of that type he pointedly replied: "I have ascended from a cooper. From whom do you *descend?*" It must not be assumed from this that Veuillot was influenced by any class prejudice; on the contrary, he respected the *noblesse*, but in no servile spirit. There are some fine passages in "Cà et Là,"

[1] "Louis Veuillot," par Lecigne, Professeur de Litterature française aux Facultés Catholiques de Lille, p. 5.

where, in speaking of the old or modern aristocracy, he dwells on what is glorious, beneficent, legitimate and necessary in such a social order. In the preface to "Le Lendemain de la Victoire" he says: "The *noblesse,* despite errors and wrongdoing which I do not overlook (and from which one will, doubtless, not pretend that the *bourgeoisie* is exempt) has preserved, in proportion to its small number, more Christian and civic virtues than exist in other classes of society. Among them are still found grand and religious customs; they still guard themselves from the greedy love of gain; they still cherish the cult of the past; they still respect the memory of their sires; they still love the poor. And then I maintain that there is something in a name; I recognize in those who possess one a certain superiority over me who have none: *noblesse oblige.*"

Though he could not boast of noble birth, he came of a good old French Christian stock. His maternal grandmother, Marianne Adam, in 1793, showed the stuff of which they were made. When the revolutionists wanted to drag in derision through the village of Boynes, in Gâtinais, the large crucifix that stood in front of the church, she seized the heaviest hatchet in her husband's workshop, and, along with other women, placed herself resolutely before it and declared she would strike down the first one who dared to touch the sacred image. No one ventured to insult the Christian emblem, which at nightfall these valiant women deposited in a safe place. The Veuillots were from Noyers, in the Department of the Yonne, where they rented a mill from a neighboring monastery. When the Revolution came, the mill, being monastic property, was confiscated and the Veuillot family dispersed.

"Catholique et enfant du petit peuple," as he loved to proclaim himself, Louis Veuillot was the son of François Veuillot, a native of Burgundy, an itinerant cooper, who knew nothing but his trade and possessed nothing but his tools; earning a precarious livelihood by going from town to town in search of work, yet hopeful and light-hearted withal, looking the whole world in the face, like Longfellow's village blacksmith. "My father," he says, "died at fifty. He was a simple workingman, humble, illiterate. A thousand misfortunes had vexed his hard-working days; the only little consolation he had was in the joyful possession of his unswerving, but ignorant virtues. For fifty years no one troubled himself about his soul; never, except at his last hour, did his grief-wrung heart repose in God. He had always masters to sell him water, salt and air, to raise tithes of his sweat, to demand of him his children's blood—never a protector, never a guide. . . . My father had then toiled, suffered and died. Upon the brink of his grave I pondered over the troubles of his life. I evoked them; I saw

them all; and I thought also of the joys that this heart, truly formed for God, might have tasted despite his servile condition —joys pure and profound! The crime of a society that nothing can absolve had deprived him of them! A glimmering of mournful truth made me curse, not labor, not poverty, not pain, but the great social iniquity, impiety, which robs the little ones of this world of the compensation that God was pleased to assign to the inferiority of their lot. And I felt the anathema flash forth in the vehemence of my grief! Yes, that was it. I was beginning to know this society, this civilization, these pretended sages. Disowning God, they have disowned the poor; they have fatally abandoned his soul. I said to myself: 'This social edifice is iniquitous; it will be destroyed.' I was already a Christian; if I had not, from that hour I would have belonged to the secret societies. I would have said to myself, like so many others: 'Why should there be people well-housed, well-clad, well-fed, while we are covered with rags, huddled together in garrets, obliged to work in sun and rain to earn what barely keeps the life in us?' And this problem had turned my head, for if God does not answer, nothing can solve it. In my childhood, when a certain employer came to sharply intimate his orders to my father, my heart leaped; I felt a frantic desire to crush the insolent fellow. I said to myself: 'Who made him master and my father slave? My father is good, brave and strong and has wronged no one, while this fellow is puny, wicked, immoral and a thief!' My father and this man was all I saw of society."[2] What he saw of it afterwards, as he grew up, only deepened the conviction which early in life had seized upon his mind—that French society was permeated by a moral poison, indifferentism or unbelief producing spiritual atrophy, which it had been imbibing for more than a century, and that the only radical cure was to expel the vicious element that was fast hastening its decay; in other words, that the only antidote to Voltaireanism was Catholicism.

"Child of the lowest and most ignorant of the poor people," he says elsewhere, "I was certainly without engagements of any kind. I owe nothing to the monarchy, nothing to the Republic, nothing to the Charter; I owe nothing to society. Under any régime and in any place in the world, I could not have been more of a savage; I could not have lived more abandoned than I was born and have lived. At our birth both my parents and I had, it is true, received baptism; was it by the care of men or by the mercy of God? Society had let us lose the grace of this baptism, our only good; the clemency of God alone restored it to us. That I learned to read in my youth, in place of learning, like a child of the Orinoco, to scalp a van-

[2] "Les libres-penseurs." **Preface** to the first edition.

quished enemy, makes no difference; only in my hands the knife was the art of writing. I assert that I knew not God; I was less civilized than the lowest peasant of Bretagne who goes to confession and says his 'Pater.' I was exposed to commit a thousand crimes of which that peasant had no conception. I was going by the literary road, or by the political road, or by a thousand others—it does not matter—I was going by the grand highway of life and the beaten track of society—where? To fortune, to pleasure, perhaps, but more certainly to eternal damnation. These are my obligations to the world! No; I owe nothing but to God—and I belong only to the party of God."[3]

Born on the 11th of October, 1813, at Boynes, a small town of the Gâtinais (Loiret), where the poor nomadic workman, tired of a wandering existence, found a wife and made a home for her, pitching his tent in the place where Providence enabled him to find the treasure of a good and faithful companion, persuaded that there, too, he would find bread—Louis, the eldest of a family of four children, was the first of his name who knew how to read. The loss of some hundreds of francs, the fruit of several years' work, through the failure of a local merchant with whom they had deposited all their earnings, having broken up their little household, they went, like many others, to conceal their misery in Paris, occupying the fourth story of a house in the Rue des Maçons-Sorbonne, and doing their best to keep the wolf from the door "with a stoical resignation and an indomitable heroism that cannot be described."

A very short time after the family had removed to Paris Louis was sent back to Boynes, confided to the care of his grandfather, a poor wheelwright, until he entered on his eleventh year. There he, along with his young brother, Eugene, picked up some scraps of elementary knowledge at the village school, until he had to leave it to rejoin the family circle at Berçy, where his father had obtained employment as an operative cooper, the wages being three francs a day for a working day of fourteen hours. It was with a pang that Louis quitted the green fields for Paris streets and the riverside. His heart was more in the country than in the busy boulevards. In a sonnet he later gave expression to this sentiment, to a longing for the fields, the woods, the moors and calm spaces, and his delight at the prospect of seeing again

> les chaumes touchants,
> Les clochers élancés les maisonnettes basses,
> Les roseaux dans l'eau pure!

and "les bonnes gens et les bonnes coutumes," with "les seuils

[3] "Rome et Lorette," Chap. LIV., pp. 332-333.

fleuris bâtis par les aieux," sights which bring songs from the heart and tears from the eyes.

The home of the Veuillots was poor, but peaceful and happy. "My father and mother," he relates, "regulated their conduct according to the rules of a rigid probity; they reared by the sweat of their brow four children, for after the two boys came two girls; they worked unceasingly; no holiday, no rest, no night, in some sort, for them; they only gave up working when excessive fatigue and privations brought on sickness; they nourished with their blood and their days that numerous family, who were always hungry; with sublime generosity they helped their parents, still poorer than themselves. Alas! they fulfilled all the duties of religion, except those that give consolation and hope. In sparing us all they could to save us from their sufferings, they could only say to us: 'Accustom yourself to work; you'll have plenty of it!' And not a word about God! I say it to the shame of my time, and not to theirs, they knew not God. Children, both, at a time when they were massacring priests, they found none in their villages to teach them; and all that they had heard of the Church and the ministers of religion, as they grew older, from persons who knew more than they did, inspired them with horror. Only my mother, through a remnant of traditions which came to her from her own mother, wished that I should go to the Sunday Mass, whither she went herself on great feasts, and had taught me some fragments of the 'Ave Maria,' which I recited at night at the foot of my bed."[4]

Recalling the struggles and strain of those early days in after life, he wrote: "The Lord laid upon me the cross of a wandering life. I early quitted my family; the nest was not large enough for the brood, and my parents themselves, forced like me to quit theirs, brought me from my native place when I had hardly emerged from the cradle and ventured my first steps upon a ground I did not see again, too young to long remember it, and old enough already to feel this first leave-taking; so that the liveliest recollection I have of my poor country is the memory of the tears I could not restrain at seeing the village steeple disappear below the horizon. Some one then said to me, smiling: 'Adieu, Boynes!' Adieu! It seems to me it was the first word that fell upon my ear, and I sometimes said to myself that it was like a presage of my whole life. I have rambled, pitching my tent to-day in one place, to-morrow in another, always obliged to leave at the moment when, feeling my heart taking root, it was pleasant to think I might remain."[5]

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[4] "Rome et Lorette," Introduction, p. 14.

[5] "Rome et Lorette," Chap. XXXV., p. 235.

Veuillot was largely self-taught. He learned little at school at Boynes or Berçy; in fact, he confessed that he could not get beyond the pronouns in grammar. A good-natured usher, however, conceived a kind of affection for the boy and taught him some syntax, history and rudimentary Latin. He deplores, among other things, not having had the advantage of being educated by the disciples of De la Salle, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, against whom his mother had prejudices, then sown broadcast among the people, and who were excluded, by the subaltern tyranny of the municipal council, from any participation in the direction of the Ecole Mutuelle. "I was then," he says, "thrown into that infamous Ecole Mutuelle, and it took two days' work from my poor father every month—I cannot think of it but with heated brow, my father nearly died of it!—it needed two days of devoted labor to pay for the lessons of corruption I received from my comrades and from a master who was drunk three-fourths of his time. This elect of the municipal council, not making enough for his thirst out of his class and his monopoly, also kept a circulating library, and made us carry the romances of Paul de Kock, Lamothe-Langon and, in fact, all the authors who could please the municipal councillors of the *banlieu* in 1824 to the ladies and big people of the place, after he had puffed these charming productions (that was his expression) in circulars written by us under his dictation. You are thinking whether we refrained from reading those fine books we thus hawked about. For my part, I did not fail; and it is of such accursed reading my soul still bears the odious wounds. Still, the school was 'religious;' we regularly got leave of absence for the smallest feast days when, not less regularly, our venerable teacher went to bed dead drunk; and we were taught our catechism! It was after this teaching I made my First Communion. Abominable memory! Let the crime fall on other heads; I have not to bear it all. Happy those who go through life under the protection of the recollections and graces of that glorious day! They robbed me of that happiness. Driven to the Holy Table by ignorant or impious hands, I approached without knowing of what a holy and dread banquet I was partaking. I came back with my stains upon me; I returned no more."[6]

It was now time to think of how he was to earn his living, and the author of "Rome et Lorette" relates with charming *naiveté* the perplexities of the poor workman and his wife, when they took counsel together one evening by the fireside, while the object of their solicitude feigned to be sleeping, upon the difficult question of giving Louis a start in life. It is a page of "the short but

[6] "Rome et Lorette," Introduction, pp. 14-15.

simple annals of the poor," such as Burns or Crabbe might have turned into melodious verse, and Dickens drawn with a few dexterous strokes of his graphic pen—a bit of homely *genre* that a painter would like to transfer to canvas, with all its traits of blended humor and pathos and local color. "Ah! philosophers, statesmen and friends of the people," he exclaims, "how little they see in the garrets of the fine things you think you are doing and the fine things you promise! Go there and see what an iron yoke the selfishness you have set up in society has imposed upon them; go there and learn what abominable falsehoods are all your works, and know for once that if you do not strive to render men better and more charitable, you will never succeed in rendering them less unfortunate. Everywhere my father and mother saw only hard, impenetrable hearts; they had no hope, but, resigned like savages, they accused neither God nor man; they thought that the world and life had everywhere and always been like this."[7]

The first post Veuillot filled was that of junior clerk in a lawyer's office at twenty francs (sixteen shillings) a month. The office was that of Fortuné Delavigne, brother of Casimir Delavigne, the poet-dramatist, whose numerous plays and lyrics had fanned the flame which was soon to burst forth in the revolutionary conflagration that cast a lurid light upon the closing days of the Restoration. It was quite unlike an ordinary lawyer's office; it was more like a literary coterie. The staff included Auguste Barbier, Jules and Natalis de Wailly, Emile Perrin and Gustave Ollivier, who was destined to have an important share in shaping Veuillot's career. All of these made names for themselves afterwards in literature or art. Among the clients was a certain number of men of letters and dramatic authors, notably Scribe, Bayard and Germain Delavigne, second brother of Fortuné. When there was a "first night," or initial performance of a piece by one of these writers, the office was closed at 4 o'clock, and all the clerks repaired to the theatre to form a *claque* and lead the applause. This *milieu* helped to open his mind, to fill it with ideas and to develop his aptitude for literature; for every one sang, rhymed or painted; all thought more of future fame than of dry legal procedure. They lent him books, which he devoured, for he was an omnivorous reader, and he applied himself to the study of history and the classic seventeenth century writers. Natalis de Wailly, who later became a learned paleographist and member of the Académie des Inscriptions, and Gustave Ollivier, who became a journalist, gave him lessons in Latin. More attention seems

[7] *Op. cit.*, Introduction, p. 18.

to have been devoted to literature than law. Veuillot, of course, caught the contagion and began to write a tragedy at fifteen.

Meanwhile he was struggling upward slowly. When his salary was raised to thirty francs and he was given the use of an attic in the same building where the office was situate, he arranged in it some volumes that he called his "library," for reading and collecting were always his delight. To piece out his slender income he did copying work outside of office hours and helped to unload sand boats on the Seine for a trifling wage. Intent on self-improvement, he occasionally went to the Sorbonne to hear Cousin, Villemain or Guizot, then very much in vogue as writers and orators. His poverty debarred him from social intercourse. When one of the Waillys or Gustave Ollivier, who lived with their families, invited him to visit them in their homes, it was with a sense of humiliation he felt constrained to appear in clothes too wide, too small or threadbare. It was a hard life. When, with hunger not half appeased, he left the cheap eating house where he dined for eight or ten sous (fourpence or fivepence) and saw people seated in the fashionable restaurants, he did not envy them, but said to himself cheerily, "My turn will come."

Literature, of which he was already enamored, only presented itself to him under two forms—the romantic and the dramatic. He felt rather a repugnance for politics, though, in the sequel, it was politics which was to open the way to journalism, in which he shone.

He had by this time reached the grade of second clerk. He gives us a suggestive insight into this epoch of his life in a charming passage in the "Libres Penseurs," where he tells us how he and his brother Eugene, to whom he was much attached, used to meet every Sunday under the third tree in the catalpas walk in the Jardin des Plantes, and contrived to be happy with only seven sous and a half each.

The circle into which he was drawn was liberalist and Voltairean. While its literary tone allured, its irreligiousness repelled him. In one of his books he draws a striking picture, only too true, too realistic of the society into which the exigencies of his position had thrown him. It discloses more than one aspect of the social condition of France at that epoch—an epoch of transition when minds, stimulated by vague aspirations, were in a state of continuous ferment. "Abandoned in the world at thirteen, without a guide, without advisers, without friends, without, so to speak, a master —without God!" he exclaims, "O bitter destiny! I met good-hearted people; they were not wanting in generosity or indulgence to me; but no one took care of my soul, no one made me drink at the

sacred source of duty. The streets of Paris constituted the education of my mind; the conversation of a few young men among whom I had to live, that of my heart. Except one, who came too late and went away too soon, they did not imagine there was any need of reserve before childhood. They were honest young fellows, but they came out of college, were reading law, and, according to the fashion of the time, were liberals. Those who liked me best took me to the play; those who found me intelligent lent me books, and I continued by myself, at full liberty, the studies I had so well begun under M. Paul de Kock and M. Lamothe-Langon. In my father's poor house they at least sometimes said: 'May God have pity on us!' But now I heard nothing but impious scoffings. There the *Constitutionnel* and the *Courier Français* were still prophets; there no one, unless myself, perhaps, wanted bread, and when, in my misery, my isolation, my servitude, I had such need of knowing a prayer, it was blasphemy they brought me; blasphemy I saw everywhere, heard in every discourse, read in every book, admired in every play I witnessed. Neither at the bottom nor the top of the ladder, around me nor above me, saw I anything that taught me how to pray. As I grew older I discovered nothing but unjust oppressions in life, nothing but iniquitous and injurious divisions; nothing but the accident of birth, fortunate for others, insupportable to me—an accident I was at liberty, no doubt, to get over, but could not get over except by myself alone, which rendered every means permissible. Such is the people they have formed, the cannibal they starve and disembarrass of every scruple in abandoning it to the spur of its necessities! I pity those the ferocious beast will devour; but, remembering my past, it is not *I* can accuse it; no, indeed, I cannot. I was seventeen when I saw the little children of the *bourgeoisie* around me exult at having demolished the altar and the throne. I was eighteen when I saw the ferocious beast pull down the crosses. My former companions were already beginning to be less exultant; but I applauded in my turn. Neither they nor I thought of seeing in the Cross the symbol of salvation, the symbol of liberty—the two Divine arms stretched out to protect the world; but, like the government of those days, they contemplated that act of terrifying audacity with cowardly disquietude. All that fell aroused their fears; they had a dwelling somewhere. All that fell aroused my joy; I saw myself condemned to abide with the dust of the high roads, and already I was uttering things that terrified them."[8]

Painful as these experiences were, they were a preparation for the part he was to play. The next stage in his formation was

[8] "Rome et Lorette," Introduction, pp. 19-20.

reached when he drifted on to the press. He had written verses and sent them to his friends; he was then under the influence of Hugo and Musset. One of these friends, Henri de Latouche, who poetized like himself, but had recovered from his fit of romanticism and opened his eyes to the hollowness and meretriciousness of the young school, became his literary mentor and said to him: "You are a born writer. Work hard; I'll help you, and you'll succeed." When the July revolution occurred and led to changes of men and policies, the direction of the *Figaro* was entrusted to Latouche, who asked him to write a short article which he promised to insert, and kept his word, to the delight and encouragement of the budding journalist. At the *Figaro* office he met several prominent people, writers, chroniclers, romancists, etc., including Gozlan, Roqueplan, Felix Pyat, Jules Sandeau and George Sand. He frequented the theatres, outlined romances and wrote sentimental poetry, without, however, neglecting to gratify his appetite for study. Gustave Ollivier having procured him a position on the editorial staff of the *Echo de Rouen,* he made his formal *début* in journalism. With the usual self-confidence of the young journalist, he wrote on all subjects as they turned up—politics, the drama, economic or art questions, local affairs, history, archæology and tales in prose or verse. His readers, we are told, recognized in him the gift of expression and style. Already a hot polemist, he made enemies as well as friends, and in a few months fought two duels, one with an actor named Tilly on account of a dramatic critique and the other with one of the editors of the *Journal de Rouen,* a republican organ. In after years he made a penitential pilgrimage to the scene of these encounters in the vicinity of Rouen, and in broad daylight, with his brother and sisters kneeling alongside of him, they united in prayer, imploring God's forgiveness for the contrite duelist. He had joined the *Echo* as a *feuilletonist* and dramatic critic; but, plunging into politics, soon acquired the reputation of being a *conservateur fougueux.* "Without any other preparation," he says, "I became a journalist. I found myself in the party of resistance. I would have quite as willingly, and even more willingly, been in the movement. It is an avowal, the ignominy of which I do not shirk. I wish to have it known that it was religion alone that made me comprehend true honor and reëstablished me in my dignity. In the new society in which I found myself the grand question was to crush anarchy, consolidate order and reëstablish sound doctrines. I visited the most excellent fathers of families in the world, the shrewdest men of property, the most honorable citizens. They had one god: it was public order. They implored me to defend it. I defended order, which was also my god, and

which truly had had adversaries pitiful enough to make it a pleasure to defend it. I reëstablished sound doctrines I knew nothing about; I crushed anarchy with great vigor; I sometimes even opposed 'the encroachments of the clergy,' which they would not have been sorry to see me do oftener; but soon—my good sense deserves the praise—I felt a repugnance to it. My esteem for my party did not prevent me remarking much difference between them and the clergy."[9]

His progress in journalism was rapid. From 1833 to 1836 he was chief editor of the *Mémorial de la Dordogne,* an Orleanist or Ministerial paper at Périguex. One of its conservative backers was General Bugeaud, whom he interviewed in Paris. "You appear to me very young," said the General. "How old are you?" "Nineteen." "I'd prefer you were twenty-five," observed Bugeaud. "But I'd rather be nineteen. For the rest, General, have no fears; I'll pull through." "They told me so, but, all the same, you're very young. Stop, sit down there and write something on Odillon Barrot." "Most willingly." Louis wrote a page, not *on,* but *against* Odillon Barrot and handed it to Bugeaud. "Perfect!" exclaimed the General. "I'll guarantee you to my friends." He had only a year's training in newspaper work when he boldly assumed full editorial responsibility. It brought him in contact with types of people characteristic of French provincial society, particularly middle-class society, whom, with his great talent for character drawing or pen portraits, he later introduced into his curious romance, "l'Honnête Femme," in "Cà et Là" and in "Les Libres Penseurs." This society was all on the side of the new government of Louis Philippe, intent on personal comfort or gain, not troubling itself about the religious question, except to evince distrust of what was called the "parti prêtre." Religion was tolerated rather than respected, interest centring in governmental politics and worldly gossip. Veuillot wrote up the Conservative side so vigorously as to provoke a third and last duel, when he "went out" with a republican who proposed, like the famous Galway blazer, to

> take his life
> At ten or fifteen paces.

But, luckily for this combatant, Veuillot spared him, refusing to return his fire after he had received the bullet in his clothes, simply saying: "Let him go home; his parents may be uneasy." The brilliant young journalist made many friends; he frequented the *salons,* notably those of the Prefecture; contracted the closest and friendliest relations with Romieu, the celebrated Prefect, and mixed

[9] "Rome et Lorette," *loc. cit.*

among officials, magistrates and professors. He also came in contact with excellent priests, among others the Abbé Guigne, later known as Père Ambroise, and deemed it his duty to recognize their virtues, but never troubled himself to question them about the faith or the doctrines they taught. Since his First Communion, made in complete indifference and ignorance, he had hardly retained any remembrance of any religious custom or impression.

The *Memorial,* like the *Echo,* was, in the political jargon of the day, "a Conservative journal;" that is to say, ministerial, Voltairean, anti-clerical, but affecting a moderation which found favor with those wavering Catholics who stood with uncertain foothold upon the slippery incline of liberalism. "A certain little local paper of the breed that has given us the *Siècle,*" says Veuillot, "by no means strengthened my dispositions to respect the Church, which it unceasingly attacked. Despite my ignorance, I revolted against those dishonest and clumsily expressed opinions."

The young journalist prospered and became well-to-do. "I possessed," he says, "what but lately I had thought my whole life were uselessly spent in dreaming of. I had got into a society my poor mother thought very fashionable. I had myself made the breach through which I had entered; the equals of my superiors of yesterday were now only very small people alongside me."[10] People congratulated him on the influence, fortune and consideration to which his talents had rapidly raised him and having had his lot cast in a time so favorable to their utilization. But the object of these felicitations was himself far from being thoroughly satisfied with a position that had all the outward seeming of success creditably achieved and agreeably enjoyed; he felt the need, the craving of something more than all this to gratify a mind capable of higher things than to have its powers wasted on petty newspaper squabbles and composing *feuillatons* in which the author affected to believe very little in religion or metaphysics and posed *en desillusionné.* Like his literary friend and mentor, Gustave, a veritable Parisian of the period, who, if he had a religion, it was that of the Scandinavians, Veuillot had what he calls the religion of the lyre, that piety of the rhymers of his time, which consisted in replacing Jupiter by Jehovah, love by an angel, and, by a detestable profanation, bringing the virginal name of the Queen of Heaven into elegies addressed to the Phillises and Chloes. "Without denying the existence of God," he frankly avows, "I knew nothing, absolutely nothing, of the Christian law. I read in the writings of the deepest thinkers of our days, thinkers who most arrested attention and were most extolled, that Christianity had been beautiful and useful, but

[10] "Rome et Lorette," Introduction.

that it was dead; and I readily believed that, in fact, Christianity *was* dead. Nothing around me told me that it lived. In the town I lived in there were, undoubtedly, upright people; there was not a man of my acquaintance—not one!—neither functionary, nor professor, nor magistrate, old or young, who fulfilled his religious duties; not a mother of a family who had once spoken in my presence to her children of God, the Church, or anything that had the least connection with religion."[11] Since the day of his First Communion he had not put his foot inside a church; Catholicism was to him an unknown quantity, he ignored it, but he did not abuse it like others; it rather had a vague attraction for him, despite his indifference. He was morally a mystery to himself, a mystery he could not unravel, which baffled his introspective scrutiny. He felt the need of prayer, for which his soul hungered. One day when he went to describe for his paper a pilgrimage to some shrine of Our Lady of Good Help he was pained at being unable to join them as they knelt in prayer. "I regretted," he records in his journal, "at not being able to do like those around me; they were praying fervently, with such faith that I would have wished to bend my knees and pray. It must be so sweet to believe firmly that the prayer of your heart goes all luminous to heaven and is heard there."

He was discontented with himself and his surroundings. A close observer, he saw on one side the social misery of the people and on the other the moral misery of the middle classes. He had been a republican for a moment, but the republicans disgusted him; they had no other end in view but a mad despotism; the people in their hands were nothing more than a machine to make war with, a slave they neither would nor could enfranchise, and only knew how to intoxicate. He sided with the government because it was attacked, and he loved fighting opponents. But in his heart of hearts he despised the liberalized, self-seeking *bourgeoisie,* in whose interests he defended law and order. As a man of the people, he felt like a renegade in going into that camp, felt as if he had betrayed his father and the cause of the proletarian masses from whom he sprang.

"I come from the people," he said, "from those who have only their work, who live in abjection, who need everything, and for whom nothing is done." Pointing to a shouting crowd on one occasion, he said: "There I have my father, whom they use like a beast of burden, and my mother, bowed down under a weight of care. Chance would have it that a ray of sunshine should warm their closing days."

[11] "Rome et Lorette," Chap. I., p. 31.

He was in this state of mind, tortured with a self-contempt that resembled remorse, when news, strange and startling to him and his associates in Perigueux, suddenly reached him from Paris. It was in a letter from Gustave, whom he calls his protector rather than his friend, being more advanced in age, social position and education, who had taught him much of what he knew and had given him his first lessons in *"ce redoubtable mètier de la presse,"* and who was now to be the providential cause of his conversion at a moment when the *tedium vitæ* weighed heaviest upon him, and he was striving in vain to argue down the pleadings of conscience by cold, rationalistic counter-pleas, or seeking relief in a kind of stolid stoicism from the *ennui* that pursued him like the Nemesis of unbelief. "He informed me," he relates, "that he was a Christian, adding to make himself better understood, that he had a confessor and that he was going to Communion. I thought that some dreadful misfortune had stricken my friend. I read his letter to the most 'enlightened' man I knew. 'What do you think of it?' I asked. 'Our friend,' he replied, 'is a fool.' Now, Gustave did not break out into one of those hymns of gratitude which gush from the hearts of new Christians as water gushed from the rock struck by Moses. Better inspired as to what he should tell me, he had calmly traced for me a clear and rapid outline of the consolations religion brings and the duties it prescribes. He is a fool! Such is the first judgment I hear delivered upon the Gospel and the hearts it subjects."[12]

A hurried visit to Paris convinced him that Gustave was no fool. "He told me the story of his struggles; they were mine. He urged me to imitate him in the last effort that had given him the victory. Alas! the very price of the triumph terrified me."

Fleeing from the light after he had caught a glimpse of it, he fell into a state of slumbrous spiritual lethargy. "If I could have enemies," he says, "there would be none to whom in my hatred I would wish the horror of such a repose. Gustave was, however, praying for me; he also thought of my temporal future, which I had ever abandoned to all the winds of earth, and through his solicitude I came to Paris. It was a great thing for him to venture. Never in my dreariest isolation and abandonment, when I was young, ignorant and cast adrift, had Paris threatened to be so hard and dangerous to me. I was going there to face other precipices, engage in other combats. I was twenty-three, poor no longer, no longer timid, and in the midst of my reveries on the way grew ambitious. Sincerely, I was entering Paris with thoughts of victory —quite decided to become a Minister as soon as possible. However,

[12] "Rome et Lorette."

I was not big enough, nor, thank God, foolish enough to long dream of becoming a personage."

He left Périgueux at the close of 1836 with sincere regret, but with the good wishes of all his friends, who predicted great things for him, the Prefect Romieu saying: "Go at once; your future is in Paris, and it will be brilliant. If you like, you'll be State Councillor before me, or Deputy and soon Minister." His future certainly was in Paris, and a brilliant career was to follow his advent thither, but not such as his friends fancied. Ollivier, who had launched the young publicist on the provincial press, secured him an appointment on the editorial staff of the *Charte de 1830,* a semi-official evening paper, started under the auspices of Guizot, then Minister of Public Instruction. Veuillot and Leon Masson were the political editors and imparted a very combative tone to the paper, which collapsed after a brief existence of six months, sharing the fate of the Ministry of the 6th of September. Veuillot then joined the *Paix,* another "Conservative" journal, likewise in Guizot's interest and that of the statesmen of 1830, who were vainly striving to dissociate the July *régime* from the Revolution. He was one of the first to realize the impracticability of this policy; but when the proprietor abandoned Guizot for Molé, the new Minister, he protested against this change of front. It was in the office of the *Paix* he first met Montalembert, with whom he was to be closely associated for a time as a comrade in arms in the struggle for Catholic freedom, until differences of opinion drove them into mutual opposition.

After breaking with *La Paix* he entered on an election campaign which took him to Mâcon, where he saw Lamartine; Toulouse, Nimes, Aigues-Mortes, Avignon and Périgueux, where his brother Eugene had succeeded him as chief editor of the *Memorial.* Politics, ministerialist or anti-ministerialist, interested him less and less, while literature, which he had loved so much, seemed in its contemporary form vapid or unclean. Disheartened and disgusted, rejecting the offers of the *Constitutionnel* and *Journal des Débats,* which sought to attach him to their staffs, he lost all faith in politics, and having no religious faith to satisfy at once the desires of his heart and his intellectual needs, was a prey to very gloomy and distracting reflections. "I was ashamed," he says, "of the breaches made in my conscience; I was tired of the fragments of honesty that remained; I had no longer any political faith. A year of polemics had crushed, brayed, pulverized convictions that rested upon no solid basis in the past—that I saw lead to nothing in the future. Under the continual action of railleries and bad examples, the varnish of frail morality that covered them was dissolved.

Alone with myself, I could not combine, either in politics or morals, two ideas that were not at variance, and to either of which I was not indifferent. I lost the sense of what is upright and honest; I was losing even the will and the energy to combat. I only gave myself two months to be nothing more than one of those *condottieri* of the pen, who go from one camp to another to sell not so much their bravery as their inactivity. Illusions of youth, generous desires and generous loftiness of soul, pride of honor, pride of duty, self-devotion, friendship, love—everything was sullied, everything was dying out, everything was going to ruin." He had uttered his last cry to heaven and was abandoning himself to any fate that might await him, when his friend, Gustave, whose conversations had taught him many things and dissipated many prejudices, until one day he found himself defending the Catholic religion against some of his old arguments, persuaded him to be his traveling companion in a tour of Southern Europe. They met one carnival day when Gustave, finding him downcast, said: "I am going to Italy, Greece, Constantinople. Come with me." Veuillot was ready to go anywhere, but pecuniary resources were wanting. Although he had been for some time in receipt of a good income, he had saved nothing. The director of the *Moniteur Parisien* suggested asking for an official mission, the expenses to be paid by the Government. Two Ministers, Salvandy and Montalivet, supported his application, which was granted, and he was deputed to visit and report on benevolent institutions in Italy, the Levant and elsewhere. He rushed off to Berçy to embrace his parents, borrowed wherewith to pay in advance the *pension* of his sisters, whom he placed in a convent boarding school, and rejoined his faithful friend, who was like his earthly angel guardian. "Eight days after," he narrates, "I had quitted Paris, and already with lightened heart was traversing the Marseilles route. I thought I was going to Constantinople; I was going farther—I was going to Rome, I was going to baptism."

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WHY CATECHISM IS STILL TAUGHT IN SPANISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE power of Freemasonry is well known. Europe and America can each point to its countless lodges. The inhabitants of France, England, Italy, Russia and Germany, the worker and the aristocrat, have all learned the mysterious grip, the secret password. Great is the influence of this vast body of men, and this influence (every Catholic knows it from his childhood) is used in the vain attempt to conquer the unconquerable Church of God. So well known is the hostility of Freemasonry to Catholicism that no one is surprised, if we except the Masons themselves, when the lodges try to banish the Catholic religion from Spain.

Sure that it cannot change the faith of the aged, Freemasonry attaches itself to another plan. Why not kill this hateful religion in the young, the innocent, the inexperienced? No sooner thought than done. And the lodges endeavor to wean the youth of Spain from the ecclesiastical mother that blessed them in their cradle. But to attain any end means must be adopted. Masonry is no exception to so sweeping a law. First, it establishes the modern schools (escuelas modernas) in Spain. Their founder is Ferrer. He it was that initiated Barcelona to the "Tragic Week" (semana tragica). His name is written in the blood of innocent women, in smouldering convents, on mutilated tombs. American Catholics know his career, know he was shot as a rebel to authority, as a plotter against his king. All this the world is aware of, and Ferrer's memory is forever doomed to the execration of posterity.

Ferrer was rightly shot. Masonry, were it just for once, would admit it. As it is, Masonry is convinced. But in the execution of Ferrer the lodges saw a powerful ally, one which would help them to further their perverse plans; naturally the lodges availed themselves of such a radical procedure against one of their number. The Conservative-Liberals were in power at the time. Masonry set every cog and wheel of the political machine in motion to eject them from office. They were overthrown. Justice had obtained the death of Ferrer; Masonry proclaimed that the rule of the Inquisition was not over; it held up Spain to the eye of the world as a bigoted, bloodthirsty nation; it fabricated terrible tales about the ecclesiastical government; it spread them broadcast; it sought, in brief, to bring Spain into disrepute with the modern world, to throw discredit upon the Conservatives who had seconded the efforts of the hoary monks so skillful in the use of the rack, thumbscrew and other

instruments of torture. Consequently, the Conservative party and Señor Maura, its leader, were overthrown. The intrigues of the lodges were successful, and the Radical-Liberals came into power. Señor Segismundo Moret first presided over the Radical-Liberals; he was succeeded shortly after by Señor Canalejas, the champion of "advanced ideas" and the protagonist of anti-Catholicism.

The Conservatives out of office and the governing faction made up of men who bragged of their Liberalism, Freemasonry and the rank and file of anti-clericalism could not but be satisfied. Now the Inquisition would be relegated to the fabled past. The lodges had a splendid ally in the Radical government. A fitter one, one more capable of entering heart and soul into the execution of its designs against the Church or against the religious education of the young, could not be found. The Government began its campaign at once. It broke off its official relations with the Holy See.

However, Señor Canalejas was soon removed from the chair of presidency by the bullet of an assassin. The ambitious Count Romanones next occupied his position. Foresighted, he surveyed the political situation. We can fancy him saying to himself: "How can I hold my position?" and answering: "I need the united support of Republicanism, Socialism and Freemasonry." "How can I obtain this support?" "By declaring that I am an out-and-out anti-clerical; this course of action cannot fail to firmly establish me in my position." The declaration which he made at the very beginning of his presidency proves that he must have entertained the thoughts which we have attributed to him or their equivalent. For he openly declared that his policy was the policy of Señor Canalejas; that he would not swerve a hair's breadth from the programme outlined by his predecessor. By this declaration he won the sympathy of the anti-clericals, whilst he lost the friendship of the vast majority of voters, all of whom are good Catholics. Cunning, a schemer of the first water, shrewd and alert, he is still undaunted. But without the masses he sees clearly that his reign must be short indeed; he must and will win the favor of the Catholic party. He is steering a dangerous course now; he must flatter the enemies of the Church, allure them by fair words and great promises, and yet he must appear as a promoter of Catholic welfare. Avoiding carefully the openly violent and rash irreligous policy of Señor Canalejas, he spares no effort to establish communication with Rome.

Ulysses escaped both Scylla and Charybdis, but Count Romanones escaped neither. He displeased Republicans and displeased Catholics. He was pressed and harassed by the anti-clericals, who taunted him, recalling the promises he had made to them and had never

fulfilled. The Church was still living in Spain; the monasteries had not been destroyed; religious walked the streets; Bishops and priests preached and catechized; the churches were filled; the people were still Catholic; the Cross still pierced the heavens! What had he accomplished? Undismayed, the Count strives to hush the clamor. How? Royal decrees are issued and promulgated which permit Spanish soldiers declaring that they are not Catholics, to omit certain religious duties prescribed in the military code. Again, the religious of Spain had always been free from military service; the Count forces them to leave the altar for the tent, the breviary for the sword and musket. In this manner the Count forces them to give up their religious duties. Thus the Count labored to satisfy the greedy maw of the Radicals.

This was not enough for them. Freemasonry and Radicalism had other and vaster schemes. They knew full well that the realization of their designs against the Catholic Church meant that they must strike religious education to the very heart. To do this the teaching of religion must be banished from the public schools. Children must be brought up "a la moderna." Superstition, bigotry, priestcraft must not be allowed to influence the child. No, the infant must be educated without God, without morality, without religion, without respect for their parents, without patriotism. And such must be the education of the coming generation! Such the doctrines instilled into babes endowed with free will and a God-given intellect! Is it possible that men are found who can advocate so fatal and so foolish a platform? Yet the Grand Oriente, Señor Morayta, the president of the Institution libre de la ensenañza, of Madrid; Señor Cosio and the Masonic fraternity urge, command, entreat Count Romanones to eject the catechism from the schools as a superannuated fantasy!

Will he do it? Will he aid them? Ready to please his sympathetic friends, the Count gives his word. Freemasonry knows that he is a man of honor. He can be counted upon. For once Señor Count Romanones reckoned without his host.

As soon as the Count gave the slightest indication of his intentions to the public, Spain sprang up indignant at such an idea. Vigorous, unanimous, persistent protests were made against the Government's action. Repeated cries of indignation rang out on all sides. Men who had helped the Government to perpetrate past outrages against the Church, men of well-known liberal tendencies, progressives of the advanced type, united together to oppose a measure which left their offspring no religious training. The aristocracy, the dignitaries of the Church, the toilers of the soil, men of all social ranks energetically denounced so terrible a procedure. Before the threat-

ening attitude of militant, Catholic Spain the Government trembled with fear. It had taken a false step. The mistake was a fearful one. It saw the ground was not yet prepared for the introduction of such innovations. To retrace its steps was impossible, to advance disastrous. If it withdrew, it would appear scatter-brained; if it enforced the plan, danger was ahead.

The Radical-Liberals tried to save the situation by saying that the Catholics had been needlessly alarmed, that they were ignorant of the Government's designs. "The Government," said Señor Count Romanones, "does not intend to do away with the teaching of the catechism in the public schools. No, Spain is a Catholic nation. The Government, although Liberal, is Catholic also; therefore it will not have schools where no religion is taught. The purpose of the Government is to give the child whose parents declare he is not a Catholic full freedom in the matter of the catechism. The respect due to the liberty of both boy and parent, as well as progress and the condition of modern society, strongly recommend the measure we have proposed. Moreover, the religious opinions, the duties of Catholic parents, who are the great majority in Spain, will be respected."

This political stratagem of the Count was seen through; the Catholics of Spain perceived the Government's purpose and guessed its plans. They redoubled their efforts and multiplied their protests. The movement grew; the enthusiasm was catching; the excitement of the people rolled like a huge billow from city to city. Catholic meetings were held in every hamlet. A great gathering of protesting Catholics was to take place in Madrid. The Court was ardent and thoroughly aroused. Preparations were made on a vast and imposing scale. The efforts of the countless committees gave promise of a demonstration never before paralleled. The disturbance was one of tremendous power, a truly national protest, and the display of Catholic energy was magnificently unequaled. Such an array of warlike Catholic forces could not but alarm the Government. It appealed to Rome. The President called on the Bishop of Madrid, entreating him to prohibit the meeting of this great congress. He promised that the Government would do nothing to hurt the feelings of the Catholics; he promised it would take no step in the matter without having consulted the Holy See. Madrid anxiously awaited the appointed day, Sunday, March 16, 1913. On that day the celebrated congress was to meet. Every preparation had been made, when Señor Herrera, director of the Catholic newspaper *El Debate* and leader of this glorious manifestation, received a letter from the Bishop of Madrid asking him to put off the assembly, alleging as reasons for the demand the advice of the Holy

See and the request of the Government. The blow came like a bolt from the blue. The impression it made on the immense throngs defies description. Comments on the occurrence were many and varied. As obedient and submissive children, the numberless crowds yielded with edifying docility to the wish of the Vicar of Christ. A sacrifice was called for, a fond hope shattered, a desire to manifest their fidelity was to be crushed, and the Catholics of Spain were ready. The manifestation that took place is a greater one than that which was scheduled; it was the unprecedented display of a nation's obedience to authority in an age of disobedience.

What was the effect of the dispersal of the Catholic body? In the camp of Freemasons, Radicals, Republicans and Socialists celebrations were held, speeches made, hands shaken in token of warm congratulation. Exultation reigned supreme. The joy of victory rang through their meeting halls. The Catholics were depressed, but believed that all would be well. At least, they had frightened the Government. They had hinted at their power. The Catholic and the non-Catholic press kept up a volleying fire of commentary on the proceedings of the Bishop of Madrid. His part in the affair was variously interpreted.

But the great object in the Catholic mind was attained; the Government was defeated; it gave up its first purpose; it could not suppress religious education in the public schools. The ruling faction had suffered a moral overthrow, and its forces were in full debacle. Nothing was left but to modify the original scheme, to propose a new one. In the meantime the anti-clericals urged the Government to action, and the Catholics stood decidedly defiant. To satisfy both parties was impossible. The party in power gathered in council, and a special bureau of investigation was formed. Señor Sanz, Señor Escartin, Señor Labra and Señor Vincenti formed this committee. They were to weigh the subject well and to give in a report. Señor Escartin strongly defended the Catholic position. He spoke of the rights of the Catholics; he upheld the Constitution, which called for the teaching of catechism in the public schools and made it a matter of obligation to acquire a knowledge of the catechism. The blunt and aggressive Señor Labra expressed exactly opposite views. According to him, not only should the children have complete liberty of conscience, but the teachers also should be left free to teach the catechism or not, as they thought fit. His opinion may be pithily summarized as follows: full freedom to the pupil and teacher and absolute abstemiousness in the use of the catechism to the point of not using it in the public schools. He supported his views by adding that his policy was in actual accord with the theory of separation between Church and State; this scission, he asserted,

of the body politic from the body ecclesiastic would be a kind of delicate chirurgical operation; it would take time; it must be gradual and as easy and painless to the separables as circumstances allowed. A painless operation was specially recommended, because the opposition of the Catholics would be more surely and easily overcome. When this extreme sectarian had descended from the platform, Señor Vincenti addressed the council. The best plan, he claimed, was to keep to the middle course, to avoid extremes, to flatter and fawn on both parties, to wound the feelings of neither, to teach the catechism and favor the Catholics, to abolish such superstition and delight the Republicans; briefly, he was the representative of Count Romanones; he proposed his master's views and exemplified his attitude.

As was natural, the Catholics were up in arms against the proposals of Señor Labra. They vigorously attacked them, and they were relegated to the category of absurd, abusive and abandoned propositions. This was no more than had been confidently expected. The Radicals then resorted to other means to accomplish their designs. Every effort was made to stir up a popular demonstration which would counteract the national display of the Catholics. Their efforts were pitifully unavailing. Failure crowned their labors. Again the anti-Catholics obtained the signatures of some of the professors teaching in some of the universities, requesting the Government to protect their consciences from the dangers they were submitted to while inculcating the doctrines of the catechism. In this document the learned body craved from the Government, as a boon, the privilege of attacking or defending the Catholic religion as the spirit of the moment suggested. The newspaper *El Liberal* published a list of these signatures addressed to the Minister of Public Instruction. It was signed by 272 professors, who demanded the banishment of the catechism from the public schools. To understand the value of this publication, we may point out that there are in the Spanish State institutions of higher education 27,279 professors, and that of this number only 272 signed the document. A balance of 27,007 professors, therefore, refused to come to terms with the Radicals. Such, then, was the work of anti-clericalism.

In the Catholic body the ladies of the highest rank, the female aristocracy of Spain, came forth and opposed Count Romanones in this glorious campaign against irreligion. Their committee called upon the Count. In polite, but earnest and energetic terms, they told him that they were representatives of thousands of Spanish women; that they came to protest against the action of the Government. The Count, with all his cleverness, his acuteness of mind,

his polite and engaging manners, was unable to elude the attacks of this illustrious committee of noble women. They surrounded him and cut off his escape; they pressed him on every side and with every argument. They said: "Your Excellency assures us that he will do nothing in the matter of the catechism without the consent of the Holy See; we add that if the Government informs His Holiness that the concessions it asks for are indispensable because of the position of Spain, bounded on the west by Portugal and on the north by France, two atheistic nations, we on our part shall tell him should he grant you your request, wishing thereby to avoid greater evils, that your schemes are but foolish dreams; that the Government's plans are the plans of a few; that the nation, body and soul, is against such concessions; that such concessions are not necessary, because the women and men of Spain are true Catholics; that such plans are dire and deadly, because they aim at the destruction of Christianity slowly but surely."

That the influence of these noblewomen was tremendous the Count knew full well. He had confessed a few days before that if the women of Spain could vote, his political position would be untenable. The Count could well say this, for he had witnessed the enthusiasm and the concerted action of Spanish women in the campaign which lasted from March 12 to March 15, 1913. During these three days he had been visited by the committee of noblewomen a short time before the great Catholic meeting was forbidden by the Bishop of Madrid. Without posters, without placards, without newspapers and without exciting the people, the ladies of Madrid within forty-eight hours gathered ten thousand Catholic women of all ranks and classes at the palace of the Duke of Luna. All signed a protest, which was delivered to the Count of Romanones. And this enthusiasm of the women of Madrid spread itself over the length and breadth of Spain. Everywhere Catholic women displayed their energy, their faith and their influence against the irreligious projects of a sectarian government and in the defense of the platform of thorough and complete religious instruction.

Consequently when Count Romanones, in spite of protests and remonstrances, insisted on his, or rather on the ideas of the anti-clericals, the women of Spain introduced a new method of political warfare. The Count claimed that a great part of Spain wanted religious liberty in this question of catechism. They answered: "This is untrue, and that not only Spain, but the whole world may know that it is false, we ask Spain to speak for itself." On the very day after this meeting with the Count they announced in the newspapers that in every church of the land a box would be placed; in this receptable all who were displeased with the action of the

Government were requested to deposit a vote by which they signified their displeasure. On the day assigned Spain presented to the world the aspect of a truly Catholic nation. Countless thousands of men and women of all ages and classes and conditions assembled in the temples of worship throughout the land and deposited their opinions in the boxes arranged to receive them. On the papers deposited, as was proved when before vast multitudes of the assembled people a reading of the same took place, were expressed in the most lively sentiments of faith the indignation of a nation against its governing body. And here it may be well to recall that this splendid declaration of faith was noticed by the Supreme Pontiff, who dispatched a telegram to the Marchioness of Aguilafuente. It runs as follows: "The Holy Father is confident that the Catholics of Spain, with perfect unity of action, laying aside all distinction of party, and in accordance with the vital interests, the laws, the venerable traditions of their noble nation, will keep as obligatory the teaching of catechism in the public schools."

The anti-clericals of Madrid then planned a great meeting in the city itself for the purpose of obtaining unity of action. And to obtain a solid combination of all the Liberal parties against religious teaching, their leaders went to visit Señor Count Romanones in order that he, as the recognized leader of the Liberal party, might assign an orator or two for their gathering. This embassy was a joy to Count Romanones. It came at a most opportune time. It would strengthen his position. He was balancing to and fro between the Catholic and the Radical extremes, and he thought that a meeting with this embassy would strengthen his political power. In fact, his only safety lay in steering a middle course, in flattering the Catholics and in promising to the Radicals. On Friday, March 28, when the reporters of the leading newspapers called upon him, he spoke to them of the visit of the Radicals under the leadership of Señor Soriano. "I told them," he said, "that I could not grant them their requests because their policy was far more progressive than that which the Government intended. The meeting of the Catholics was put off at my request. If the meeting of the Radicals now took place, I would not hereafter be able to prevent the Catholics from making a public manifestation." The Government made up its mind to show a spirt of tolerance. It determined to respect the liberty of conscience of all its citizens. By no means did the Government wish to overstep this mark, because by so doing it would be implicitly and even explicitly ignoring the rights of a vast majority of fervent Catholics. "I shall have done much," he continued, "if I succeed in instilling this spirit of tolerance into practical life. It is little indeed if we consider what is demanded

of me, but in this we can agree: it is a great step to the attaining of that liberty which we so ardently wish for."

Now, it is well to know that the party in power is Liberal and had that character impressed upon it by Señor Sagasta; this party is not radical, therefore its tendencies in religious matters are not radical. The Liberal party intends to be liberal only—no more. "I would hurt the feelings of the majority of their party if I forced them to adopt the policy set down by the radicals."

On Sunday, April 6, the Committee on Public Instruction gave its opinion about the subject. It modified the propositions set down by Señor Vincenti. The decisions taken and approved are as follows:

"Article 1.—The teaching of the Catholic religion in the public schools destined for primary education will be kept up in the same form and degree as has been done heretofore.

"Article 2.—The children whose parents are non-Catholics, or whose parents desire that they should not be taught religion, will be entirely free in this matter; but Catholic parents in the same case must pledge themselves to give their children religious instruction at their own expense."

These articles were cunningly worded and were presented to the King for signature without consulting the Assembly, closed at the time. Meanwhile Catholic enthusiasm was not damped for a moment. The Catholics protested again and again. They multiplied their meetings. Thousands and thousands of signatures and protestations and remonstrances poured in from every town and city, from school and association, nay, even from indifferent institutions, upon Señor Romanones, and upon the King himself. Among these protests were numbered those of celebrated and renowned officials and professors, men of high rank in universities and institutes. All the great military officers, the Knights of Santiago, the Knights of Alcantara and the knights of the other great military organizations then in Madrid signed the protests. The Prince Don Fernando de Baviera signed his name to the documents presented to Count Romanones. Prince Don Alfonso de Borbon and Borbon also signed the protests. The wording of the protests could not be more expressive. It recalled the oath taken by the postulants when admitted to membership in the great order of Santiago. By this oath all pledged themselves to defend even with their lives the interests of the Catholic faith. The protest wound up by pointing out to Count Romanones that he himself was a knight of Santiago.

The intimate friends of Romanones, or those who pretended to be his intimate friends, did not cease for a moment in their effort to quench the enthusiasm of the Catholics. They said that the

Count would do nothing in this matter without first having consulted the Holy See. They claimed that the Spanish Ambassador in Rome had carefully and minutely explained to the Cardinal Secretary of State the purpose of the Government and the meaning of its action. They said that the Ambassador had received a formal promise from the Cardinal to the effect that the decree of the Government would be tolerated, provided that the promises of the Government to the Holy See were carefully kept, and so forth and so forth. This was the tenor of their harangue to the Catholics. But they begged the anti-clericals to be satisfied that so much was gained for the cause of liberty of conscience. The energetic attitude of the Catholics made it impossible to hope for more.

Such was the policy of Count Romanones. The Catholics knew not what to think nor what to do. The Bishop of Madrid requested the Catholics to avoid making any demonstration. On the other hand, it was said that everything was done agreeable to the wishes of the Pope. Finally, *L'Osservatore Romano* in its issue of April 5 threw light upon this complex and difficult position. It said: "The remark was made, among others, in the correspondence from Madrid to a newspaper of Barcelona that a great meeting which was to have been held in Madrid was suspended by an order of the Pope, and that the modifications in the present laws about religious teaching tending to diminish its obligatory character would be carried out with the sanction of the Holy See. We, duly authorized, affirm that all these reports are absolutely false and of a nature to create dangerous mistakes about the conduct of the Holy See in a matter of great importance."

"This much stands out clear in this embroiled and obscure state of affairs," said the Catholic review of Madrid, *La Lectura Dominical.* "The action of the Catholics has been one of remarkable efficacy, otherwise the effect of its action would not have been as pronounced as it is. It is clear that the decree banishing the catechism from the public schools would have been passed without a word when Señor Cossio handed it to Señor Alba, the Minister of Public Instruction."

If Romanones has confined himself to the limited programme of letting non-Catholic boys only free in the matter of the catechism, if he has done much less than the *Institucion Libre* desired, and had already obtained as far as the Government was concerned, if he declares that his party is not radical, but only liberal, one such as was formed by Señor Sagasta, if he has petitioned the Holy See, all this is due to the loyal attitude of Catholics who have stood their ground on the battlefield of religious education.

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CATHOLICISM AND THE FUTURE.

THE IRISH PRIEST.

I HAVE long felt that there is probably no man in the world who is more thoroughly and universally misunderstood and misjudged than the Irish priest. This is probably due to the circumstance that he is almost always judged in the light of some accepted conventional social or ecclesiastical standard; scarcely ever in that of his national characteristics and temperament.

The people who understand him least of all are certainly the English people. Their minds and judgments in this respect seem to be "held" by a kind of inherited dislike and prejudice, which may not always find open expression, but which seldom fails to manifest itself in one way or another.

So great indeed and, as it seems to me, unreasonable is this prejudice that I have often asked myself the question: Do they really *desire* to understand him? Do they ever pause to inquire fairly and honestly into the grounds of their dislike and ask themselves whether it is well founded and justifiable?

It is not here possible, of course, to enter into even the briefest consideration of Ireland's political history, with which the history of the Catholic Church and her priests is so intimately bound up. The really honest inquirer who desires to get at facts and not merely to secure confirmation of what he has been taught or what he may find it expedient to believe will know where to look for accurate information on this subject. The more critical study in recent times of all national histories has thrown much light upon difficult problems and has led to the reversion of many a time-honored verdict, however unwelcome and uncomfortable such reversions may sometimes be. I am confident that in proportion as the real facts respecting Ireland's history become better and more universally known will the judgment, too, respecting Ireland's people and clergy be reversed. If I am not very much mistaken, that reversal of judgment is even now in progress—with all serious students, at least, and with all open-minded and unprejudiced persons.

There is one very remarkable circumstance with regard to the Irish people in general which has caused me much food for reflection, and of which, so far as I remember, I have never heard mention made in English circles. It is the extraordinary difference between what an Irishman is said and believed to be at home and what he is abroad in the colonies and the United States of North America.

Life in Protestant England is calculated to fill a man with the

idea that the Catholic Irishman is a troublesome, lethargic, unpractical and unprogressive sort of person and neighbor. He is supposed to be a sort of social anarchist, who has no respect for law and order and whose history and status show that the superstitious fears and beliefs with which his creed and his priests have inspired him have paralyzed all his natural gifts and endowments and have incapacitated him from participating in that economic development which characterizes the life of other nations.

He is represented as the embodiment of intellectual and moral stagnation and ignorance—a creature who can only be kept in check and under control by a form of government which rules with a rod of iron and which leaves him the least possible amount of independence and self-government.

These are the impressions which life in Protestant England and contact with English thought and literature are apt to create in the mind. They are something like universally accepted facts or truths, such as the changeableness of the English climate, which no sane and educated man is expected to doubt. The boys at school, the students at our colleges and universities, inhale them with the very air they breathe. And the man who ventures to dispute them is looked upon as a crank, or perhaps as a fanatic. For the educated Protestant there can, it is assumed, be only one opinion on the subject, and that is the opinion which I have expressed. Any dissent from it, expressed perhaps on the grounds of some vague sense of unfairness and injustice, is invariably met with the crushing rejoinder: But do not the facts speak for themselves? Look at the state of things in the South and West of Ireland: the dirt and squalor and ignorance of the people. Contrast them with the Protestant progressive North; or, if you like, with any other Protestant continental nation. Observe the disastrous influence which the clergy exercise over the people—the poverty of the latter and the comparative wealth and affluence of the former. Is it necessary to adduce evidence where the evidence is so abundant and so incontrovertible?

When I started for the colonies, a few years ago, I had not been to Ireland; I had therefore no personal knowledge of the matter from actual observation. And I cannot speak from extensive knowledge of the existing conditions in Ireland itself to-day. I only knew that vast numbers of Irish families were annually leaving the old country in order to seek for happier conditions in the New World. I consequently expected to find in the New World, amongst Irish Catholics, conditions similar to those declared to prevail at home. Beyond description great, therefore, was my surprise when I found the very opposite to be the case: Irishmen here and there

and everywhere, and, in some of the great cities of the American Union, the dominant and dominating element. And these Irishmen healthy and wealthy and progressive from every point of view; respected and honored men in every profession and rank of society —in the Senate, on the judicial bench and at the bar, in the medical and scholastic professions, in the Church and in the seats of learning; the presidents of universities and of great educational institutions, Governors of States even and directors of great economic and commercial undertakings, working hard and intelligently everywhere to help forward the development of a great nation and forming, in the most literal sense of the term, that nation's moral and economic nerve and muscle and backbone.

How, I asked myself, is this extraordinary difference to be explained? Where precisely lies the solution of this mystery? I have thought much and long on this subject; I have studied and observed and recorded, and I have come to the conclusion that there must be underlying the accepted view of things at home some grave misapprehension, or perhaps some still graver injustice. For if all be true of Irish Catholics that is asserted at home, how can we account for this extraordinary change, this more than miraculous transformation? How comes it to pass that these "indolent and poverty-stricken and priest-ridden" people are, within a few years, turned into energetic, progressive, intelligent and universally respected citizens, the dominating power in many a great American and Australian city, and, in the matter of intellectual and economic achievement, often far outstripping the Englishman?

I do not pretend to know very much about the matter; I can but judge it according to the facts observed and by ordinary common sense; but it seems to me that Ireland's troubles cannot possibly be attributed to the causes to which they are habitually attributed at home.

Nor can they be sought for in the influence which the Catholic clergy are said to exercise over their people. For that influence is, if possible, stronger abroad even than it is at home. The Irish Catholic, as is well known, takes his religion with him wherever he goes, and there is certainly no interest in life for which the Irishman abroad is more ready and willing to make sacrifices than for his priest and his Church. But in the New World, so far as I know, the domination of the clergy over their people—if domination it be—is most certainly working for their moral and educational well-being and for the maintenance of their religion and the integrity and purity of their family life. In my own opinion, therefore, it admits of little doubt that the Catholic Irishman at home is most thoroughly misunderstood and misjudged, and that it is this funda-

mental misreading of his character and of his possibilities which lies at the root of the whole matter. One is forced to the conclusion that he would most probably develop those powers and qualities of which he proves himself possessed, at home in his own country, were those powers sufficiently recognized and did the conditions under which he lives make it possible for him to put them into operation. I fail to see how any man of fair judgment, provided he have accurate information, can come to any other conclusion. And it seems to me that similar grave misconceptions are entertained respecting the Irish clergy. The things which are asserted respecting them are true in a sense; they are utterly untrue in the sense in which they are understood in England.

It must be borne in mind, in the first place, that to the Irish Catholic his religion is not a sort of comprehensive Christian philosophy such as Protestantism is to the average Protestant Englishman. It is to him a fixed law of life, indeed one might almost say his very life itself, which neither admits of any kind of modification nor of the exercise of any choice on his part and to which he is expected, in every condition and circumstance of life, to render the strictest possible obedience. It is so interwoven with his national and social and personal ideals that he cannot, except at great moral cost and sacrifice, dissociate himself from it. The Irishman who, for some temporal advantage or benefit, has effected this rupture cuts in every part of the world a very sorry and contemptible figure. With him belief in the verities of his religion and devotion and loyalty to his Church are almost constitutional characteristics, part not merely of his mental and moral life, but of his very muscle and bone—forces indeed controlling his very heart's beats.

When unbelief or, to speak more accurately, disloyalty happen to take possession of him, he does not join himself to some other religious body (nobody would believe in the sincerity of such a step, but he remains out in the cold and invariably, in later years, returns a penitent to the fold.

The Protestant may not unfairly regard his religion as a coat which he may wear or not as it may suit his feelings and inclinations and his momentary belief. He can throw it off when he is morally too hot, or he may put it on when he is feeling chilly and uneasy. His fellow-Protestants will think none the worse of him because of such periodical transformations.

The Catholic Irishman can only live happily if his religious coat is always on his back. He presents a miserable appearance without it. And it is in any case quite impossible for him to hide his consequent nakedness from his fellows.

It is so difficult to make this fact clear to those who only know the Catholic Irishman and his religion from hearsay and who have never studied the subject face to face with actual fact and reality. But it is only in the light of such fact and reality that one can hope to understand the Irish priest and the relation in which he stands to his people.

Now, it seems to me that there is no man living who has so keen and deep and persistent a sense of the reality and constant claim and operation upon him of the supernatural as the Irishman. He has this sense largely by reason of his constitution and temperament. He may not indicate it much by outward expression, but it is with him an ever-present reality. His eye flashes and his soul is kindled when matters Catholic are discussed, and if your attitude be sympathetic, you will have secured his affection and friendship. The other world is very near to him. In the sacramental life of his Church he seeks constant contact with it, and, for the satisfaction derived from that contact, he is willing to surrender much of what he may have laboriously acquired and of what the world values so highly.

He has the clearest possible perception of the position which the priest occupies in this sacramental life and order—as the dispenser of the mysteries of God, as the one through whom all blessings and graces come, and as the one person, consequently, who is above all other persons to be esteemed and revered. He stands to him, in fact, in the place of God, binding the soul to or separating it from the supernatural order.

And in this intense conception of supernatural power and authority there is for him little room for mere personal and secondary considerations. The reality of the sacraments is not affected by a priest's personal life or character; he may be a good or a bad man; he may be a saint or a manifest sinner—he is in any case a priest who ministers the things of God, and, whether saint or sinner, he is the representative of God in the world.

It seems to me that it is in this light that the Irish priest is always regarded by his people; it is in this light, therefore, that we must study him and the relation in which he stands to them. Now, there is most certainly this further characteristic which distinguishes the Catholic Irishman, and that is the natural tendency, in spite of all the worldward interests and activities of life, to maintain a hold on and to cultivate the supernatural. He has the unique and quite natural and simple habit of combining and reconciling the two forms of activity. Where the Protestant, therefore, or the non-Irish Catholic sees incongruities or inconsistencies in matters of the outward life and of conduct, he sees no inconsistency at all. He

views matters from an entirely different standpoint. He does not see why a man should not enjoy the ordinary good things of life, be jolly and cheerful and make his home comfortable, be a generous friend and neighbor, even occasionally fall into sin, and yet retain his hold on the things unseen and cultivate the life of his soul.

In saying this I am neither asserting that for the majority of men these things are possible, nor am I asserting that we are here presented with ideal forms of the Catholic life. I am merely insisting that the Catholic Irishman regards matters from this point of view, and that it is only in the light of this point of view that we can hope to understand him and to judge him aright.

It is thus, for instance, most untrue and inaccurate to say that the Irish priest, by reason of an undue emphasizing of his supernatural powers, works on the imagination of his people and takes from them, in the way of money and of material things, what they are seldom in a position to give. The very opposite really is the case. So great is the affection of his people for him, by reason of the things of God which he ministers to them and which they value so highly, that they are more than willing to give to him liberally of all they possess, and they will even insist upon his making things pleasant and comfortable for himself, even though he himself may be unwilling that it should be so.

I remember visiting districts in the New World inhabited by the working and agricultural classes, and what certainly often struck me was the fewness of the comforts and conveniences of life which they possessed in comparison with those enjoyed by the clergy. Often the houses and homes of the people seemed poor and barren, while those of the priests were comfortable and even luxurious. I know well how apt one is, at the sight of these things, to judge harshly and to call to mind statements with which one has become familiar at home. But things are not always what they seem. Many a priest abroad has told me that he has protested against the building of his comfortable presbytery. It seemed too large and too expensive for him—quite beyond what he actually needed and could conveniently maintain. But my people, said one, would have it so. They would not listen to my protest. They pointed out to me that they were not building for me alone, but also for those who would come after my time, when probably the congregation would be much larger and the needs of priest and people correspondingly greater. They pointed out to me that it was a matter of honor with them to see their priest comfortably housed and to make matters as pleasant for him as their circumstances permitted. They did not look upon the expenditure incurred as a burden, but as a

privilege, for what, after all, did they work and for whom were they more ready to spend their earnings?

It is in this way that a priest often finds himself the possessor of a fine house and surrounded with many of the comforts of life. His people will have it so, and all we can do, they say, is to use for their benefit as well as for ours what they are so ready to give.

And no one who knows the Irish priest and his big, generous heart can doubt that he carries out this latter duty to the letter. He is hospitable and generous to a degree, and he certainly does not stand by and shrug his shoulder when a parishioner is in want or is suffering misfortune. He can be depended upon when things look black and when the shoe pinches.

I remember on my journey from New York to New Orleans observing a number of very poor Irish emigrants in the steerage of the boat on which I was traveling. They were a body of very young men of evidently somewhat rough type. The party was in charge of a priest in middle life, who looked far from robust and who was manifestly suffering severely from the discomforts of the journey. He was, as I learned subsequently, by no means a poor man. He had organized this little party with a view to giving the young men of his parish a better chance in the New World by settling them in some promising district. He had already made the journey with them from Ireland, traveling, like themselves, steerage all the way. The young men evidently entertained for this priest the most profound respect and looked upon him as their trusty friend and leader. I had chummed up with another priest on board who was traveling with me in the saloon. We often went down to the steerage of the boat to talk with this interesting man, for whom we both began to entertain a very high regard.

When the weather became rough and he did not seem to relish his food, we urged him to join us in the saloon, offering to pay the trivial difference in the fare. But he steadfastly declined our advances, assuring us that it was his duty to stick to his people, since they would be likely to misinterpret such action. In view of what lay before them, it was his duty to share their life and its hardships. All that we could persuade him to accept was some fruit which we supplied to him from the saloon table.

Here is a striking illustration of what I mean. I have never forgotten that splendid Irish priest and the simple sense of duty to his poor people which animated him. It is surely such an action as this, this other side of the picture, which must be taken into consideration when judging this matter and when indulging in the conventional phrases respecting the influence of the Irish priest over his people.

When my health broke down in America and I had to suspend my lecturing work for a time, I took to my pen and endeavored to express in writing what I could no longer express by word of mouth. When my book was ready for publication, it was pointed out to me that, since it would be likely to have a good sale, I might earn the means of carrying on my work by publishing it at my own cost, thus securing the larger share of the profits. It meant the expenditure of a considerable sum, and I had some hesitation on the ground of family responsibilities and my own ill health. It was a moderate sum only which I could conscientiously invest in the undertaking. Before I knew what had happened a poor young Irish priest, deeply interested in my work, had gone and surrendered his life insurance policy, handing me the money paid in by him in premiums to make up the deficiency. He looked upon this action as quite a natural and ordinary thing and was quite willing to make further sacrifices should it be necessary.

I would ask my non-Irish readers: Do they know of this aspect of the matter? Have they studied the character of the Irish clergy from this point of view? It is but an example of deeds of kindness and charity performed by them daily all the world over, of many of which I have heard in my intercourse with their people. It seems to me that an influence or domination attended by such splendid results is not at all a bad thing, and would to God that the priests of other nations could be found to exercise a similar domination and influence.

Can one wonder that such priests as these are sometimes overwhelmed with an abundance of gifts and that their people regard it as their duty and privilege to make them thoroughly happy and comfortable? It is the only practical way in which they can show their devotion.

And, strange as it may seem, the good things of the world and their generous use do not seem to affect the Irish clergy as a body in the same degree in which they are apt to affect other people. They do not, generally speaking, cause them to lose their moral balance or their priestly zeal. There is no neglect of duty when money is abundant and all is well with them.

There are exceptions to this rule, of course, as there are exceptions to every rule. One does occasionally meet with an Irish priest who has grown too fond of ease and plenty, who has learned to love the good things of this world too well. We also meet with the Irish priest who is laying up treasure or who is autocratic and overbearing in his relations with his people. But it would be quite untrue to assert this of the Irish clergy as a body, as, I am confident, every traveler in America or in the Australian colonies can testify. It

is a fact universally admitted by both Protestants and Catholics that the Irish priest is ready to obey his people's call in season and out of season, and there is probably no man in the world who, at the call of duty, is so ready to face every kind of inconvenience and hardship.

I could in this respect tell many stories of priestly loyalty and devotion, of utter disregard to health and comfort, of rides of many miles in all kinds of weather to attend some sick call, of sleepless nights spent at the bedside of the sick and the dying. I remember a delicate young Irish priest leaving his bed three times during a bitter winter's night to attend to the spiritual needs of Catholics who were not members of his congregation. They were, moreover, the poorest of the poor, who had nothing at all wherewith to show their appreciation and gratitude.

I know another appointed to an emergency hospital who, after preparing the Catholic patients for operation, remains with them during the operation, so that they might find him near them when they recover their senses.

I am thus not speaking from sentiment or from some kind of predilection which may dispose one to interpret things in a favorable light, but I am speaking from what I know and have seen and observed. It is on the ground of this long observation that my own present better judgment came to be formed. It seems to me about time that this bubble of ignorance and prejudice respecting the Irish clergy and their relation to their people was pricked, and I shall be very pleased, indeed, if my pen will in some little measure assist in pricking it.

There is one peculiarity about the Irish priest which impresses one very forcibly in personal contact with him. He seems to be the very embodiment of traditional orthodox Catholicism. One cannot associate with him the idea of Modernism or of what may be called liberalism in religion. When he speaks of matters of faith, his note always rings true. He hates the very idea of compromise and dilettantism in all that pertains to the priestly office. He is the very antithesis of it and dislikes the popular modern priest who charms fashionable congregations. He distrusts him and, indeed, distrusts many of the modern methods by which converts are made and by which the return of England to the Catholic fold is to be effected. He has a sort of contempt for it all.

I cannot venture to pronounce any opinion in these matters. All I can say is that I have to confess to a good deal of sympathy with him. I cannot exactly tell why, but I know that the sympathy is there, and there must, I suppose, be some reason for it, due perhaps to impressions lying deep down in the depths of the sub-

conscious life. There are some things in life which we find it difficult to explain and to analyze.

I know, too, that I like to go to confession to him and that I never have a difficulty in telling him the whole truth about myself. The brogue somehow seems to give me an undefinable sort of confidence—a feeling that it is all the genuine thing, a real transaction between God and my soul.

There is another point in connection with Ireland's strange history and her people to which attention is not often enough drawn, but which can scarcely fail to impress the minds of those who have moved about much in the larger world.

A higher purpose, it seems to me, is working behind the conditions at home that have for so many years past driven Irish men and women from their country and have scattered them all over the earth. In any case, it is difficult to doubt that God is overruling this scattering of the nation for a great and holy purpose. For it has become the means in His hands of sowing the seed of Catholic truth in the most distant parts of the world and of enlarging the borders of the Universal Church wherever the English language is spoken.

Few people in England seem to be aware of the immense progress Catholicism is making in all parts of the New World. To those who have had opportunities of seeing things with their own eyes the familiar newspaper talk about the steady decay of Romanism can cause nothing but an amused smile, and, of course, the arguments drawn from this supposed fact are equally fallacious.

We can well afford to admit the manifest decline through which Catholicism is passing in some of the countries of the Old World. Every educated man knows the true cause to which this is to be attributed. It is that debasing materialism of life and those false ideas respecting progress which have been imported from Protestant lands that are responsible for the mischief. People find it convenient to forget that these same nations were once great when their Catholicism was at its strongest and that they do not to-day really abandon the faith and turn to Protestantism, but simply become indifferent and self-indulgent and turn their backs upon the supernatural, thus unconsciously imitating these Protestant nations. But that intellectual and commercial progress are irreconcilable with true Catholicism is strikingly refuted by what is going on in the New World—by the steady progress of the Church in the great cities as well as in the most outlying districts of the bush and the country and by the vast number of highly intelligent persons, occupying the most prominent positions in life, every year joining her communion. Life and activity and sympathetic interest are everywhere

in the New World the characteristics of the Catholic life, and it is a fact which no informed person can gainsay that the losses of the Church in Europe are compensated for a hundredfold in the colonies and in the United States of North America. Everywhere in these countries churches and monasteries and convents and educational institutions, with abundant means at their disposal, are rising up as a witness to God's truth and as a living testimony to the reality of the supernatural life which animates the Church of the Redeemer. I have no great belief in statistics, and I have no intention to quote them; those who put confidence in them can get from printed sources all the information required. I am speaking of what I have seen and know and what the practical experience and observation of years have taught me—what I have gathered from talks with accurately-informed and prominent men not of the Catholic faith. Some of the great cities of the American Union, officially regarded as belonging to a Protestant State, are virtually Catholic, their one dominant religious force being manifestly the Catholic faith. Other religious organizations quite cease to count by the side of the Church, and their influence, already insignificant, is bound to still further diminish if the present rate of progress towards Rome should be maintained. In some parts of the States and of Australia one seems to feel the Catholic life throbbing all round one, causing the impression in one's mind that one is actually living in a Catholic country.

And what is perhaps of still greater significance and importance is the immense respect and the sympathetic interest which are everywhere being exhibited towards Catholics and the Church, the entire absence, in so many places, of that bitterness and jealousy which characterize the religious life at home. I have heard of instances where Protestant lecturers were chased from towns in which they sought to stir up strife and where the feeling of all the inhabitants of the town were so forcibly expressed that not a hall could be secured for the giving of a lecture. I have heard of a Unitarian minister closing his chapel on a Sunday and urging his people to go and listen to a famous Catholic scholar who was visiting the town and who had come out from England to deliver a course of sermons or lectures. They could not do better, they were told, than listen to what he had to say. A similar friendly and sympathetic attitude, a better sign still perhaps than the actual successes achieved, cost certainly distinguished the entire religious life of the New World.

And who is responsible for this happy state of things, for this re-creation of the Catholic life everywhere? It is the poor Irish emigrant and his priest, carrying as they do the truths of the faith

in their hearts and manifesting them by noble sacrifice and splendid devotion under all conditions of life and allowing no worldly success or temporal achievement to push them in the background or to dim or diminish them.

These are simple facts which no rightly instructed person can gainsay and respecting which any inquirer can at any time secure abundant and satisfactory evidence.

I am very profoundly convinced, therefore, that when all these facts come to be better and more universally known and when inherited prejudice no longer "holds" the mind, the world's judgment, too, respecting the Catholic Irishman and his priest will be reversed. It will be seen, then, what a prominent element they are in the working out of the divine scheme of things and how very near and dear they are to the heart of God.

THE MONASTIC LIFE.

When I left the city of Los Angeles, in Southern California, I promised the Bishop that I would, on my way to San Francisco, pay a visit to the famous old Franciscan monastery and mission of Santa Barbara, of which American Catholics have such just cause to be proud. I was in failing health, and consequently anxious to accomplish the journey to San Francisco with the least possible delay. But the good Bishop insisted and wrote to announce my coming, and much cause have I had to thank him for this kindly act of courtesy and foresight. My health broke down completely at San Francisco, and it was with the kindly fathers of Santa Barbara that I subsequently found a home and a resting place. I count the weeks spent with them as one of the most interesting and instructive experiences of my life. It brought me in touch with the monastic life as it really is, and I cannot better convey my impression of this historic old mission and its life than by printing here what I wrote to my old friend, the editor of the "Ave Maria," at the time:

"Knowing how anxious you are to learn of the impressions which I am forming respecting Catholic life and activity in this great country, I send you a brief account of my visit to Santa Barbara, California, and of the thoughts and feelings which are uppermost in my mind. Such thoughts are best and most accurately expressed while the impressions are still fresh in the mind and while no change in external environment can tend to weaken and modify them.

"Of the old mission itself, its foundation and history it will be unnecessary for me to speak, as you are probably better acquainted with it than I am. It is bound up with the life and work, with the trials, difficulties and triumphs of the Church in this country. One

realizes here what God has accomplished through the zeal and devotion and self-sacrifice of those early pioneers who planted the faith in these lonely wilds and who turned a very desert into a garden of roses. I do not think that we, in this modern age, can form an adequate idea of what they have endured and over what difficulties they have triumphed. The record of their labors is written in letters of gold upon the pages of American history, and the beauty of that writing the Last Day only will disclose. We can but thank God for that gift of grace which set these human forces in operation and which, through such humble and simple instruments, accomplished such great things.

"Santa Barbara stands as a memorial of a great and heroic time and as a testimony to the constraining, wonder-working power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and of the great Church of the Redeemer. One cannot live in this old Franciscan mission without being impressed with the romantic side of the Catholic religious life and with the wonderful way in which the Church adapts herself to the needs and requirements of the modern age. And it is this aspect of the matter which presents so many features of interest to my own mind.

"We have here a perfect and natural union between the spirit of the past and that of the present, and in this union we recognize the marvelous potency and elasticity of the Catholic faith—its power to meet the changing needs of every succeeding age, while preserving intact its spirit and integrity. Indeed, it presents us with a complete refutation of the many objections which moderns are so apt to advance against the work and mission of the religious orders in these days, and which have such weight with superficial and half-instructed minds.

"If anybody imagines that in this old Franciscan monastery he will find evidence of stagnation in the matter of the religious or intellectual life, a crowd of ignorant and narrow-minded friars who live in the ideas and spirit of the past, and who neither know nor care what men are thinking, who are preserving and inculcating impossible and Old World methods of thought and of life—such a one will find himself greatly mistaken. I doubt very much whether any secular priest is so well informed and up-to-date and so accurately acquainted with the movements of modern thought as these brilliant young friars at Santa Barbara, who devote their lives to the training of the young and who pass their days in the isolation and seclusion of the cloister. The wonder is that they can achieve so much, considering the conditions under which they live and the inevitable social limitations which the rules of their life and order lay upon them. But the problem is solved when one comes to live amongst

them and has an opportunity of penetrating beneath the surface and the mere outward appearance of things.

"They are preëminently men of deep and solid piety and of strong and fervent faith. It is not that kind of faith which seeks for compromise with the spirit of the times, which senses danger in every new phase of science or philosophy and which fears to look modern problems and difficulties in the face. It is the faith which rests upon calm confidence and inward assurance—upon that sense of certainty which fervent and constant prayer, joined with accurate philosophic thought, alone can impart. It is the faith which vividly and constantly realizes the things unseen and eternal. These Franciscans know the difficulties of the times as well as they are known by other educated and thoughtful men who are in immediate touch with the intellectual life of their age. They have read the books which reflect that intellectual life. They are acquainted with the problems which in these days confront the Church. They are in the habit of carefully weighing and considering them; and their splendid philosophic training enables them to lay their fingers upon the flaw in a plausible argument or to refute the claims of a scientific proposition. They are intelligent and careful students of our great modern thinkers; they have a wonderful knowledge of Newman's writings and of our modern religious and secular literature; and they are thus in a real sense in touch with the thoughts and speculations of that world from which the conditions of their life of necessity exclude them. It is immensely instructive and interesting to observe all this; and I feel that it is an aspect of our Catholic life to-day of which little is known in the outside world and respecting which the most absurd and false ideas are apt to be entertained.

"And there is about these men a wonderful kindness, courtesy and tactfulness which they have certainly not acquired in the school of the world and which is therefore manifestly the product of the operations of divine grace in the soul. They seem to know and instinctively to interpret one's feelings, ideas, sentiments and prejudices, and, as a consequence, there is a large and generous charity in their treatment of the guest and the stranger. Their piety is simple and true and sincere, but it is never obtrusive; a restraint, a sweet reasonableness, seems to be its very keynote. One must love and admire these men, who have surrendered so much and who amidst environments such as theirs have developed such splendid traits and characteristics. But how different is all this from what the world imagines and believes! How mistaken is its judgment respecting the conditions and possibilities of the religious life in the modern age!

"There is connected with the old mission St. Anthony's College,

in which a number of boys receive their education free of charge and from which the ranks of the Franciscan friars are recruited. This college is beautifully situated; it has good and airy classrooms fitted up with modern requirements, and there is about the boys that quiet and subdued air which suggests the spirit which animates the institution, but which is far removed from anything approaching mawkishness or morbid piety. They have their outdoor games and exercises—baseball, tennis and sea-bathing—but regulated in such a fashion that the main aim and purpose of their life and work are not lost sight of. All the teaching at the college is done by the young fathers, set apart and trained for their work; and very hard and trying and often, I am sure, monotonous work it is. But all is accomplished quietly and unobtrusively, and there is an entire absence of that fuss and flurry which characterize so many secular educational institutions. Each man knows his work, and goes about it quietly, and performs it for the good of men and the glory of God.

"Less than half the students educated at St. Anthony's College give clear proof of their vocation to the sacred priesthood; more than fifty per cent., therefore, receive a splendid education entirely free of charge and take with them into life the wholesome lessons which they have learned at Santa Barbara. I venture to think that the good fathers need have no fear as to the future of those boys. I am confident that the impressions formed at a place like this will prove to be permanent ones, and will not easily be effaced in after years. Will these boys ever fully realize, I wonder, what they owe to these quiet religious, to these kind and simple-hearted men who give themselves so unreservedly to their great work?

"It is difficult to realize that all this is going on without endowments and without regular and settled sources of income—that the entire work of the Franciscan Fathers here is being maintained by the gifts and alms of the faithful. It is with them, in the strictest sense, a living from hand to mouth; and one is distressed to think that there are often empty coffers, and, as a consequence, troubled hearts and restless nights. I am told that frequently the last cent has been spent and no one knows how further means are to be obtained. Special prayers is then made to God, and there is often relief from immediate care and distress. Would that one could free these men, or induce others to free them, from that ever-recurring care and anxiety!

"I shall be leaving Santa Barbara to-morrow; but I am leaving it with a grateful heart; for it has not only given me both bodily and spiritual refreshment, but it has taught me many a useful lesson. I feel hat it has been good for me to have been here and that I am a better man for having come in contact with these good fathers. I

pray with all my heart that God may prosper them and their splendid work and that, amidst the changes and chances of this mortal life, it may be my good fortune to meet them again."

I have also been the guest of the Passionist Fathers at several of their monasteries, both in the United States and in Australia, and I have come to the conclusion that for the spiritual man the life of these stricter orders is perhaps the happiest life of which we have any record. I have certainly met in these houses the happiest and most contented set of men some of the finest types of human character. One cannot help being amused when one compares what one has thus seen and witnessed day by day with what the imagination of the Protestant mind has pictured and described. I am persuaded that a fortnight's stay at one of these institutions would bring about a very great disillusionment in the minds of both Dr. Horton and of Mr. Hocking. There is in these houses a kind of cheerfulness and merriment, an amount of good-natured fun and laughter and a rational and sustained sort of happiness which one finds nowhere else in the wide world. In no sphere of life of which I have personal knowledge have I seen less of the assumed and the hypocritical and of that artificiality of life and thought that is so characteristic a note in the life of the modern man. All is simple and natural and normal, and there is no man who has a more accurate knowledge of human nature and who judges it more kindly and leniently than the monk who lives the secluded and separated life of the monastery.

I have often asked myself how this is to be accounted for, and I have come to the conclusion that it is partly through the confessional, partly through a peculiar kind of enlightenment of the mind, produced by much prayer and meditation, that this knowledge is attained. One feels somehow that some of these men are really men as God mean them to be and as they may become by the operations of divine grace; men who have learned by consistent discipline to govern both their bodies and their minds, and in whom self-control and self-restraint have marvelously shaped and moulded the character and the inner life.

In several of these monasteries of the strict orders the rules and regulations with regard to laymen and the secular clergy were set aside as regards myself. I was, by special permission, admitted to the community life, and I shared that life with them so far as this was possible. I asked it as a special favor that no exceptions in the way of food or accommodation should be made on my account. I regarded it as a real privilege to live my life with the monks while I was the guest of their house. This gave me an opportunity of studying their life at close quarters and of realizing, in some

measure at least, what it really felt like to be a monk. What impressed the mind, coming as I did into these solitudes from daily active contact with my fellow-man in the world and from all the vicissitudes of a public life, was the genuine and consistent and honest kindness and courtesy which these men habitually displayed towards each other. This may seem to some minds a very small matter, but it is not really so when one bears in mind what human nature is and how very difficult it is for the best of men to cultivate this virtue. Those who have traveled much or who have held posts in schools or seminaries or public institutions know very well how apt one is to weary of persons whom one meets day by day and from whom one cannot get away. Familiarity of this kind breeds contempt. It tends to break down the barriers that the amenities of the social life have erected. Flaws in character and faults of disposition and temperament become emphasized. One is apt to chafe under them and not merely to form strong dislikes, but to express them openly or at least to manifest them in one way or another. One seeks in various ways to secure a change, to get away for a time from the ordinary and perhaps galling environment which is too often the sphere of much bickering and jealousy and unkindly and ungenerous feeling. The best of men will in the course of time exhibit under these conditions that very common human weakness of saying unkind things about their colleagues, repeating some gossip about them which reflects unfavorably upon their character. I must confess that I have never found this kind of thing in the monasteries of the severer orders, such as the Passionists and the Franciscans, where, according to human judgment, one might surely expect it to be in the fullest bloom. Indeed, I have been much struck by its absence. These men are consistently kind and courteous to each other. A fault or blemish of character here or there is generously judged or at most referred to in a spirit of banter. The stronger man is always ready to take up the defense of the weaker one, and there seemed to me to be no such thing as one bearing a grudge against another or of perhaps cultivating a dislike of him. A generous Christian spirit and judgment pervade the community life, which makes it easy for one to bear the burden of another, to praise his particular work and to think and speak kindly of him. And these manifestations of kindly feeling have about them nothing approaching conventionality, imposed perhaps by an external law; they are natural and spontaneous in their character and are thoroughly genuine and sincere. One becomes most conscious perhaps of this sincerity and genuineness when, after having shared this community life for a time, one leaves such a monastery and returns once more to the ordinary life of the world.

It is not so much from that life and its duties that one shrinks then, but from the sham and superficiality and heartlessness which so largely characterize it.

MONASTERIES.

What one is constantly conscious of in the life of the monastery is the sense that one is moving in and breathing a wholesome spiritual atmosphere of peace and contentment from which those elements which cause us agitation are absent. There is nothing to be agitated about, nothing to explain and to set right. There is nothing in the least calculated to lead to unprofitable thought and reflection. One knows that one will meet the same man in the same frame of mind to-morrow morning in which one left him to-night. And as a consequence one sleeps and eats well, and what is still more important, one learns to pray well. One comes to realize with the monks that there is, when all is said and done, only one thing in the world that is really worth seriously aiming at and thinking about. The united prayers, said in community and at stated intervals, the daily long meditations, made in an absolutely quiet and darkened chapel, the natural, unrestrained talk about the soul and the things of God—all these act upon the mind and soul of a layman in a manner highly beneficial to both his moral and his physical health. A kind of sadness takes possession of him when he realizes that this happy state of life and mind is coming to a close.

But this little volume is to record some *general* impressions. I do not, therefore, propose to give a description of the daily life of the monastery. This has been done by much abler pens than my own. It is, moreover, the record of such *general* impressions of things Catholic made upon the mind of a layman and a convert which will, I think, be of most interest to those who are likely to read this book.

I may say briefly, therefore, that my experience of the religious life has confirmed in me the conviction, formed many years ago, that the happiest Christian life is in the end the life of a complete and unconditional surrender. The real difficulties of the Christian life, it seems to me, are likely to be experienced by those who in this matter attempt any kind of partial surrender or compromise. With the Christian who has thoroughly realized the immense significance of divine things it muse be all or it will be found to be nothing. We seem to be so constitueed, as God seems to have so ordained it, that we cannot really enjoy both worlds. We cannot entirely possess God and enjoy Him and in any sense possess and enjoy the world as well. These things are contrary the one to the other. And it is perhaps along these lines that we come upon

the chief difficulty which attends the life of the secular priest. He has to be in the world, and he must sometimes find it very hard not to be of it. It is necessarily urging its claims and its interests upon him. And unless he be a man of strong faith, vividly and constantly realizing and experiencing the supernatural, there is a natural tendency to compromise and to the acceptance of a very moderate and "rational" view of matter. And this attitude may be a perfectly proper and legitimate one, with which no man has a right to find fault, yet it tends to lessen in both that keen enjoyment and appreciation of the things unseen which is beyond doubt the happy lot of the true religious.

And the same applies to those congregations which have been formed in more recent times. Most of them are bound together by very simple rules, which do not distinguish them very greatly from the secular clergy. The only difference between them and the latter seems to be that they are living a community life, cannot so freely dispose of their time and their means and have to submit to certain restrictions.

In other respects they do not present any characteristic which is not that of the secular priest also. On the contrary, I am almost inclined to think that whatever good and useful work they may be doing in the world they are attempting something which can never in the very nature of things be quite a success. They are trying to combine two principles and two modes of life which cannot be very easily combined. The religious life is one thing. It has its distinct laws and principles, and it can only be a successful and happy life if those laws and principles are strictly and rigidly obeyed and adhered to. The secular life is quite another thing, and it seems to me that the attempt to combine the two by a kind of reasonable compromise will be found to be a failure in the long run.

And I do not believe that any considerable relaxation of the rule of the stricter orders will ultimately work for the good of religion.

In America the old orders, in their unrelaxed rigidity, are doing a splendid work. In many places they are the very salt of the earth, exhibiting as they do to a people immersed in business and industrial enterprises, and in danger, consequently, of accepting lower standards of Catholic thought and morality, the very highest type of the Christian life and constantly recalling it to a sense of the transcending claims of the unseen world. They stand as the ever-living and uncompromising witnesses to the reality and truth of the supernatural.

I believe that the old and rigid orders have a great future both in the Old and the New Worlds, and those of us who have a somewhat wider knowledge and experience of Catholic life and

thought in the larger world can but welcome their increasing appearance and activity in our midst.

THE EDUCATION OF THE SECULAR CLERGY.

I do not think that there is any subject in connection with Catholic life and thought on which I have heard such diverging views expressed, by both priests and laymen, as the question of the education of the clergy. It is not very often that one meets with two persons who quite agree on the subject, and this, I cannot help feeling, is due to the circumstance that, in the discussions of this matter, fundamental considerations and distinctions are apt to be left out of sight. It is surely quite impossible to form a correct judgment in this respect unless one takes account of the fact that nations vary in their modes of education no less than in their characteristics and temperaments, and that what commends itself to one does not necessarily commend itself to the other. National sentiment, too, but above all things, traditional customs, are probably factors which play an important part in a determination of these matters. In speaking, for instance, of the advantages or disadvantages of a university education for our clerical students, we are speaking of one thing in England, of another thing in Germany and again of quite another thing in America. University education is an entirely different thing in each of these countries; and the educational, moral and social conditions peculiar to each, and necessarily influencing the student's life and character, vary, of course, correspondingly.

When considering therefore, the pros and cons of different systems of clerical training we can scarcely hope to come to a satisfactory conclusion unless we first of all clear the ground by taking each nation individually and studying its specific needs and its peculiar educational developments. It seems to me that much confusion of ideas on this subject would be avoided if this principle were steadily kept in sight. I remember, for instance, in America hearing the matter discussed between two priests, one an Irishman who had lived in England and was acquainted with English institutions and the other a German who had spent some time at a German university, but who had never been in England. They were speaking of the advantages and disadvantages of a short university course for the theological student preparatory to his more specific seminary training. Of course, they did not agree and were never likely to agree—for the simple reason that one was thinking of Oxford or Cambridge, while the other had the German university in mind. And there is the greatest possible difference between these two. Not only do they differ fundamentally in the sense that the English university is quite a different national institution and

development from the German university, but they also differ in their respective intellectual, social and moral characteristics.

The American university again differs, both in form and character as well as in aim, from both of these, and when a man in America speaks of a university training for the students for the priesthood he is thinking of something altogether different from that which is in the mind of the Englishman and the German.

But it is certain that, quite apart from these considerations, the subject bristles with difficulties innumerable, and it may be doubted whether anything like unanimity is ever likely to be arrived at—so much depends upon individual views of life and religion, upon impressions left upon the mind by one's own education and by the ideals which one has formed of the Catholic priesthood and its functions in the life of the modern world. All these elements are bound to enter into a consideration of this question, whether one is conscious of them or not, and the elements inevitably contribute toward the shaping of our ideas and the forming of our judgments.

When a layman, therefore, interested in this important subject ventures to express his ideas, it is with a feeling of diffidence and hesitation that he does so. He speaks under correction and with the consciousness that there are necessarily always aspects of the subject which tend to modify the views he has formed and which he has possibly left out of sight. Still, there are many of the clergy, especially in America, who want to know what laymen think about the matter and how it looks from the standpoint of practical observation and experience.

The subject of clerical education is, here in England, as we all know, a favorite topic of discussion with those who have entered the Church from the ranks of the Anglican clergy and who have themselves received an English university training. They have brought with them into the Church all those ideas and impressions which are characteristic of the 'varsity man and for whom Oxford and Cambridge constitute the very ideal and perfection of modern education. They are apt to be emphatic in condemning, or at least to speak lightly of, other existing systems, and they are never tired of commending for our future priests the incomparable advantages of a university training. They are convinced that many of the difficulties and disabilities under which the Church is laboring at the present time are due to the circumstance that so many of her priests are not men of culture—at least not in the sense in which they interpret that term.

But it seems to me that there are underlying these views some grave errors and misconceptions. It is an aspect of the matter which is dictated by Anglican and Protestant modes of thought.

It is a forgetting of Catholic ideals and traditions and the setting up of a standard, the legitimacy of which may be very seriously questioned. There are not a few highly educated men who are by no means enthusiastic respecting the educational advantages of Oxford and Cambridge, and there are others who are convinced that while these universities aer well adapted to the needs of the Anglican parson, they are scarcely adapted to those of the Catholic priest. It is apt to be forgotten that, in the training of her clergy, the Catholic Church has the observation and experience of centuries at her disposal.

It is certainly a very desirable thing that the clergy of the Catholic Church should be men of culture; but this does not necessarily imply that they should be men of culture in the sense in which Oxford and Cambridge interpret that term. I know numbers of priests, in all parts of the world, who cannot be said to be men of culture in the latter sense, but who are highly educated and cultured men certainly in every other sense—a circumstance over which the Church has, I think, much cause to rejoice. It is very easy to overdo this kind of thing and to exclusively claim for a system what experience and observation do not in the least justify. My own experience and observation and my intimate intercourse with the Catholic clergy of many nations have taught me that a training such as is given in Rome, at the College of Propaganda, for instance, where the men of many nations meet and live together, with its long course of study, involving hard brain work, its rigid discipline, tending to create force of character and self-control, its opportunities of cultivating the true spiritual life, is calculated to develop far higher types of refinement and more culture than the looser English and much lauded university system is apt to do. While the gentlemanliness and culture of the first is apt to be that of an interior spiritual refinement, due to real knowledge and the training of the whole man, the second is often but productive of a kind of mannerism, a sort of veneer of speech and attitude, too often hiding an entirely uncultivated and undisciplined nature and but too frequently expressing itself in unspeakable snobbishness.

The intellectual attainments of the English university man, moreover, are apt to be much overrated. A pass-degree is a very ordinary achievement, to which a lad in Germany must have attained before he can enter the university at all, and the short course of three years, taken up, as a very large proportion of it is, with sports and entertainments, cannot in any case give a man much of an education. The Roman student, with his six or seven years of training, by the best teachers in the world, is at all times an infinitely better educated man than the English university graduate. Every

accurately informed man knows this; it is the superficially informed alone who doubts it.

The English graduate possesses a very moderate and general kind of culture, together with a good deal of worldly-wiseness and self-confidence and assurance—qualities which may serve him in the work which he hopes and intends to do in the world, but qualities which no Catholic cares to observe in his clergy and which are not likely to be of any service to him in the difficult and delicate work which he will be called upon to do in life.

It is a remarkable fact that the English university men who find their way into the Catholic Church and ultimately into the Catholic university or seminary are almost always under a disadvantage. Their difficulty often is not that they fail to learn what is expected of them, but that they have to unlearn much of what they have acquired, and, above all things, that they have to cultivate the attitude of mind of the true learner. And it seems to me that those alone prove their vocation and become really useful priests who recognize this fact and who approach the entire question of their education from the true Catholic, not from the insular and English point of view.

I have while writing this many amusing and interesting stories in mind told me by the rectors of seminaries and forcibly illustrating my contention. Much, I know, can in fairness be urged against my contention. But I am nevertheless very thoroughly convinced that, while our English universities are what they are, it is not at them that that kind of culture can be obtained of which the Catholic priest stands in need and that they do not provide the sphere, or rather atmosphere, in which a vocation to the priestly life is apt to be created or confirmed.

I am speaking, of course, of a university career with a view to a degree and as *preparatory* to the more specifically theological training. There is, I know, the present system of a quasi-combination of the two, the students attending the university lectures while living a separated life and under clerical control. This manifestly is a kind of compromise, and it will most probably suffer the fate which all compromises of the kind are apt to suffer. No one certainly so far would call it a success. It is a "being in" the university while not being "of it" in any definite and real sense, and it is difficult to see in what the practical advantage of the system can be claimed to consist.

A university *degree* can be obtained outside of Cambridge and Oxford, and if it be the general university tone and culture which are aimed at, it is surely too manifest that these are not secured by this system. Freedom of individual action and the absence of

any but a very general control, the individual participation of the students in the general university life are surely necessary essentials to this end. What most forcibly strikes the visitor to Oxford and Cambridge is the palpable fact that their Catholic clerical students are not part of the university life or are not 'varsity men.

In saying all this I have that large class of young men in mind from which our priests are for the most part taken, the men who have received a middle-class education and who, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, have definitely decided in favor of a vocation to the priesthood; I am not thinking of the men who have passed through their preliminary training at Beaumont or Stonyhurst and who may have some leaning towards the priestly life. It is not really necessary to consider them, for the simple reason that we seldom find them in the ranks of the secular clergy, the larger proportion of them generally joining a regular order or in the end reverting to some secular calling or profession. And it is with the training of the secular clergy that I am here concerned. It is practically only the first type of man who comes under consideration, and, speaking generally, I do not believe that a university course, either under the ordinary conditions or under the conditions specially created for Catholics, would help him much or tend to increase his priestly efficiency and usefulness. The English university system, as it exists in our modern times, is an Anglican creation and is well adapted for men entering political life or the public services, and for aspirants to the Anglican ministry; it is, in my opinion, not adapted for the moulding and shaping of the men aiming at the Catholic priesthood.

I must confess that my own views as regards the training of the Catholic clergy were formed some years ago, and all that I have heard and seen since, both here and in other countries, has gone to confirm and strengthen those views. I am convinced that the Roman system, speaking broadly and having in mind the full course of six or seven years, is the very best system in the world and that there is nothing that can be compared with it. It produces the best men—men morally and intellectually most efficiently equipped to meet the peculiar errors and difficulties of the times and to help the modern man *to recover that power of accurate thought in matters of religion* which perished in and with the Reformation. It is, to my mind, the form of education best adapted for furnishing the modern priest with that kind of knowledge and those moral and intellectual qualities which can alone enable him efficiently and incisively to do his difficult and complex work in the world.

I have often, in my talks with the younger clergy, been struck

by one very remarkable circumstance. While the seminary student on looking back upon his past life and work is often full of complaint and is apt to declare that his subsequent experience on the mission has led him to look upon much of his time spent at the seminary as wasted and much of the work done there as unprofitable, the Roman student almost always speaks in the highest praise of what the Roman system has done for him, and sometimes only too bitterly regrets that he did not at the time make better use of his opportunities. The experience of his life invariably seems to confirm the excellency of the system and to create a desire for further opportunities of study. I have been assured by many a young priest in America and Australia that he would give much if he could return to Rome with his now widened experience of life and attend further courses of lectures. When one considers average human nature and its impatience of all educational restraints and the eagerness with which most young priests look forward to their freedom in the life of the mission, such statements as these are more than insignificant. They are perhaps the best testimony to the excellence of the Roman method of education which can be given.

I should not like to say one word derogatory to the seminary trained priest or his qualifications. No one knows better than I do how many excellent and loyal and hard-working priests it produces; but the fact remains that the Roman student who has made good use of his time is necessarily the superior man. This is a fact which impresses itself upon the minds of all those who have mixed much with the clergy of different countries. I have often, after half an hour's talk with priests, present at some social or diocesan gathering, singled out those whom I believed to be Romans, and I do not think that I have made a mistake in a single instance.

I will briefly state what I believe to be the peculiar and distinctive benefits which are conferred by the Roman system, and I need to say that I am speaking with no preconceptions and solely from what experience and much observation have taught me.

It seems to me that it tends in the first place to produce *great accuracy of thought.* The mind is trained to grasp fundamental and essential principles, to cultivate a sense of the proportion of things and to draw correct and logical inferences. It is not easily reduced into the consideration of side issues or tempted to be led away by clever-sounding phrases or bold assertions, even though they may emanate from recognized modern authorities, philosophical or scientific. It acquires a certain power of instinctively discerning the fallacies underlying modern and superficial modes of thought. It is taught to cultivate a habit of taking broad and truly philosophical

views of things and never to lose sight of the fact that, however plausible and convincing a paricular theory or proposition may seem, there is another aspect of the matter which demands consideration and which may go to discredit or at least to greatly modify it. It stays itself, as it were, upon and directs all its operations from great philosophical principles, the accuracy of which centuries of the best thought and reflection have confirmed and which no kind of modern speculation or science can upset. It does not, therefore, confirm or modify these fixed principles to meet some demand of modern science; but it insists that any form of modern science must conform itself to them, since these principles are recognized and held on more grounds than one and are elementary and fundamental ones. I have always felt that the ultimate intellectual difficulties in the matter of religious belief are philosophical rather than theological, and I therefore naturally incline to the opinion that a training which produces this kind of real mental culture and accurate thinking is of the utmost possible importance at the present time, and that no amount of modern knowledge and information can compare with it in value. The modern man may speak contemptuously of the scholastic philosophy, but I am pretty certain that nothing else in the world can restore to it true accuracy of thought and the power of correct reasoning and inference. But to produce these effects years of a carefully arranged order of teaching and of sustained and hard study and mental application are necessary. The simplest and most fundamental truths in the world sometimes take longest and are the most difficult to learn.

The Roman system again seems to me to produce that power of self-control and force of character which are such useful and necessary qualities in the modern priest. And I am inclined to think that here, too, institutions like Propaganda take the very first and foremost place. Its students, as is known, are of almost all nationalities, and they are drawn from every class and rank of society. There is an inevitable intermingling, therefore, of all these varying elements, with the result that conventional notions and prejudices are rubbed off, large and generous views of life and human nature are formed and the habit of a certain wholesome self-restraint is engendered. The students get rid of the tendency to judge rashly and falsely of men and of conditions of life different from their own and to recognize in the men of other nations qualities and characteristics at first sight appearing strange and unattractive, perhaps, but on more intimate knowledge worthy of imitation, or, at any rate, of study.

They come to know how religious truth presents itself from standpoints wholly different from their own and how very complex the

problems are with which the Roman authorities have to deal. They in any case escape the danger of fostering the fatal "insular" attitude of mind which judges all things by a certain narrow-minded standard by the application of which all things not distinctly English are condemned, or at least called in question. In other words, it produces true catholicity of mind, both as regards matters of faith and matters of ordinary social life and interest. I have often observed the excellent effect which is apt to be produced upon human nature by a long sea voyage on board a small ship with passengers of different nationalities and characteristics. There is at first a very marked shrinking from personal contact. Each passenger hugs his own prejudices and indulges his likes and dislikes. He makes up his mind to snub or ignore one person or the other. But it is soon recognized that this kind of thing cannot be carried through with any degree of comfort, since there is no getting away from the ship. And as a consequence approaches are made after a while. The apparently objectionable fellow-traveler on closer acquaintance turns out a very decent and even interesting fellow, and in the course of time a general feeling of friendliness and good-fellowship is established. Prejudices and preconceptions are thrown overboard and a catholic state of mind is produced. Often at the end of such a voyage the men and women of half a dozen different nationalities and of the greatest possible diversity of temperament and social position have become the closest of friends and quite dread the moment of parting. They have, through the force of circumstances and compulsory conditions of life, learned to understand and respect one another, appreciating diverging standpoints and views of life.

Similar conditions, it seems to me, prevail at the Roman colleges, and similar benefits and advantages are conferred in them—benefits of very great importance to the Catholic priest, who may have his immediate sphere of work in some particular country, but whose sphere, in the higher sense, is the wide world.

Again, concurrently with the training of the intellectual man, there is the true and serious training of the spiritual man. There is the well-ordered and rigid discipline of the house, instituted and regulated not by the whims and notions of a particular superior, but by the experience and tradition of centuries, and consequently far more readily accepted and submitted to by the students. There are the long periodical retreats, conducted by the most experienced masters of the spiritual life and on lines admirably adapted for the formation of the priestly character. There is finally the true Catholic atmosphere pervading and permeating the entire daily life of the student. And this may not unreasonably be regarded as perhaps the most important element of all, since it is so instrumental in

shaping the character and ideals of life on definitely Catholic lines. And in this respect Rome alone can provide the proper kind of environment. The best and oldest seminary in the world is modern by comparison with it and cannot provide it. When one considers these various points, it is not difficult to understand how it comes to pass that the Roman training leaves such a distinctive and perceptible stamp and character upon a man.

Much may, of course, be urged against certain regulations and restrictions at some of these colleges, which are contrary to modern ideas and in some respects more adapted for a community of boys than of full-grown men. It has always seemed to me that if, in their private and personal life, these men cannot be wholly trusted, they should not be in Rome at all as candidates for the priesthood. Their very presence in Rome should be sufficient guarantee on this point. But riper experience tends to modify even this view of the matter and leads one to trust the judgment of those who are so much more intimately acquainted with these matters. It is a question, it must be remembered, of creating an inclusive rule of life for the men of all nations, not merely for the Englishman or the Italian.

But it is evident that at present all our students for the Catholic priesthood cannot go to Rome and they must therefore be content with such training as the diocesan seminary can give them and for a period corresponding with the needs of a particular diocese. Many a young student's course has to be shortened because there is a scarcity of priests and his Bishop has need of him. This, I cannot help feeling, is at all times a misfortune, since it is difficult if not impossible in later years to supply what is lacking. The opportunities for systematic study pass away quickly, and in some instances they never return again.

There is one element in connection with the seminary system which I cannot help thinking is anything but a wise arrangement and is calculated to put the student at a very grave disadvantage. One is struck in many of these institutions by the number of youthful men engaged in professorial work, in appearance often scarcely distinguishable from their pupils. They have manifestly only just themselves left the student's bench, and one wonders where they could possibly have acquired the difficult art of teaching and that wider knowledge of life and of men which can alone make the modern teacher's work useful and effective. With the complex difficulties which in our day await the Catholic priest on the mission, it seems to me to be of primary importance that all theological instruction should be given in the light and from the standpoint of at least some human experience, thus guarding against the acquisition

of that contracted and classroom knowledge and view of things which must always fail to impress really thoughtful, and certainly all cultivated minds. A professor should be acquainted with and should be able to deal with forces opposing themselves to the life of faith in the world as they really are and as personal experience has impressed them on the mind, not merely as they are represented in text and class-books. They should be able to impart a certain element of life and reality to their teaching, quickening the interest and stimulating the zeal and enthusiasm of the student.

It is surely only thus that the naturally somewhat dry bones of theology can be made to live. But how is this power to be acquired by the professor if he has himself passed straight from the seat of the learner to that of the teacher, has seen nothing of life and of the work of the mission, and no trouble has ever been taken to ascertain whether he really possesses the difficult gift of conveying informtaion to another mind?

Is not this a defect which is likely to make itself most seriously felt by the theological student in after years? What strikes the layman most forcibly in the life of the seminary is a certain stereotyped and conventional way of looking at things; the application to the problems and difficulties of life and faith of a contracted and class-book kind of knowledge; a sort of happy delusion that the most formidable opponent can be overthrown by some dogmatic definition or an effective quotation from the Fathers. One is conscious in this sphere of a certain lack of elasticity and naturalness, a failure to apprehend life as it really is. One has the sense that one is moving in the artificial atmosphere of a hothouse in which plants are being reared which the first breath of the world's natural winds is calculated to destroy and which are not the kind of plants that will take firm root in healthy and natural soil.

What an inestimable advantage would it be to the student if the professor could vivify his subject with the facts of his own personal experience of life in the world and on the mission, showing from actual events and occurrences how human nature is apt to act and in what form the difficulties of the priestly life will actually present themselves. From how many grave mistakes and errors of judgment and stumblings in the dark would he not be saving the young priest! With what feelings of gratitude would he not be remembered by the student in after years!

And it would be so easy to secure all these advantages to the students if the present system were less rigidly adhered to and a larger number of our seminary professors were to spend some years on the mission preparatory to their professorial work. It seems to me that with the more recent enactments regulating the general reading

of our students during their course of study such a modification of the existing system has become almost a necessity. Our seminary students will otherwise be like stuffed birds, possessing all the equipments necessary for flying, but lacking that life element which can set the well-formed wings in operation.

I have often during my stay in seminaries been astounded at questions surreptitiously put to me by the students to which they were most anxious to obtain answers, but which they had not the courage or confidence to ask their professors, and yet questions bearing on subjects on which the future priest must possess accurate knowledge. The questions seemed prompted by a feeling that the professor either did not himself know the answer, or that he was likely to misunderstand the motives which prompted the question. These young men seemed to be in fear of giving expression to some heresy or of making a statement capable of unfavorably influencing the professor's mind in forming his views to their soundness in the faith and the integrity of their character. A thoughtful man is apt to ponder much and long on experiences of this kind.

And I cannot think that the present system can act very beneficially upon the mind and character of the young professor himself. It places him in a false position. He is called upon to speak and teach respecting the most serious and important matters of life before he himself has had an opportunity of acquiring some practical knowledge of those matters and of putting his faith to the test. All his notions are necessarily theoretical and abstract. And the prestige which his position carries with it is not always conducive to his own intellectual and spiritual development. It is difficult for him, with the best intention in the world, to cultivate that spirit of meekness and humility which the inevitable failures and disappointments incidental to the work of the mission are so apt to create and which are such beautiful and attractive marks of the priestly character. And there is in his own heart the constant sense of a certain undefinable kind of dissatisfaction. He feels that he is not really exercising his priesthood. The ideals of the priestly life which he has formed and which have sustained him throughout the years of his studies and the monotony of the seminary life remain unrealized, causing in him that vague kind of longing which in the course of time overshadows his ideals and paralyzes his enthusiasm and his energies. There are, of course, some men who love teaching and dislike mission work; but it is safe to say that they are the few, not the many—most newly ordained priests being bitterly disappointed if at the conclusion of their course of studies they are retained at the seminary. It is difficult, too, at a maturer age to adapt oneself to the entirely different environment of the

mission life and to learn things which one should have learned at a much earlier age. I have so often heard these views and ideas expressed during my stay at seminaries in various parts of the world that I know I shall have the larger proportion of the clergy and of the students with me in saying these things.

But here, too, I am speaking under correction, with a sense that there may be considerations which a layman is apt to leave out of sight and which may put a different complexion upon the matter. I can but state the layman's point of view, formed as it has been in my case by practical observation, due to keen personal interest in the subject. Nothing, indeed, would please me better than to see the subject fully and fairly discussed and from various points of view—from those of the student as well as of the professor and of other experienced Catholic laymen. It is not a question as to who is right in such a matter or who has happened to say the right thing, but what is the best method to be adopted in the interests of the Church and of the great cause that she has at heart. It is obvious that in the modern age that cause can only prosper if the instrument through which she acts upon the world and the souls of man be rightly moulded and fashioned in accordance with the needs of the case as the complex experiences of life disclose and indicate them.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF DIOCESAN ADMINISTRATION.

FROM the earliest days of Christian history it has been recognized that one of the most important duties belonging to the episcopal office is that of ecclesiastical government in a clearly defined area. A Bishop's work consisted not merely in carrying out the essential functions of the episcopate, but in ruling the Church in his diocese. The development of the application of this double mission to actual life is a long and complicated story, and the history of it has never been written in detail. The subject is one of great interest not only to the Church at large, but especially to the Bishops and clergy, to whom the origins of the Church's rule, which they either carry out or live under, must be of fascinating importance. My aim in this article is to outline the growth of diocesan government, especially in connection with administrative detail and to bring the history down to that point where modern methods appear. I conclude with a short survey of the

subject in England, as the feature of it in that country will be of special interest to English-speaking Bishops and clergy. As a rule, I omit authorities, as an article such as this does not lend itself to a detailed reference to them. I shall, however, be glad to supply them to any one of the readers of THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW if they wish for them.

I.

As the Catholic faith spread through the Roman Empire certain features in connection with the episcopate and its duties emerge, which, if not universal, are at least sufficiently prominent to form a basis for argument. Thus the earliest centres of Catholicism were the larger cities, and from them in descending scale it spread to the towns and villages along the great Roman roads and thence into the country districts. A city or a town or a large village became the centre of missionary effort and ecclesiastical organization. When we come to deal with the country districts we are face to face with a serious question. Was their government carried out from a town or city centre, or was it planned independent of such a centre? Evidence on both sides is wide and varying, but I am inclined to the position that the country districts became organized independent of the greater centres of life and population, and that episcopal government advanced in them parallel with its advance in the cities and towns.[1] However, the question is not of vital importance in relation to the subject under discussion, and the fact remains that in the earlier centuries after the foundation of the Church there were, especially in the East, a great number of Bishops who for convenience of reference may be divided into "town Bishops" and "country Bishops."

With the conversion of Constantine and with the Edict of Milan wider attention was given to the organization of the Church and to ecclesiastical discipline in general. Before long there emerges a desire to reduce the number of Bishops and to gather up the country districts round the rule of the "town Bishops." The distinction which we made for purposes of reference now becomes an historical reality. The term "country Bishop" (chorespiscopoi) comes into use as a term in ecclesiastical nomenclature. I recognize the difficulties connected with the meaning of the term, and if my interpretation of it cannot be here supported by authorities, I must at least ask my readers to accept it on good faith, as supported

[1] The subject may be read in some detail in Gillman, "Das Institut der Chorbischöfe" (1903), and for the later developments it is necessary to consult Schröder, "Entwicklung des Archidiakonats" ((1890). See Hardouin, "Conellia," I., 199, for an apparent distinction between the two kinds of Bishops.

by considerable evidence and many careful historians. When the desire to erect the town or city into the centre of government began to be felt in the development of organization, we soon arrive at the embryo stage of the modern diocesan system—the centralization of rule in a place of some considerable population and the practical administration of that rule in the town or city and in the district in which either lay. Efficiency seems to have been the ruling principle of the change, but whatever the cause, it is abundantly clear that there was a pronounced movement to transform the "town Bishop" into a "town-country Bishop;" in other words, to provide him with a diocese and to eliminate the purely "country Bishop," or chorespicopoi. Thus we find that the latter type disappears as an independent class and emerges as an auxiliary to the new diocesan Bishop, especially in those provinces of the empire in which Catholicism had made the widest progress among the scattered rural population. Once the government of an area became centralized in some city or town, it soon became evident that the chorespicopoi would be useful auxiliaries; they ceased to be "country Bishops" in the original sense. They appear as assistants to the diocesan, especially in carrying out the work of visitation. One piece of evidence will be sufficient to illustrate the transition. We find in councils before the middle of the fifth century signatures of chorespicopoi of definite rural districts, but in 451 at the Council of Chalcedon there is only one such signature, while several chorespicopoi sign as representatives of their diocesan or "town Bishop."[2]

Now, it is at once obvious that this arrangement helped the efficiency of the new ideal of central government. When the dioceses were large and unwieldy there was need for help in administration. On the other hand, however, the question seems to have arisen as to whether it was necessary to multiply chorespicopoi in a diocese merely for the work of official detail. The diocesan, as a rule, could carry out the work peculiar to the episcopate—confirmation, ordination, etc. Was it healthy for ecclesiastical organization to have in a diocese several chorespicopoi carrying out merely administrative details? Some such consideration seems to lie behind the origin of the office of diocesan archdeacon. The new type of Bishop—a man ruling a wide and varied area—found it best to have his general administrative work in the rural districts of his diocese carried out by some one in close touch with himself, as the man was who carried out such work in the city or town. With

[2] See signatures at Neo-Caesaraea (Hardouin, I., 285); at Nicaea 325 (*cf.* Thomassin Ancienne et Nouvelle Discipline II., c. I.); at Ephesus (a difficult question, but see Hardouin under Ephesus and Chalcedon); at Chalcedon (*ib.* II., 58, 278, 373, and note Canon II.).

the development of organized parishes and the completion of the parochial system, episcopal work became easier, and soon we find that the diocesan archdeacon or archdeacons take over the administrative work of the diocesan Bishops and that the chorespicopoi gradually disappear and become the exception rather than the rule. Indeed, in the middle of the sixth century—for example, at the Second Council of Constantinople—we find no trace of them, though they appear at Second Nicæa, but without full episcopal powers.[3] They had fulfilled their function in Church history as far as the East was concerned, and isolated instances of their continuation are only the relics of a once flourishing system. I am not concerned with the name or office in the modern East. Their disappearance is marked by the rise of a temporary class of priests called "periodeutai,"[4] who carried out visitations when the Bishop was hindered from carrying them out himself. This class was purely transitory in Eastern ecclesiastical life, where the aim was to make small dioceses and for the diocesan to visit himself. On the other hand, it must be pointed out that elsewhere, as Catholicism advanced and new dioceses were at first large, we find assistant Bishops. The whole history of the chorespicopoi in the East is one of difficult complication, and there is wide difference of opinion about the office. These lie outside the sphere of a general survey, in which a writer must assume a position as a working basis. My position may not be that generally accepted, but it has strong advocates, and there is behind it a strong body of evidence. The question, however, needs fuller elaboration than it has received, and I think that it would be best approached from the point of view of visitations, as it is, at any rate, clear that the office was closely connected with them, whatever else may have been its functions or duties. Indeed, any one who attempts to trace in close detail the history of diocesan administration will be compelled to begin very early in his study with this subject, as it occupies a serious place in the early centuries and one of emphatic importance in the development of ecclesiastical organization.

II.

In Italy in earlier Catholic history there were many "country Bishops," but we have no evidence of chorespicopoi, or auxiliary Bishops, such as we considered in the East. With the development of organization already referred to, Italy did not pass through the transitional stage represented by the chorespiscopate. Indeed, it

[3] See Leclercq, II., 1218 sq.

[4] Hardouin, I., 791; II., 431, and compare St. Athanasius Apol. cont. Ar. 74, and St. Basil Epist., 95, for the meaning of the word pereodeia.

seems that there was a marked movement there to reduce generally the numbers of Bishops, and for Bishops of the cities or towns to undertake personally the government of areas and to carry out the visitations without any auxiliaries. Thus Italy was divided up into many small dioceses (as it still is). The Bishops of the cities and towns were sufficiently numerous to make the rural area divisible into easily managed dioceses. I believe it still remains customary for the Italian diocesan Bishops to carry out visitations personally without such assistants as auxiliary Bishops or archdeacons. Indeed, it may be said that from the fourth century onward it has at least remained an ideal of diocesan life that a Bishop should rule an area which he can effectively visit. The extension of the Church has modified the ideal arrangement, but Church history shows all along a uniform striving after it.

Thus, for example, Africa was divided up into many dioceses, and the ideals of episcopal visitation were so high in that continent that, although the dioceses were small, there emerges evidence that the diocesan Bishops at times consecrated assistants,[5] and many of the reconciled Donatist Bishops acted as auxiliaries to the Catholic diocesans.[6] In Africa also there seems to have been an attempt made to enforce annual visitations[7] (Hippo. 393), and proof is not wanting that efficiency in visitations was obtained by subdivision of dioceses. Thus, for example, St. Augustine[8] tells us that he divided his diocese and founded a new bishopric in order to ensure efficient ecclesiastical supervision. The evidence for this desire to further episcopal government on a workable scale extends to Spain and France. In the former country annual visitations were ordered at the beginning of the sixth century.[9] Subdivision was more than once called into effect the valuable work, and even the civil power was not slow to compel a Bishop to have his diocese divided were he unwilling to do so[10]—adequate visitation being recognized as absolutely necessary to successful ecclesiastical administration. In France a similar history can be traced, and we find there also the growth of the idea of a metropolitan visiting a province, diocese by diocese.

But as in the East so in the West, the question arose: May not these visitorial offices be carried out by a diocesan official or a set of diocesan officials? Is it necessary to subdivide dioceses, to multiply diocesan Bishops, or even to multiply assistant Bishops,

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[5] Hardouin, I., 894.
[6] *Ib.*, 922, 931.
[7] *Ib.*, 961, 971.
[8] Epist. ccix.
[9] Gratian, Decret., II., x., q. 1, sec. 10.
[10] Hefele, III., 395.

for a purely administrative function? Once again we meet the two old types which we have considered in the East—the archdeacon and the chorespicopoi. In the earlier period, as I have pointed out with regard to Italy, the chorespicopoi were unknown in the West. They appear to have existed, however, in a few cases in the West before the eighth century, but their presence was either abnormal, or their office was somewhat curtailed like that of those chorespicopoi already mentioned in connection with the Second Council of Nicæa.[11] With the expansion of the Church in the eighth century among the German tribes the name chorespicopus came into use for a missionary Bishop, responsible, however, to the organizer or leader of the mission. On the other hand, as they increased they awoke the old spirit of hostility against the multiplication of Bishops, and in addition they came, in their visitorial capacity, into contact with the office of archdeacon, which had by this time grown strong in the West. From being a mere superintendent of finance or liturgical discipline in personal attendance on his diocesan Bishop, the archdeacon had developed into a representative of his Bishop throughout the diocese, in work not inherent in the episcopal office. Gradually visitations came within the scope of his representation.[12] It is possible to trace this development along clear lines; but leaving out details of evidence, it is evident that the principle was largely recognized, at least at the beginning of the eighth century. Thus when the chorespicopoi appeared in the West, it was clear that there would be friction. The history is too complicated and too difficult to be dealt with in a general survey, but the story of the East is repeated in the West. Gradually the chorespicopoi disappear and leave the field open to the archdeacon, to visit when requested by the Bishop. Gradually, too, we find that the number of archdeacons increases in a diocese,[13] especially as his powers as a visitor develop and are recognized. With this increase there arose definite areas or "archdeaconries," and thus a diocese became divided into districts, each with its archdeacon, who carried out in his prescribed area the work of visitation.

It is well to stop here and to consider what purpose a Bishop fulfilled in visiting his diocese. It is obvious that in the early ages of Catholicism his work was largely missionary. With the growth of the Church this work devolved upon the parish clergy, and the Bishop's duties became more clear cut with regard to both clergy and laity. First of all, he visited different centres in order to administer confirmation, to hold an ordination, or to distribute the

[11] Hardouin, III., 559. Probably a corrupt text.

[12] *Cf.* Migne, LXXXIII., 896.

[13] *Eg.* Council of Paris (Hardouin, IV., 1313).

holy oils. These duties were to a large extent centralized. In connection with them, he worked from some chosen parish church, and the people came to him. On the other hand, there were occasions when he was compelled to go to different places. For example, to bless a bell, consecrate a church or enthrone a religious superior. All these duties, however, are outside the special aspect of visitation which I have under consideration. Thus in this connection one of his most important duties, and one which was enforced by conciliar authority, was that of seeing that the parish churches and the parish buildings were kept in good repair.[14] In the middle of the sixth century, too, evidence is forthcoming to show that a Bishop was required to visit each parish, to have a personal interview with the clergy there, to see how the services were conducted and to give instruction on the faith if necessary.[15] In addition, the Catholic Bishop was a Christian judge, and his arrival in any parish was the occasion of hearing cases and settling differences. As time went on his duties in visitation became inseparably connected with his diocesan synod, which as early as the sixth century was annually summoned in France. The advent of the diocesan synod as a normal event in the life of a diocese brought with it a lessening of the Bishop's work in connection with our subject. Thus he was able to meet them in a body, and he could delegate the actual parochial visitation to an archdeacon. Of course, it could not entirely eliminate personal visitation by the Bishop, as his office required him to visit for definitely episcopal functions; but it tended to throw the burden of administrative details on his official representative. These details assumed clearness and precision in the ninth century. The title lands and belongings of each parish church must be handed in. It must be kept in good repair, free from secular abuses, with bells and ropes. The altar must be worthy of the austere sacrifice, with proper hangings and a pyx for the Blessed Sacrament. The holy vessels, the relics and their safekeeping must be diligently inquired into. Finally, in this connection, vestments, candles, etc., must be provided. Thus the first division of inquiry and command was connected with the Church fabric and the necessaries of Catholic worship. Then the visitor passed on to the public life and work of the parochial clergy. Inquiries must be directed as to their moral character and freedom from secular dress and work. Were they diligent in visiting the sick and afflicted, attending the dying, administering the sacraments, absolving and baptizing without any charge? They must say Mass every day at 9 A. M., served by the parish clerks, and their office

[14] Hardouin, III., 587.
[15] *Ib.*, 386.

at the appointed hours, not in private, but in choir. Every detail of their teaching must be carefully scrutinized, care being taken to see that they were diligent in instructing their people, especially with regard to confession in Lent and Communion at least quarterly. In fact, the inquiries prescribed in connection with a visitation of the clergy cover the whole ground of priestly duty and efficiency —not merely moral character and public ministrations, but financial abilities and capacity for preserving the parochial property. Such is the outline given by Regino of Prum, and it can be read at length in Migne (Ed. of 1853, cxxxii., 187). Not only is it of exceptional interest in itself, but it is the model for every visitation which can be traced right down at any rate to the Reformation, and it appears almost in identical terms in Bishop Bonner's elaborate[16] visitation of London Diocese in 1554 and 1555.

III.

It is now necessary to turn from the general outline of the Church's organization in connection with visitations through Europe, to England in particular. Before the Norman Conquest annual visitations were aimed at in England,[17] but with the general uncertainty in political life we may assume that the ideal was seldom realized, and records are practically non-existent. Indeed, the study of the whole question of visitations in pre-Norman Britain is beset with complications and difficulties and hardly repays study. With the advent of the Normans, however, the whole face of ecclesiastical life is changed. They came fresh with a new enthusiasm for discipline and before very long this enthusiasm made itself felt in English diocesan life. Thus diocesan boundaries were more clearly defined, and the centres of diocesan rule were changed in many cases to places more convenient for the carrying out of visitations. In addition, regular synods were called every year, and these applied to the everyday life of the diocese, the general and provincial legislation of the Church. Indeed, these synods became more important in connection with visitations than any general mention of them would imply. It gradually became customary in England for the Bishops to carry out investigations at their synods along the lines already referred to, and at the end of such inquiries and before the synod closed, to issue orders based on the replies received. On the other hand, the popularity of the synod in the eyes of the Bishops increased the influence of the archdeacons and accelerated the perfecting of their discipline. The dioceses were

[16] Bonner, MS. Register, folio 365 ff., and his Injunctions, printed by Cawood, 1555 (British Museum, 1026, e. 14 [2]).

[17] *Cf.* Hauck, "Kirchengeschichte," I., 520 ff., and Haddan and Hibbs, III., 360, etc.

divided into several archdeaconries, generally coëxtensive with the divisions for civil administration—these divisions are seen in full working activity by the middle of the twelfth century, and they practically carried on their work to Reformation times. Thus with a diocese definitely divided into several archdeaconries and with several archdeacons at work, we find that visitations begin to proceed normally along the lines of these divisions, and that they are normally carried out in their parochial connection by such officials. Thus it is possible to trace the development of a clear line of demarcation between the visitation of the Bishop and that of the archdeacon as distinct from acts in the synod. The former was confined more and more to acts proper to the episcopate—confirmations, consecrations and such like—the latter dealt more and more with the details of investigation as outlined by Regino of Prum. The Bishop became more stationary, if I may use the word; his visits less frequent to the parishes. The archdeacon, however, visited the parishes of his archdeaconry personally at stated intervals. I have assumed a general harmony of working between the Bishop and his official. Students of Gratian, however, will remember the disgraceful disputes between English Bishops and archdeacons over jurisdiction. I merely recall the matter in order to show that it has not escaped my attention; it would be impossible here to go into the details necessary to elucidate it. In the issue, however, the archdeacon established a jurisdiction peculiar to himself, with courts proper to his archdeaconry. Thus there grew up in a diocese two sets of courts—episcopal and archidiaconal—which soon overshadowed their origins in visitation. At the same time, when a visitation was in progress, the normal jurisdiction of the courts was suspended, their business being carried out as part and parcel of the visitation.

Such, then, is the system in full working order. As such it existed in the Middle Ages, in the reign of Henry VII. and in the earlier years of Henry VIII. We find it again in full working order under Queen Mary, when Cardinal Pole visited the entire Province of Canterbury, and in other places diocesan Bishops visited their own dioceses. The development of the system is complicated with serious abuses and unedifying disputes. Indeed, there was a time when the name of archdeacon carried with it no enviable reputation. Broadly speaking, however, a Bishop or an archdeacon issued at some stated time a series of searching questions to the clergy, church wardens and laity of each parish in an archdeaconry. These were called the Articles of Inquiry. When the answers to these were received and considered, orders were issued called Injunctions, which were based on the answers—that is, new commands

owed their origin to new defects in parochial discipline—and these Injunctions had the force of ecclesiastical law within the definite area for which they were issued. In many instances, however, it was not uncommon for one Bishop to take over somewhat bodily the Injunctions of his neighbor and apply them to his own diocese. Failure in ecclesiastical discipline runs along somewhat similar lines.

There remain many difficult questions with which I have not now space to deal, but I hope to refer to them in another article. Such are exemptions from visitation, both episcopal and archidiaconal; the relation of the cathedral and monastic bodies to visitations, and metropolitical visitations. These form almost a separate study, though intimately connected with the broad outline. The history of them is by no means easy, but finally certain generally accepted lines of action appear clearly defined, and these, considered in connection with what I have already written, will, I hope, form an introduction to the fascinating subject of diocesan discipline—an introduction sufficient to throw some light on a subject largely unworked and sufficient, I hope, to inspire some one to undertake its full historical elaboration.

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"OUR SEPARATED BRETHREN."

QUIS ENIM TE DISCERNIT?—I. COR. IV., 7.

IT is not for us, as Our Blessed Lord told His Apostles, after His Resurrection, to "know the times or the seasons" (Acts i., 7) of God's dealings with nations or with individuals; why, in the matters of faith or heresy, of union with or separation from the Holy See and the Vicar of Christ, "one should be taken and the other left." (St. Matt. xxiv., 40.) Still less does it become us, whether we be born of Catholic parents or brought by no less a miracle than was St. Paul himself into the one fold in later life (in this last case, least of all) to attempt to determine who is and who is not in good faith by the mere fact that one becomes a Catholic, while the other remains outside the visible communion of the Church on earth, or to judge therefrom that one was "better" than the other.

The exact reverse of this must, indeed, have impressed itself on the mind and heart of every convert who, conscious of his own utter unworthiness, looks round on those of his acquaintances and

friends, on his nearest and dearest, from whom God, in His inscrutable Providence, has (it would seem) withheld this supreme reward of their faith, their piety, their love and devotion to Himself. And, so reflecting, the convert must inevitably gain in humility, and exclaim, with the first and greatest of all converts: "By the grace of God I am what I am." (I. Cor. xi., 10.)

Newman, if I read his life aright, was fully and deeply conscious that he owed his conversion (and I should venture to rank him with St. Paul and St. Augustine) solely and wholly to the superabundant and unmerited grace of God. It is for this reason, as it seems to me, that he kept till the very end such an affectionate regard, I had almost said a reverence, for those fellow-workers of his in the "Catholic Revival" (the Oxford Movement) who were unable to follow him into the City of Peace, and for John Keble most of all. And who, indeed, that has studied the lives of these two men, of the real originator (Keble) and of the premier leader (Newman) in the most marvelous spiritual revival ever seen outside, that is, of the one Church, would presume to say which of them was more sincere, more earnest, more consciously submissive to the will and guidance of God's Spirit than the other? Yet John Keble died an Anglican, while Newman died "fortified by all the rites of Holy Church." Truly and beyond our understanding, "the Lord knoweth them that are His," and rewards their faith in His way, not in ours.

It is of John Keble, moreover, that Newman has written words which have, as it seems to me, a very special bearing on the present attitude of our Anglican brethren towards reunion; in connection, that is to say, with the relation between good faith (in an "Anglo-Catholic") and the duty of immediate and personal submission to the Holy See. "If," we are wont to say, "they admit the Primacy, by divine right, of the Vicar of Christ, why do they not submit to him?" Let us hear what Newman, out of the depths of his (perhaps) unrivaled spiritual, mental and even ecclesiastical experience, had to say concerning this matter on learning of Keble's death. "It seems to me," he writes to a Catholic friend,[1] "no difficulty to suppose a person in good faith on such a point as the necessity of communion with Rome. Till he saw that (or that he was not in the Church) he was bound to remain where he was."

I have quoted these words, and especially the last, for the distinct purpose of emphasizing a truth which some among us (dare I say it?) appear to be in danger of forgetting, the duty, namely, before God and towards God which is laid on every individual soul and which no soul can evade or escape, of taking no single step in

[1] Life, Vol. II., p. 98.

the spiritual life save and except in the clear light and consciousness of God's will and purpose concerning it. The end for which God created us was to glorify Him, and we can only glorify Him in His own way. If so, then doubtless Keble glorified Him as much and as truly (though in a different manner) by remaining and by dying an Anglican, as Newman glorified Him by becoming and by dying "a prince of the blood royal of Christ."[2] And if I be charged with making submission to the Holy See a matter of small account, I answer boldly that I make it of supreme account by making it conditional on and absolutely identical with submission to the will of God.

To go back, however, to my chief reason for quoting Newman's words as to a man's duty to "remain where he is" until God's call comes, clearly and unmistakably, as to Abraham, or to St. Paul, to go out from his kindred and from his father's house "into a land that I shall shew thee:" That reason is this, that there appears to be a tendency to receive, in season and out of season, certain phases of "Anglo-Roman controversy;" to question the motives, to cast doubt upon the sincerity of those who "remain where they are" . . . because it allows, possibly because He wishes them (for the present at all events) to do so. Is He not the keeper of His own honor?

And after all has controversy, as generally understood and carried on, ever brought a devout soul into the fold of Christ's Church? Is a challenge (I speak with all respect) to produce an Anglican Bishop's pastoral insisting on the duty of "attendance at Mass" likely to help those to whom it is made? Will it not savor rather of "Roman arrogance?" In any case, what concern is it of ours? It is not we, but they who will have to answer to God for correspondence with grace or resistance to it in this matter of submission to the Holy See, though we, indeed, as I shall try to show presently, have our responsibility in this matter as well.

Let me add, first, however, a few words concerning the Catholic League, of which we have lately heard so much (in England, at all events). The attitude assumed towards it by the Anglican Bishops, and by the Bishop of St. Albans especially, appears to an esteemed Catholic editor (also a convert) a clear indication that "the 'Catholic' revival in the Church of England . . . is on the wane, and the action of the Bishop of St. Albans indicates that reaction has set in aganst it."

I quote this passage, even as I quoted Newman, for a distinct and definite purpose, namely, to make clear to American Catholic readers the present state of our relations with our "separated

[2] Mgr. Benson's name for a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

brethren" of the Anglican communion, and also by way of introducing what I shall have to say, in conclusion, as to our responsibility for their continued state of separation. Yet even in quoting the above opinion (an opinion, I fancy, very prevalent at the present time) I must take leave, as a convert of nearly thirty years' standing, to differ entirely from it. The opinion is, of course, in either case purely a personal one and to be taken as such. Yet personally, and with my recent reading of Newman's life of the history, not of the Oxford Movement only, but (most especially) of what the *Guardian* is pleased to call (quite consistently) "the Caldey secession," I should say that the Bishops of London and of St. Albans are following very closely in the footsteps of their right reverend predecessors, who planned the Oxford Movement "in every mood and tense"—and were the instruments, under God, of Newman's conversion and of countless others. They are following still more closely (and this is of more immediate interest) in the path followed by the Bishop of Oxford in connection with the Caldey community. Episcopal censures (Anglican) have not had in the past, and are not likely to have in the present, a happy effect on the spiritual fortunes of the "Church of England," unless, indeed, it is to the advantage of that communion that her most loyal and devoted sons and daughters should be "driven into the Roman camp." We know (and we thank God for) the result in Newman's case; in that of the Brighton clergy; in that of the Caldey Benedictines. Shall we have equal reason for thankfulness in the case of the Catholic League and the Bishop of St. Albans?

To that question I answer, boldly again, yet with all humility, as becomes a convert: It depends, under God, on the Catholics of England chiefly, yet in no small measure on the Catholics of the United States as well. Let me quote this time a non-Catholic, I should say, perhaps, an anti-Catholic writer, Charles Kingsley, who was yet great enough (and Christian enough) to get at the heart of many things and to reveal their realities. In his "Hypathia," then, he makes his hero (now an abbot) speak as follows: "On the Catholic Church alone lies the blame of heresy and unbelief, for if she were but for one day that which she ought to be, the world would be converted before nightfall."[3]

Using the words in the right sense, of the men and women who make up the "Church" in Great Britain and the United States, I would say, fearlessly, that the continued separation of "our separated brethren" is largely, if not chiefly, to be laid to their charge. We have the gift of faith; they have not; we are the children of those saints and martyrs whom their fathers (and ours, if we be

[3] Edition of 1899, p. 342 (Macmillan).

converts) slew, thinking thereby to glorify God (St. John xvi., 2); how shall we answer to God for our brethren? It is so easy (and so comforting to ourselves) to accuse them of pride, of obstinacy, of insincerity; easier still (and so devout!) to say that God is responsible; but, speaking with all reverence, is He?

Let me remind those who have followed me so far of a scene in Our Lord's earthly life. It is written of Him that on a visit to His native city "He did not there many wonderful works, *because of their unbelief.*" (St. Matt. xiii., 58.) Human want of faith tied the hands of God Omnipotent! There are, I am told, as many Catholics in England to-day as there were inhabitants (all Catholics) prior to the great spiritual rebellion of the sixteenth century. There are many millions of Catholics in the United States. Yet England and Scotland, drenched, literally, from end to end with the blood of countless martyrs, remain for the most part "Protestant" or indifferent. And the United States, notwithstanding all that Ireland's sons have done and suffered,, notwithstanding the lives and faith of Catholics "of every nation under heaven," remain unconverted. Who shall answer for this before God in judgment but those to whom He has given the gift of faith, and upon whose lives it has had so little effect that they have come to believe (or to profess) that the conversion of England or of America is "impossible;" to hold those who (like myself, if I may say so) are convinced that it is not only possible, but inevitable, *if we have faith,* as vain dreamers of vainer dreams? "According to your faith be it unto you." Are we, by any chance, tying the hands of God's omnipotence? Shall it be said of us that, like the Apostles of old, we failed to cast out the devils of heresy and schism "because of our unbelief?" (St. Matt. xvii., 20.) Truly, they are of the kind "that goeth not out save by prayer and fasting." (Ibid. v., 21.)

And yet in the conversion of the Caldey and St. Bride's communities in England, of the Graymoor community in America, to name no others, God has surely shown us plainly enough what He can do in the way of "corporate reunion." After such miracles of His grace, what may we not expect—if we will but ask Him? What judgment may we not look for it by our want of faith, by the discrepancy between our lives and our professions, by our spiritual degeneracy, we remain responsible for the continued exile of our "separated brethren," Anglican, Methodist or Presbyterian? These are the souls for whom Christ died, no less than for ours, for whose exclusion from His fold He will most surely hold each and every one of us responsible.

The conversion of the Caldey community has been attributed by one who knows to the prayers of one to whom they showed a

Christlike charity; prayers offered, it is true, after he had passed within the veil and had seen things as they really are, as God sees them. How many of those who may read this article will agree to pray, to continue praying and to live lives of prayer until God brings about not the conversion of the "Catholic League" only, but of all and every one of our separated brethren?

Do you say that no prayers of ours could ever gain so much? Have we ever found God to fail us? And with Him all things are possible; even this, that by our faith and by our lives we may win back to the one fold those who "have erred and strayed like lost sheep," but who shall yet (if we will but ask it) "return to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls."

FRANCIS W. GREY.

[4] *Ibid*, v. 21.

THE PRETERNATURAL ELEMENT IN SHAKESPEARE.

THE classic tragedies of ancient Greece were replete with oracles and the vengeance of the gods. Ignoring man's free will, they were fashioned upon a secret force of destiny or the interposition of supernatural agencies that directly interfered with human events. Far otherwise is the preternatural in the modern drama. Without dominating human destiny, it presupposes human liberty and reconciles it with the moral law. Shakespeare above all takes for granted the Christian truth that man in the freedom of his will is the architect of his own fate, either for good or evil. With him preternatural agencies, such as ghosts, apparitions, portends and witches, instead of determining or destroying man's freedom, only intensify and illuminate it in action. Always portraying the tragic catastrophe as resulting from man's wilful rebellion against the moral order, his tragedies picture the direful effects which passions when misguided or uncontrolled produce upon human life. This truth is perhaps best illustrated in the tragedy of "Macbeth," wherein preternatural agencies visibly embodied in the *Weird Sisters* control the drama from first to last.

If the preternatural has always exercised a peculiar power over the human mind, it is because man's natural desire to know the future prompts him to attempts in every age to lift the veil of futurity. Owing to this impulse, often heightened by a desire of personal gain or advantage, superstitious practices, even though

inhibited by divine command, have been widely diffused among all peoples and have persisted through all times. Superstition, however, like idolatry itself, is but the outward expression of some religious truth which, inherent in our nature, is coextensive with human kind. After wandering away from the cradle lands of our race, tribe after tribe lost in time the knowledge of the true God and His worship, and fashioned new, but idolatrous religions, in which Satan, substituting himself for the Creator, received under varied forms of idols and oracles and superstitious practices the supreme homage due alone to Almighty God. This fact Milton commemorates in verse:

> By falsities and lies the greater part
> Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
> God, their Creator, ...
> And devils to adore for deities.
> Then were they known to men by various names,
> And various idols through the heathen world.
> The chief were those who from the pit of Hell
> Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix
> Their seats long after, next the seat of God,
> Their altars by His altars, gods adored
> Among the nations round.
>
> —Paradise Lost, Bk. I.

With idolatry arose superstitious practices, which grew with its growth, and, flourishing through the heathen world, attained most summit of their culture. Divination, sorcery, magic, necromancy multiplied forms when ancient Greece and Rome had reached the and witchcraft were all ready instruments by which evil spirits intruded themselves into the affairs of human life. Superstition, however, found in Christianity from the first an implacable foe. Banished from the light of day, all forms of diableries could ply their trade only in secret hiding places. But they regained new life when the wild hordes of the North in repeated incursions poured down upon Europe, bringing with them their tribal gods and their sorceries; and again when centuries later the spirit of the Renaissance engendered by means of pagan literature and art a widespread recrudescence of pernicious practices. These in turn were followed by others consequent upon the "Reformation" in Germany and England in the days of Shakespeare. Belief in evil spirits and in witches as their agents was common to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Witchcraft had become so prevalent in England during the reign of Elizabeth that in 1562 was enacted a statute that made it a crime of the greatest magnitude. James I., himself a firm believer in the black art, issued in 1599 his famous work on "Demonology," as a counterblast to the skeptical book of Reginald Scott; and on ascending the English throne enacted a penal law which minutely defines the practice of witchcraft: "Any one that shall use, practice or exercise any invocation of any evil

or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain or employ any evil or wicked spirit to or for any purpose, or take up any dead man, etc., such offenders duly and lawfully convicted shall suffer death." King James prided himself upon his knowledge of demonology, says Lingard,[1] and "Macbeth," it is commonly supposed, was written with a view of complimenting him. After the royal enactment against witchcraft the mania became epidemic in every part of England, and, crossing the sea, caused great disturbance, notably in Boston and in Salem, Mass. The latter part of the nineteenth century witnessed, especially in England and America, a strange revival of all sorts of superstition. Necromancy, or Spiritism, claims to-day far more adherents than is commonly believed. As on the testimony of Josephus, sorcery flourished most in Israel during periods of religious decay, so in modern times it appears that Satan, whose activity was curbed by the light and influence of the Gospel of Christ, is reasserting his power and regaining his ascendency in proportion as men, abandoning the one and supernatural religion, practicaly revert to irreligion, to heathenism and infidelity. Hence, in communities where dogmatic or revealed religion is weakest, there superstition thrives the most. This spirit of irreligion, as well as materialism, has exercised an evil influence upon the modern stage, as is seen in the travestied presentment of the *Weird Sisters,* so different from their preternatural reality in Shakespeare's day. Hence, says Hazlitt,[2] "We can conceive a common actor to play *Richard III.* tolerably well. We can conceive no one to play *Macbeth* properly, or to look like a man who has encountered the *Weird Sisters.* All the actors that we have ever seen appear as if they had encountered them on the boards of Drury Lane or Covent Garden, but not on the heath of Forres, and as if they did not believe what they had seen. The *Weird Sisters* are ridiculous on the modern stage, and we doubt if the Furies of Æschylus would be more respected."

To the Christian mind the tragedy of "Macbeth" mirrors forth in sensible expression the secret efforts of the powers of evil to lead man to moral ruin by means of his ruling passion. That all who live godly must prepare their souls for trials and persecution is a divine axiom. Temptation is the common lot of all, because

[1] He demonstrated the existence of witches and the mischiefs of witchcraft against the objections of Scott and Wierus. He even discovered a satisfactory solution for the obscure but interesting question, "Why the devil did work more with ancient women than others." From the commencement of his reign there scarcely passed a year in which some aged female or other was not condemned to expiate on the gallows her supposed communication with the evil spirit.—Lingard, "History of England," Vol. VII., p. 281.

[2] "Characters of Shakespeare," p. 23.

man's present existence is by divine ordinance but a short, passing life of probation, in which he must align himself with one or other of the two antagonistic spiritual forces that have made earth their battleground of good against evil. These truths were first principles to peoples of the Elizabethan age, and Shakespeare was in harmony with the thought of his day. He believed in the existence of good spirits who are God's "ministers of grace" and "guardians of men," as well as in fallen angels, those counter spirits of evil that from envy and hatred tempt men to moral ruin. They try and experiment with mankind in order to discover each one's natural disposition to virtue or to vice, with the sole purpose of injuring him by seducing him to sin. Such is the special function of Satan and his legions, though too often wicked men wittingly or unwittingly share in his work.

This doctrine, so emphatically inculcated in Sacred Scripture, is further expounded by the fathers of the Greek and Latin Church. St. Augustine (A. D. 354) writes: "Christ came and bound the devil. But if he is bound, why does he still prevail so much? It is true, he dominates the tepid, the negligent and those devoid of a true fear of God. Bound like a chained dog, he can bite only those that in deadly security approach him. He can harm none save the willing, for he injures not by force, but by persuasion; he seeks, but he cannot extort our consent." A striking example is that chronicled in the poetical book of Job. "As a work of genius and of art, it occupies well nigh the first rank in Hebrew literature, and is unsurpassed in sublimity of imaginative thought by any poem of antiquity." The hero is an inhabitant of the land of Hus, "upright and just, fearing the Lord and avoiding evil." In the poem God is pictured on the one hand as delighting in the virtue of His servant, and Satan, on the other, as boasting in confidence of his power to seduce him. This confidence springs from his belief that Job's piety is prompted by worldly motives. With God's permission, the demon, with the one exception that he spares Job's life, is allowed to test his fidelity by the most severe sufferings. Having stricken him in succession with six great afflictions, Satan discovers that instead of shaking his loyalty to God, he but causes his heroic virtue to shine the more brilliantly. In his last attempt the demon finds auxiliaries in Eliphaz, Baldad and Sophar, friends of the afflicted man. As friends they come to condole with him, but in the erroneous view that suffering is always the result of evildoing, they sit with him in his terrible affliction of mind and body, and day after day drone into his ears their conviction that he is a great sinner, and that he should repent and confess his transgressions, and perhaps the Lord will

forgive him. Job's insistence upon his innocence they blame, resent and stigmatize as rank hypocrisy. Their rash judgments are, however, rebuked by the Lord, who, coming in a whirlwind, defends His servant's innocence, puts an end to his long suffering, glorifies his well-tried fidelity and crowns his victory over men and the demon with wondrous munificence. Job's trial by the demon, like that of *Macbeth's,* is an external manifestation of secret temptations that are experienced by many a Christian. Man alone with his natural forces can effect little against the greater and preternatural powers of tempting demons; but, like Job, the Christian is, under trial, fortified secretly by supernatural aid or grace all unseen by the tempter, and in consequence is enabled to conquer the arch-enemy of God and man; and from this victory results a manifold good: the Christian is roused to vigilance, perceives his own weakness, turns to God in faith and in deep humility, strengthens his virtue, merits for himself, gives glory to his Heavenly Father, and by defeating the malicious efforts of a superior being, humbles the gigantic pride of Satan and overwhelms him with confusion.

The action of demons who in the visible form of the *Weird Sisters* accosted *Macbeth* and entangled him in their snares of equivocation is again exemplified in the votaries of modern Spiritism. This ism is not a new discovery of science, as some pretend, or any "new light come into the world," but simply the recrudescence of the practice of necromancy with which non-Christian nations are only too familiar, and which the Church has in every age most emphatically condemned. Spiritists, in consequence of their disregard of the divine command, which forbids all superstitious practices and dealings with spirits, are deprived of God's grace against the tempter, and, abandoned to their folly, become the blind dupes of lying spirits, who lead them to deny the truth of the incarnation of the Son of God, of His supernatural religion, of sin and its future punishment, and of the essential distinction between vice and virtue, until in fine they lose all notion of morality, and in many cases their end is insanity or suicide. From his own experience, says Dr. W. Potter, who was formerly a Spiritist, "They teach that there is no high, no low, no good, no bad. That murder is right, adultery is right, lying is right, slavery is right. That nothing we can know can injure the soul or retard its progress. That it is wrong to blame any; that none should be punished; that man is a machine and not to blame for his conduct."[3] The late Professor Lombroso, after long experimenting with Spiritism, manifested much anxiety from fear of losing his mind; and the

[3] "Modern Spiritism," J. Godfrey Raupert, p. 201.

late Professor James, of Harvard University, an eminent psychical investigator of the preternatural, displayed a very distinct leaning to the Catholic view of the proscribed cult.

Though evil spirits have no power to act on man's will interiorly, they can, nevertheless, by presenting objects to the senses, by rousing the imagination, by stimulating the passions and by external suggestions, exteriorly incite the will to evil. Persons once in their power, they confirm in sinful habits by inspiring them with a false feeling of security. If a man desire to turn from evil, they harass him with imaginary obstacles, perplex him with sophistical reasonings and entangle him more and more in their snares, until sunk in the quagmire of despair, he resigns himself to his fate as did *Macbeth* in the words:

> . . . . . I am in blood
> Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Though Satan be the indirect and remote cause of all sin, because he seduced our protoparent, from whom all have received their fallen nature with its proneness to evil, he is, however, far from being the direct cause of every sin. This truth St. Gregory expands in the following lines:

> Quid culpam in hostem semper ipsi vertimus
> Cum nostra praestent fobur ipsi crimina!
> Te criminare prorsus, aut certe magis,
> Ignis tuus nam est; flamma vero daemonis.[4]

Since, then, man's passions kindle the fires of sin and Satan but fans their flame, his power is proportioned to the moral disposition of the person tempted, and is, therefore, greater or less in accordance as a man cultivates or flouts the moral virtues and restrains or indulges his passions. When indulged in their tendency to evil, passions necessarily create in man an affinity with fallen spirits or demons, and in consequence there arises a harmonious relation, an affinity, one for the other; and man's soul by reason of this affinity not only attracts evil spirits, but even welcomes their visits. Thus *Macbeth,* intent on crime, gladly welcomed the *Weird Sisters* in their first visit, and afterwards eagerly sought their presence; and *Lady Macbeth,* with thoughts of murder, invoked them as "spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, murderous ministers that wait on nature's mischief." Their power is, therefore, always relative, because it depends on the affinitive tendencies of man's passions to evil, and in proportion as those tendencies are stronger or weaker, they give these demons a greater or less power in leading man to moral ruin.

[4] Why always impute our sins to Satan when our passions give power to tempt us? Let us blame ourselves at least in the main, for we kindle the fire and he but fans the flames.

Shakespeare's belief in witches was that common to his times. To the popular mind, witches were but the wicked and willing instruments of evil spirits that sought to inflict injury on mankind. By tradition they were un-Christian old hags, whose ugliness no less than their malevolence inspired disgust rather than awe and terror. If they inflicted temporary injury on the victims of their envy and hate, they were powerless to lead them involuntarily to spiritual ruin. According to popular belief, they entered into a compact with Satan, who, appearing in some visible form, promised the witch what she most desired on the condition that she abjure Christianity and swear fealty to himself. The powers of witches, as well as their rites and incantations, were substantially the same in Christian as in pagan times. In presence of this popular belief, the poet found it unnecessary to elaborate *Macbeth's* relation to Satan, or to picture an open compact betwen him and the powers of evil; all this was clear to the minds of his audience. Building on this popular belief, the poet gives us in "Macbeth" not the witches of common superstition, but a new creation unique and altogether his own. The *Weird Sisters,* says Coleridge, "are as true a creation of Shakespeare as his *Ariel* and *Caliban,* and while wholly different from witches of other writers, yet present a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar superstition to act immediately on the audience." The Greek Hecate and her sister witches of Middleton, as well as of other contemporary dramatists, are, says Charles Lamb, "the plain, traditional witches of our ancestors—poor, deformed and ignorant, the terror of villages—themselves amenable to a justice; but he, indeed, should be a hardy sheriff who, with all the power of the county at his back, should attempt to lay hands on the *Weird Sisters;* they are beyond human jurisdiction." If in them the poet designed to give a visible expression to a moral significance in the workings of human guilt, which, beginning with the fall in Eden, has continued under varied forms through all the ages, he was obliged to clothe the *Weird Sisters* with as much resemblance to the traditional witch as would give them credibility and rouse the attention of his audience. Hence, while assigning them the feminine garb of the common witch, he yet differentiates their nature by making them heavily-bearded women, by giving them the new and distinctive name of *Weird Sisters,* and by endowing them with unusual preternatural powers. Moreover, to preserve their truthful reality, he scrupulously insists on picturing them as positive, objective existences. This was the more necessary, since, dominating the whole action of the drama, they lead *Macbeth* on through doubts and conflicts to his final ruin, and as a consequence, to appreciate the

tragedy, the reader must consider them as real, as did *Macbeth* and *Banquo*. By gliding forth amid lightning flashes, like ghosts from a thunder cloud, the *Weird Sisters* indicate at their very first appearance their kinship to the dark and tempestuous elements of nature. Two persons behold them at the same time; both address them, and are in turn addressed by them in prophetic terms. If in our materialistic age, certain critics affect to view them as mere fantastic creations of *Macbeth's* overheated mind, such a notion is amply refuted by the drama itself, as well as by the historic fact that on Shakespeare's own stage the *Weird Sisters* appeared and enacted their rôle with no less reality than *Macbeth* himself.

As real witchcraft is the work of Satan, so are its religion and its liturgy. "We cannot quite dispense in this life," says Professor Dowden, "with ritualism, and the ritualism of evil is foul and ugly. A liturgy, however, is nothing more than an outward and visible expression of inward religious faith and worship; and religion of some kind is shown by the experience of ages to be essential to social life, and if essential to social life on earth, it is no less so to the society of hell. Lucifer, who would not serve in heaven, rules in hell as Satan, or adversary of God, where he receives the gruesome homage of ruined legions. In dealing with his willing tools on earth, he must perforce adopt means in harmony with his mysterious and preternatural character, and employ, moreover, a ritual, a liturgy by which he may give human expression to his diabolical religion, and such expression must be especially accommodated to the senses and minds of men. Hence, when dealing with *Macbeth,* the *Weird Sisters,* though but the visible embodiment of evil spirits, employ the language and ritual of witchcraft, as best suited to their purpose and best understood by him. Having by preternatural means learned of *Macbeth's* purpose to question them further, they, with the view of inspiring confidence in their guidance, prepare for a religious service in his presence. Making a brew of infernal charms, they in ecstasy over intended crimes sing in hellish glee and in mystic rhythms dance around their fiendish caldron, disclosing in their abhorrent rites the passionless malignity of their diabolical nature. Darkness is their light, storms their sunshine; tumults, murders, insanity, suicides and Satanic liturgies their sole religion.

The invisible presence of evil agents in our moral world is admitted by many non-Catholic Shakespearean critics. In reference to the nature of the *Weird Sisters,* Professor Dowden says that "the history of the race and the social medium in which we live and breathe have created forces of good and evil which are independent of the will of each individual man and woman. No great

realist in art has hesitated to admit the existence of a dual force which is known to theologians as divine grace and Satanic temptation. The idealist may dream of divorcing himself from the large, impersonal life of the world and of erecting himself into an independent will, but in truthful reality there is no such thing as "naked manhood." Between the evil within and evil without subsists a terrible sympathy and reciprocity, and the constitution that is morally enfeebled supplies appropriate nutriment for the germs of disease. It is enough to know that such powers auxiliary to vice do exist outside ourselves, and that Shakespeare was scientifically correct in his statement of the fact." "The undeniable though dark and mysterious connection between this life and the next," says Professor Ulrici, "constrain us to ascribe to the spiritual world a certain influence on the spirits yet embodied on this earth. In this truth lies the profound meaning of the Christian doctrine of devils and evil spirits." To ignore this truth is to miss the key to the tragedy of "Macbeth." The idea of a spiritual realm of demons, who full of malignity exercise their dark secret powers to gain human souls to the cause of evil, and do gain them, except so far as they are opposed, has been a definite conception recognized through all periods of human history and in all stages of civilization. As a definite conception it is found embodied in a Dr. Faust in the legendary lore of every race. Shakespeare himself was penetrated with the idea, for the truth of which he saw many proofs in Sacred Scripture. Hence, recognizing the existence of evil spirits that with Satanic cunning lie in wait for human souls, his Christian mind clothed them with visible forms in the creation of the *Weird Sisters*. They are "the Vestal Virgins, as it were, of hell," the incarnation of demons or fallen angels, who, all intent upon man's moral ruin, boast with the arch-fiend:

> To do aught good, never will be our task,
> But ever to do ill, our sole delight,
> As being the contrary to His high will
> Whom we resist.
> —Paradise Lost, Bk. I.

The Apostle cautioned the early Christians against the wiles of Satanic tempters who transform themselves into angels of light, and Shakespeare is in harmony with his words:

> . . . The devil hath power
> To assume a pleasing shape.
> —Hamlet, II., 2.
>
> The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
> —Merchant of Venice, I., 3.
>
> When devils will their blackest sins put on,
> They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.
> —Othello, I., 3.

To judge aright of Shakespeare's "metaphysical, moral and re-

ligious meaning" of the drama of "Macbeth," it is necessary to guard against the ordinary critical error concerning the origin of *Macbeth's* criminal purpose. To suppose that the poet represents the spirits of darkness as absolutely seducing *Macbeth* manifestly vitiates and debases the moral to be drawn from the tragedy. Did *Macbeth* project the murder of *Duncan* because of his encounter with the *Weird Sisters,* or did they accost him because of his fixed ambition for the crown? Evil spirits, it is certain, cannot know man's secret thoughts and purposes with certainty. If at times, by reason of their greater intellectual acumen and experience, they can conjecture them more or less correctly, nevertheless, they labor by varied wiles to discover man's interior disposition with the view of tempting him to that vice to which he is most inclined. In a treatise on "Discernments of Spirits" St. Ignatius Loyola writes: "As an able general who wishes to capture a citadel first takes a careful survey to find where it is weakest and most open to attack and then begins the assault, so the arch-enemy of our human nature carefully examines our state and position in regard to the theological, cardinal and moral virtues, and then exerts all his power against us at that particular part where we are weakest." But the weakest part of man's nature and the most open to attack is his ruling or predominant passion. If once mastered, it becomes the most powerful engine for good; but if uncontrolled, it enslaves man and inevitably leads him to the lowest depths of moral degradation.

Macbeth's ruling passion, which he had more than once revealed, as the drama shows, was an evil ambition for the crown, and through the sympathy which evil has for evil, it attracted the attention of malevolent spirits whose purpose was to quicken the wicked design already germinating in his mind and to foment the mischief already brewing in his heart. They knew better than his royal master, who tells us: "There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face." They visit him because he invites them, because in secret sympathy with them, he wilfully opens wide the portals of his inner world, which they enter, and breathing into his soul the contagion of hell, they quicken its germ of evil into vitality and action. Their action is illustrated by another Ignatian principle, which states that evil spirits, speaking only to the imagination and the senses, act upon the human soul according to the attitude it assumes towards them. "If a man be friendly, they *flatter* him; if hostile, they trouble him." Hence evil spirits, finding *Macbeth* in harmony with evil, flatter him with the salutation:

> **All hail, Macbeth, that shall be king hereafter.**

He is not only visibly surprised at their knowledge of his thoughts

and aspiration, but also *pleased* with their *flattering* words, which he accepts as true prophecy. He is, moreover, sorely distressed when, deaf to his eager command to tell him more, they vanish into airy nothing before his very eyes. They must bide their time and allow the poisoned leaven to ferment and work havoc in his soul:

> Stay, you *imperfect* speakers, *tell me more:*
> . . . . . Say from whence
> You owe this strange intelligence, or why
> Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
> With such prophetic greetings? *Speak, I charge you.*
> (Witches vanish.)
> Would they had stayed!

His subsequent action when doubting whether the "supernatural soliciting" was for good or for evil, recalls another Ignatian principle: "As the good angel's object is the welfare of the soul and the bad angel's its unhappiness, it follows that if in the progress of our thoughts all is well and tends to good, there is no occasion for uneasiness; but if, on the contrary, we perceive any deviation whatsoever towards evil, or even a slight, unpleasant agitation, there is reason to fear that the action is that of the evil spirit." *Macbeth* as a Christian was no less aware than *Banquo* that the *Weird Sisters* were the preternatural "instruments of darkness"—agents of the "father of lies," and that any communication with them was not only dangerous, but even illicit. But their flattering promise of royalty was eagerly welcomed by his ambitious soul and roused an ardent desire that it prove true. *Banquo* perceives his friend's mental agitation, and on hearing his ardently expressed hope of the crown, cautions him, according to the Ignatian principle, to beware the "instruments of darkness," who often tempt man by telling truths with the intent of winning his confidence, so as the more surely to lead him on to evil:

> Banquo:
>
> . . . . . But 'tis strange;
> And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
> The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
> Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
> In deepest consequence.

Heedless of *Banquo's* warning, *Macbeth,* in self-musing, questions why he should not accept as true the prophetic promise of the crown. Had not the *Weird Sisters* prefaced it with two other truths? In this fact, however, lay precisely the snare of his tempters. The two truths—that he should be thane of Glamis and of Cawdor—were *post factum* declarations which, because unknown to *Macbeth* until announced by the *Weird Sisters,* he considered real prophecies. On the other hand, he suspects that the "supernatural soliciting" cannot be good, since it suggests horrible images of treason and

murder, and though these are yet but fantastical, they fill him with fear and abhorrence:

> Macbeth (aside):
>
> Two truths are told,
> As happy prologues to the swelling act
> Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen.
>
> (Aside.)
>
> This supernatural soliciting
> Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
> Why hath it given me earnest of success,
> Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor;
> If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
> And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
> Against the use of nature? Present fears
> Are less than horrible imaginings.
> My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
> Shakes so my single state of man that function
> Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
> But what is not.

Happy had been *Macbeth* had he been true to his nobler self; happy had he listened to the voice of conscience and followed the light of reason, which exposed the wickedness of "the supernatural soliciting" that prompted criminal suggestions. But with will dominated by his master passion of ambition, his nobler self was deaf to the voice of conscience. Hence, neither rejecting the temptation nor repressing his ambition, he continues under the influence of the *Weird Sisters* to love and foster it until in giant strength it crushes all opposition, impels him deliberately "to jump the life to come," and in barter for the crown to "give his eternal jewel to the common enemy of man."

In *Macbeth* is pictured the moral history of every man. In bodying forth the evil within the heart, temptation makes each one conscious of his true character. Tried by temptation, like gold in the fire, man learns whether his inclination is to virtue or to vice. In the *Weird Sisters* the poet clearly discloses that the influence of evil spirits over man is measured by his own character, for their malignity extends only to minds predisposed to evil. Some, like *Macbeth,* they inflame to crime; others, like *Banquo,* they cannot sway. Unlike the Fates of old, they are not irresistible, and this truth Shakespeare inculcates in all his tragedies. He knows no blind fatality nor makes demons the master of man's fate, but always portrays the Christian idea that we in the freedom of our will are the architects of our own destiny.

S. A. Blackmore, S. J.

AMAZING DEVELOPMENT OF WESTERN CANADA.

DURING our moments of leisure we have all perused the peregrinations of mendacious Munchausen, the weird passages of fertile Haggard, the chimerical ascents and descents of romantic Verne, the adventures of fanciful Defoe, and one and all have been consigned to the archives of ephemeral pamphlets, for such visionary chapters are based on fleeting sands. But those who have kept in touch with the gigantic growth of that vast region known as Western Canada, reaching from Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast and embracing about 1,000,000 square miles of the most productive lands of the earth, realize that the most facile penman has failed to surpass the marvelous scenes that have been enacted above the northwestern line of the American frontier within the memory of men still on the sunny side of forty.

Toronto is the second city of the Dominion and contains 400,000 people, drawn from many climes. It is a progressive community on the western end of Lake Ontario, but its inland position will probably never allow it to supersede Montreal as the metropolis. However, its clean, well-paved streets, costly public and private buildings, the Ontario House of Parliament, the attractive Queen Victoria College and fine churches of various denominations, particularly Presbyterian, together with elaborate homes of the affluent, give it an air of much prosperity. Yonge and King streets, the principal thoroughfares, are Broadways on a smaller scale, and at King and Simcoe we find a unique spot always pointed out to the tourist. On the left is the Lieutenant Governor's palace, styled legislation; immediately opposite stands a college—education; to the east, a handsome church—salvation; to the west, a saloon—damnation! The town has been named the "Canadian Belfast," inasmuch as a coterie of shoalbrained "latitudinarians" years ago did and said many things well calculated to somnambulize those of a benighted trend of thought; but it is only fair to announce that this misconception is subsiding and a better feeling prevails among the disciples of various creeds, which are quite numerous in Canada, for we find old England (the land of one sauce and a hundred religions) to be an adolescent amateur in comparison. In the entire Dominion the Catholics number 2,900,000, or 40 per cent.; Anglicans, 1,050,000, 15 per cent.; Methodists, 1,110,000, 15 per cent.; Presbyterians, 1,115,000, 15 per cent., and there are others; for instance, Christadelphians and Christian Catholics, Daniel's Band and Deists, Doukhobors and Exclusive Brethren, Holy Rollers and

Hornerites, Millennial Dawnites and Saints of God, Gospel People and Shintos, Theosophists and Dowieites; nor should we overlook our less numerous brethren the Sikhs and Hindus, Dunkards and Helping Handers. Verily, there are many men of many minds!

In ten years Anglicans have increased 53 per cent., Presbyterians 32 per cent. and Methodists 18 per cent., these increases, it is stated, being mainly by immigration from Great Britain and the United States. Catholic emigrants, *very regrettable to say,* rarely sail for Canada, but the faithful hold their own with an increase of 27 per cent. The Reformed Church displays the largest percentage of increase, having risen from 20 to 922, or 4,510.00 per cent., rapidly followed by the Unionists, who now number 633 souls, compared with 29 in 1901, or 2,082.76 per cent. Our prudent friends of the Hebrew persuasion have also increased their ranks to 75,000.

Travelers not pressed for time may continue westward via the Welland Canal (constructed at a cost of about $30,000,000 in order to round the vortex of Niagara), through Lake Erie and Lake Huron, entering the Sault Ste. Marie Canal to Lake Superior and Port Arthur; but many prefer to cross the peninsula to Port McNicoll, embarking at that point aboard a modern steamship running to Fort William, at which point the twenty-four-hour system of time begins on the Canadian Pacific; for example, 13 o'clock is 1 P. M., 14 o'clock 2 P. M., and so on to 24 o'clock, which is midnight; if we desire to convert afternoon hours into P. M. time, we subtract twelve, thus: 16.40—12=4.40 P. M.

It is not generally known that the largest lock in the world is now being constructed at the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, through which all vessels must pass from Lake Huron to Lake Superior; the largest lock now in operation is 900 feet long, but the latest addition will be nearly 1,200 feet in length. During the season of navigation a vessel is raised or lowered every five minutes of the day; some of these fine ships are 400 feet long and 52 feet beam, carrying 600 first-class passengers, which outranks many on the Atlantic course.

At no distant day Port Arthur and Fort William, at the western end of Lake Superior, will be incorporated under one charter, for the thriving cities are energetically preparing to become the market for the world's granary—the mart through whose portals must pass the foodstuffs of a great and flourishing empire to Montreal, thence along the aquatic highway leading to the ports of teeming Europe. The Canadian Pacific has long been identified with the life of transcontinental Canada, and its building marked an epoch in the development of pristine wilds known only to that indefatigable

searcher after the souls of men—the dauntless Jesuit priest—and an occasional wanderer on a still-hunt for the golden fleece. Opened in 1885, after sorely trying the ingenuity and energy of the ablest engineers, this system now embraces 12,000 miles, reaching from Halifax to Vancouver. Branch lines radiate in every direction from the main stem, and towns have sprung up over night even before the last spike has pierced the tie. But another competitor has entered the Western field, and bids fair to become a rival of the first magnitude—the Grand Trunk Pacific, whose lines will soon stretch from the storm-beaten coast of New Brunswick, across the hills of Quebec, over the prairies of Ontario, through the vast grain fields of Manitoba, along the far-reaching virgin lands of Saskatchewan, up and down the fertile hills and vales of Alberta, to finally reach its goal in 1915 at the noble haven of Prince Rupert, British Columbia, 1,500 miles north of San Francisco and 3,700 miles from Halifax. Two other systems, the Canadian Northern and Great Northern, have an enormous corps of workers laying out townsites, erecting stations and placing the steel bands along which will roar the golden products of a land so often referred to as the "bleak and dreary Arctic regions"—an impoverished and inhospitable province of the world wherein are found the swarthy aborigine and his dog, whose sustenance is brought home by the unerring fling of his piercing bow, who dwells in frigid darkness until the aurora borealis flashes through the cerulean vault a kindly beam to illumine a pathway to the river or the trap. It will be asked if future prospects justify the outlay of so many millions of money in a country heretofore placed on the roster of forbidden lands; but a moment's reflection will convince the skeptic that the bridging of roaring cataracts, the climbing and tunneling of massive mountains, all within walking distance of the Circle, are more than worth while in the exciting race to conquer the gigantic obstacles nature has placed in the path of man.

Let us pass on to Winnipeg and view the well-built, substantial capital of Manitoba, with its 200,000 people, 120 churches, magnificent boulevards, wide streets and handsome structures, a short distance away being St. Boniface (population 17,000), archiepiscopal seat of Archbishop Langevin, O. M. I., who, with Bishop Budka, the Ruthenian Bishop of Canada, rules 130,000 Catholics, of whom 30,000 are of the Greek and Ruthenian rites. A generation ago Winnipeg was a mere trading post; to-day it is the leading grain centre of the world, and its bank clearings last year reached the stupendous sum of $1,600,000,000, or about $200 for every man, woman and child in the Dominion; $100,000,000 has been expended

on improvements of every kind in the past ten years. St. Boniface, connected by bridges over the Red River, a manufacturing and live stock centre, is the home of St. Joseph's College, attended by 400 students. Of course, it is cold and dry in writer; summer days are clear, long and warm. It will also be recalled that Manitoba is as large as Germany and Ireland combined, and in its 160,000,000 acres (yielding 100,000,000 bushels of grain) are found forests of sufficient size to furnish millions of feet of lumber for many years to come. These are some of the reasons why the half-million Manitobans are a healthy and satisfied people; and let us not forget that 700,000 Americans have hearkened to the trumpet call of the West Canadian Provinces.

It is stated that there are fully 500,000,000 acres available for agricultural development in this section, the following figures conveying some idea of the work that is now being done on less than ten per cent. of the land being worked: Wheat (1912), 200,000,000 bushels; oats, 220,000,000; barley, 35,000,000; flax, 10,000,000. Owing to liberal grants by the Dominion Government to the various Provinces, taxation in Western Canada is very low. The Prairie Provinces have practically adopted the "single tax" system for the creation of provincial revenue; that is to say, all buildings, improvements, equipment, live stock, etc., are exempt in rural districts; in other respects the burden of taxation is removed as far as possible from the shoulders of the farmer. Field workers are in great demand, and average $25 per month, with board and lodging; domestic servants can always be placed at $15 to $35 per month, according to qualifications; clerks, however, are warned to remain away, the supply outranking the demand.

While it appears visionary to many, the day may not be far distant when the traveler can eat breakfast in London on Monday morning and dine in Winnipeg the following Saturday night. At least, such is the object of a fast crown subsidized rail and steamship system which is planned to operate between the British capital and Sydney, Australia, reducing the running time between those centres to twenty-one days. Twenty-six-knot steamships, it has been stated, will run from Blacksod, a new harbor on the northwest coast of Ireland, to Cape St. Charles, Labrador, in three days. Passengers will be raced westward over an air line railway in thirty-six hours to Winnipeg. From the Manitoba metropolis to the Pacific Coast one of three routes is to be determined upon by the promoters of the "Imperial All Red Route," as the latest highway to the Antipodes is known. Lowering of the time of passage between London and New York, as well as Toronto and Chicago, is an important con-

sideration in the working out of the new project. If the project comes to pass, this great highway through England and Ireland across the Atlantic to Labrador, over British America to Prince Rupert or Vancouver, and diversely across the Pacific to distant Yokohama and Shanghai and to yet more distant Auckland and Sydney, is planned to serve the purposes of war as well as the pursuits of peace.

Sir Thomas H. C. Troubridge, of London, it is stated, has let contracts for commencement of constructing work upon a line of railway which is to connect Blacksod with the northern cross-country routes of the Irish Railway system terminating at Larne, on the North Channel, near Belfast, where car ferry connection will be effected with Stranraer, on the Scottish coast, near Dumfries. The All-Red Steamship Company, originally planned to operate between Blacksod and Halifax, was incorporated under Federal charter by the Canadian Parliament in 1907, and this corporation will operate steamship service between the Irish port and Cape St. Charles, whence the railway is to be constructed, under heavy Dominion subsidy, to Winnipeg.

Australia and New Zealand, by the saving of almost a week in the journey to and from London, will derive manifest commercial advantages. Canada must become the central province of the empire and the carrier of all traffic between the Australian colonies and the mother country. Proportionately, however, Ireland must come to enjoy yet greater advantages. For the making of the erstwhile lonely and isolated Blacksod Bay, on the Mayo county coast, the Atlantic terminus of a railway line from London must bring about the concentration at that point of a multitude of interests sure to follow a sudden diversion thither of a traffic universal in its scope and gigantic in volume. Grain elevators, coal and oil storage warehouses and all the equipment of a great harbor terminus, whereto a vigorous and spreading population is sure to be attracted, will place Blacksod well in the race for maritime supremacy among the port cities of the British Isles. The consequent effect upon the industrial position of the north Irish country, of which Blacksod will be the logical gateway, is obvious.

The establishment of a first-class seaport so far north on the Atlantic coast of Ireland as Blacksod would not only afford greater security to the United Kingdom as a nation, but would better insure the entry into the country under stress of war of provisions, for which the British Isles are quite dependent upon the outside world.

In this respect Vice Admiral Campbell is quoted as saying: "In the undesirable, but not impossible event of war between Great

Britain and two or more European powers, the position of Blacksod Bay would force the enemy's cruisers, should they attempt to prey upon the vessels using it, to run the gauntlet of the English Channel and near Atlantic and operate on a prohibitive and almost impossible radius, with absolutely no recuperative base.

"Although a well-known fact, it has never been brought home to the British people how absolutely dependent we are on importation for their food supply, and it is hardly realized that, with a decreasing proportionate command of the sea, a week with supplies cut off would badly pinch even the wealthy portion of the community and a month would certainly bring about starvation, followed by anarchy!"

Speeding along to most modern Saskatoon the train passes through a land of health, wealth and energy; and as we viewed the signs at the innumerable stations that but recently exuded from the earth between sunset and sunrise, we recalled the work of His Grace of St. John's, Newfoundland, as chairman of the Nomenclature Board, for we observed many and varied euphonious appellations, such as Cut Knife, Czar, Eyebrow, Forget, Killarney, Medicine Hat, Seven Persons, Moose Jaw and a thousand other cognomens that found origin in some fertile brain of rare profundity; but perhaps the founders lacked the necessary time to more appropriately designate these habitations of this Western Eldorado.

Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, was almost blown to perdition by a terrific storm in 1912; but things of mediocrity never perturb the equanimity of 40,000 people who have erected a city much more substantial than others thrice its size. They are of many nations, the two Catholic churches containing Germans and Poles, English and French, Bishop Mathieu ruling 65,000 of the faithful and the Grey Nuns maintaining the well-equipped General Hospital. Ten years ago Regina was merely the village headquarters of those sturdy preservers of the law known as the Northwest Mounted Police; neither was Saskatoon on the map at that period, but it is now a thriving town of 35,000 souls and the centre of the grain belt of the Province, which contains over half a million people and annually produces crops valued at $150,000,000; the area of this territory is about the size of the French Republic. As illustrating the enterprise of Regina, the *Leader* has recently erected an immense six-story building in order to accommodate the 240 men who daily produce 16 to 48 pages, which last year contained over 10,000,000 agate lines of advertising—a feat equaled by only a few of our greatest American journals and far surpassing the leading publications of England.

Saskatoon has a fine Provincial University, several handsome churches and the City Hospital, the good Grey Nuns also maintaining the splendid St. Paul's Hospital. Down at Idylwild Park we find the mansions of the aristocracy, sturdy men who a few years ago were striving to exist in humble quarters in other lands.

Rolling into Melville we were reminded that in the year 1670 King Charles II. of England gave to the Hudson's Bay Company "all the lands, countries and territories upon the coasts and confines of the seas, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks and sounds lying within the entrance of the watery body commonly called Hudson's Straits," with one limitation, viz., except those "which are now actually possessed by any of our subjects or by the subjects of any other Christian prince or state." From 1762, shortly after the conquest of Canada, the fur traders of Montreal began to extend their trade and build forts throughout the wide region from Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods westward to distant Saskatchewan. In 1772 the Hudson's Bay Company left the shores of the bay, which it had tenaciously hugged for a century, and erected in the Saskatchewan district its first inland post at Cumberland House, and in 1802 a young Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Selkirk, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, was planning to bring a colony of his Highland countrymen to settle at the south end of Lake Winnipeg. Lord Selkirk's first colonists to the Far West left the Scottish Hebrides by ship in 1811, and reached York Factory, on Hudson Bay. After a trying winter they ascended the stream from the fort in heavy boats, and on the 25th of August, 1812, the first party reached the site, on the banks of the Red River, where the great city of Winnipeg now stands.

The intrepid Scots undoubtedly encountered many hardships during their inland tour, and perhaps they might have mildly derided as a merry jest the idea that a century or so later palace cars would daily roll in and out of Fort Churchill, the point selected on Hudson Bay as the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific for its projected line to that vast inland sea, destined as it is at no distant day to dispatch its grain-laden ships to Liverpool, which, owing to the curvature of the earth, is only 2,900 miles to the east. Hudson Bay, 1,000 miles long and 600 wide, is open for three months of the year, and the 700-mile railroad from Saskatoon to Fort Churchill will effect a saving of 800 miles as compared with the route via Montreal and 1,200 as compared with New York.

Great rivalry prevails between the various Provinces, and the Albertans have performed wonders in the past ten years, for Calgary is now a city of 75,000 inhabitants, and Edmonton, the capital, is

about the same size. Calgary is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, a branch line leading to the seat of legislation, 200 miles to the north. Edmonton is on the main line of the Grand Trunk, which has in contemplation the building of a railroad to Dawson City, in the Yukon Territory, in order to tap the gold fields and various beds of ores for which that district is justly noted. Negotiations are now being made in London—from whence comes nearly all the funds for the tremendous development of the Far Western Provinces—for the inauguration of this line to the affluent land of the midnight sun. A "skyscraper" seems an incongruity on a spot over which roamed the deer and bison a few years back, but we find a railway erecting a magnificent thirteen-story hostelry in Calgary, its cost being computed at $3,000,000; and taking the strenuous city as a whole, one would be sure to claim for it a much larger population, especially when we understand that in 1912 not less than $20,000,000 was put into new buildings of various designs; $276,000,000 also represents a fair amount to annually pay through the Clearing House.

A city that quadruples its size in five years, raises its bank clearings in the same period from $30,000,000 to $221,000,000, building permits from $1,000,000 to $14,000,000 and land assessments from $10,000,000 to $123 000,000 (there being no tax levied against houses or business structures) shows a very high degree of development; but this is what Edmonton has accomplished in half a decade. Everything is hustle and bustle in this cosmopolis of 75,000 people. Moreover, there are said to be countless tons of coal in its "cellar," for the capital is built on the site of widespreading coal beds, the product being delivered to factories at 75 cents per ton and to householders at $4.50. Jasper avenue presents an animated picture during business hours, while the magnificent hotels, fine business houses, modern street railways, Parliament buildings, churches and parkways easily denote the town as having been founded many generations ago. The University of Alberta is a beautiful edifice and the Oblate Fathers' College, though smaller, is of attractive design.

The Torrens system of land transfer in vogue in Edmonton is a method by which all interests in land are transferred by the examination and registration of titles by Government officials and a guarantee of title to protect the purchaser. After it is seen that the title is perfect in every respect, a certificate is issued in duplicate, one copy is filed in the Government land titles office, the other given to the owner of the property. Whenever there is any transfer of any interest in that land, a record is made on both copies of the certificate. The property cannot be sold or mortgaged without

sending the title certificate to the registrar, together with the deed, mortgage or contract. In case the examiners should make a mistake in examining the title, and any other person than the certified owner should be found to have an interest in the property, the person holding the certificate still holds the property, no part of his interest can be taken away from him, and the Government pays the other person whatever he has been damaged by loss of his rights in or to the land.

We might continue to extol the progress of various centres, but so intense is the intercity competition—a competition meaning banishment (or worse) for the bombastic braggart—that an humble litterateur deems it expedient to leave this Utopian land for the scenic hills that roll toward the west.

Man has accomplished much in this *ne plus ultra* region of the earth; nor has he hesitated to proclaim with boisterous fanfare the results of his endeavors. But as the palatial Imperial Limited plunges westward, supercilious man begins to dwarf and finally becomes extinct within the encompassing shadows of those imposing temples, lofty spires, boiling cataracts, ermine fields and captivating terraces where giant demigods and fascinating nymphs have held high carnival since the orb of light first crimsoned the eastern sky. Calgary is the eastern outpost of the Rocky Mountains Park, and of course the foothills are visible as we rush along towards the Gap, a sirenic portal the gentle elves of fairyland have so kindly thrown apart for those who would stroll about the alluring aisles of their enchanted gardens. Up and on two powerful moguls draw the spellbound visitor; to the left we behold the Three Sisters, garbed in the immaculate raiment of celestial queens; to the north imperious Cascade disdainfully casts his frigid glare upon the hills and vales below; on the west profound chasms and sunken galleries waft high their sirenian breath. Such is the endless panorama stretching along the line to Banff, in the famous Bow River Valley of Alberta, a favorite spot for those seeking health or pleasure, the hot sulphur springs possessing curative properties for various ailments. Stop-overs are allowed at any point in the mountain district, and here we find a first-class inn with moderate rates, whence touring cars convey the tourist along scenic plazas unrivaled on the globe, for rising thousands of feet above us, colossal shafts, romantic fields and sun-kissed glaciers appear in endless profusion at each and every zigzag of the well-kept mountain highway, to finally approach the captivating Lake of Minnewanka, a mile above the sea, and sail for sixteen miles upon its peacefully shimmering ripples, surrounded on every side by aerial fountains, mausolean

palaces and edenic landscapes at once entrancing and sublime. A place of health and beauty, the Canadian National Rocky Mountains Park is indeed a mundane paradise beyond compare.

> The increasing prospect tires my wandering eyes,
> Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Three days speed like Atalanta before the wind, and from the open railway observation car a bend brings a fleeting view of the Lake Louise and the Lakes in the Clouds, near Laggan, the surrounding scenery of these altitudinous inland seas being a masterpiece of nature; small electric launches dart to and fro upon the placid surface of the water like diminutive toys of our juvenile days. On the east a stupendous snowfield known as Mount Victoria climbs 12,000 feet amidst the blue; on the west an immaculate avalanche thunders down the rugged escarpments of Castle Crag, and the atmosphere is so delightful that one regretfully returns to a vast old English-like chateau, which seems such a picturesque incongruity ensconced within the boundaries of kaleidoscopic tiers unknown to civilization a few years ago. Six miles west of Laggan a large rustic arch announces that we are passing "The Great Divide," summit of the Rockies; spanning a narrow stream, under which the waters diverge into two small brooks, one rivulet deviates towards the ice-cold tides of Hudson Bay, the other rolling on to the Pacific's swell. Such is the baffling work of nature.

We might elaborate unto the crack of doom upon the glorious amphitheatre of lofty spectres reaching out in every direction as the car winds along in the direction of Vancouver; but let us pass the wonderful spiral tunnels near Field, loops that called forth the wit and genius of able minds, and view the sublimity of the west. The Great Glacier seems to be within walking distance, but an easier method to secure a focus is by swinging the large telescope that commands a full sweep of the arrogant monarch and the thousand streams washing his ponderous sides. Covering 157 square miles, the hoary brow of this cloud-piercing king is at times befogged by a gloomy pall; soon the brilliant sunbeams disperse the sombre mist, and we scan the giant bedecked in all the scintillating jewels of his rank. The Glacier House is quite a resort for mountaineers, who are conducted up the ridges by guides of Swiss nativity, their chalets at Edelweiss being a replica of those familiar to sightseers in the Alpine republic. Let us trust that the day is not remote when airships shall transport passengers to feast their souls upon the gigantic boulders and giddy steeps piercing the crystalline dome 12,000 feet above the level, upon the gorgeous Caves of Nakimu

and the treasures of the Kootenays, for though it is beyond dispute that fair Switzerland enjoys a thousand charms that fascinate the most blasé, can it be said that the majestic ranges, fathomless chasms and diversified flora of Valais and the Engadine transcend the awe-inspiring sentinels, chaotic ice caps, stalactic glens, sparkling cascades and widespreading gardens on the peerless Selkirks?

We now permit the boisterous Kicking Horse to continue its circuitous flight to the south, while throbbing engines draw us on to spend another day winding up and down terrific breastworks giant strategists of an ancient epoch flung skyward to arrest the malevolent machinations of a cunning adversary, to finally roll into the ambitious city of Vancouver, the metropolis of British Columbia, a vast Province 700 miles in length and 400 in width, covering 400,000 square miles (thrice the area of Italy), with 400,000 people and an equable climate. "Mineralized all over" is merely repeating a threadbare platitude, but the claim can be easily substantiated, especially when we recall that coal, copper, iron and timber lands are numerous, and the salmon fisheries are said to be the greatest in the world; agriculture, of course, is an important asset; imports and exports of commodities average nearly $50,000,000 yearly, the largest per capita commerce of any nation. Probably no similar area outranks the possibilities of this favored land, and when the old prejudice against the "intense cold" is dissipated, we may look for "very big things" in this opulent region. The Japanese Current, which bears the same analogy to the Western coast that the Gulf Stream does to the Eastern countries, has a tempering effect upon the frigid blasts from the Arctic, and even as far up as the 62d degree, 750 miles north of Edmonton, which in turn is 1,000 miles above Denver, Colorado, according to Hon. Elihu Stewart, Superintendent of the Dominion Forestry Service, the growth of vegetation in the Mackenzie Basin is surprising, the summer sun being daily visible for about twenty hours. On July 15, 1913, at Fort Providence, near Great Slave Lake, on the Mackenzie River, he saw wheat in the milk, potatoes in flower, peas fit to use, tomatoes, turnips, rhubarb, beets, cabbage, onions and other garden products; strawberries had been ripe for some time, and the people had currants and gooseberries. At Fort Chipewayan the mercury registered 100 degrees in the shade for several days and nights; Indians coming from Alaska had lost two dogs from heat in the Arctic Circle. Mr. Stewart announces that systematic exploration will show a vast amount of good lands extending down from Slave Lake to the distant Peace River country. Our friends the energetic and satirized Doukhobors are performing wonders around their settlement at

Waterloo; it is to be lamented that other races are not following in their intelligent footsteps.

Vancouver is one of the best-equipped towns on the continent, containing fine public buildings, lofty business blocks, modern stores, churches, hospitals, residences and parks; during the past four years bank clearings doubled in amount to $200,000,000, thus displaying much activity on the part of its 130,000 citizens. Possessing a good harbor and being the terminus of the Canadian Pacific, which operates a first-class fleet to Orient and Antipodes, the city is rapidly becoming an éntrepôt of great importance; indeed, a drive along Hastings and Pender streets, or a stroll about the numerous mansions of cultured Shaughnessy Heights carries the conviction that Vancouver even now is a mart of much affluence.

When our progenitors deemed it judicious to found a community in a specified locality, the first settler pitched his habitation on an agreeable spot; others did likewise, and so on until all available terra firma was occupied by domiciles of every species known to the art of the architect—and on highways as crooked and circumscribed as those familiar to pedestrians of mediæval London town; but New World methods have shattered the ideals of the antiquaries, and hence we find after a pleasant two-days' sail a vast metropolis-to-be—Prince Rupert, Western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific, 500 miles north of Vancouver, 1,500 above San Francisco and only 3,800 east of Yokohama, compared with 4,800 from the Golden Gate, due, of course, to the contour of the globe. Millions are being spent by the company for the development of the 24,000 acres of the embryo port and city along the most modern lines known to the engineer; and it is interesting to know that the town, which is in the same latitude as London and forty miles south of the Alaskan boundary, enjoying a mild climate, is now (on paper) a centre of a million souls, with its Strands and Broadways, Central Parks and Champs Elysées in great abundance. Even the wide business avenues, aristocratic boulevards, reservoirs and parks possess names and locations in this bustling cosmopolis of the future, one-fourth of which is owned by the British Columbian Government. This deep and accessible haven will eventually be connected by rail with the projected line leading to Dawson City, in the Klondike region. Beginning at Moncton, N. B., the Grand Trunk Pacific touches Quebec, runs far to the north of Montreal and the capital of Ottawa and continues along above Lake Superior to Winnipeg, Edmonton and the Coast; then there are innumerable branch lines which act as feeders to the main stem; and it is stated that 1915 will see fully 28,000 miles of track in operation within the broadspreading con-

fines of the Canadian Dominion, essentially a self-governing nation, having an appointed Senate and an elected Commons. There are many who regard our progressive neighbor as being without a superior politically, materially and socially.

The pioneers of this Northwestern land are drawn from many nations, led by Americans and men of British blood. There are scattered colonies of French-Canadians, Ruthenians, Germans and Galicians, many of whom are Catholics. The Church, however, is greatly handicapped by the paucity of priests and the great area to be traversed; moreover, as a rule, the faithful are not overburdened with material riches, and it is feared that many newcomers will be lost to the Church if financial assistance is not soon placed at the disposal of the various Bishops.

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Camden, N. J.

THE LAND OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

THE ANCIENT MEXICANS AND THEIR CIVILIZATION.

IT has been said that our country has no antiquities, no ruins, no moss-covered turrets, no temples and pyramids that speak of nations long since passed away. And yet it is nevertheless true that some four or five centuries ago the heart of American civilization lay in the lofty Valley of Anáhuac—the "region of waters" or the "lake country"—in which the proud capital of the Mexican Republic now stands. Nay, more; upon careful investigation we shall find in that country the ruins of cities and fortifications which bear unmistakable evidences of having been constructed years before the landing of Columbus upon our shores, and by a race of men contemporary, perhaps, with Egyptians and Romans.

The average American school boy or girl will not hesitate to tell us that at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus nearly the whole of its broad expanse was inhabited by wandering tribes, of whose history very little is known. But the aboriginal Mexican differed greatly from the masses of the American races. He had made considerable progress in civilization, had very good notions of agriculture, built flourishing cities, rich with edifices remarkable for their wonderful architecture, and had a regular form of government.

Thus we find that about the year 1325, when American history,

according to some authorities, would seem to begin, the Aztecs, hard pressed by warlike neighbors, established themselves in the Valley of Anáhuac, built their first teocalli, or temple, and gathered their scattered populations around it, so that three centuries later, when the Spanish invaders first appeared upon the scene, their city was said to contain 60,000 houses and 300,000 inhabitants. Aqueducts brought water from the hill of Chapultepec (grasshopper hill); fountains played in its plazas; gardens and canals, along which countless canoes plied back and forth, contributed to life. Palaces and temples rose on every hand, whose architecture, more or less imposing, was wonderful, because all the building material used in their construction was transported by human effort and not by the aid of beasts of burden, which were unknown to the ancient Mexicans.

There appears to be a great diversity of opinion among authors who have written upon the early history of Mexico, and we cannot stop now to examine the claims of Acosta, Gomara, Sigüenza, Boturini or Torquemada. Upon one point, however, they all seem to agree, and they are supported by Clavijero in the opinion that the Toltecan nation was very ancient. The Chichemecas did not arrive at Anáhuac until "after the ruin of the Toltecas, whose buildings they met with in their travels," and the remains of which they found along the banks of the Mexican lakes and elsewhere. The Chichemecas, according to Clavijero, arrived at Anáhuac in the twelfth century, probably in the year 1170. From the seventh to the twelfth century many races succeeded one another on the soil of Mexico, and as if to leave to posterity a memento of their existence, they left their temples, their public edifices and their pyramids.

These nations, besides those already mentioned, comprised the Alcohuans, the Tlascaláns, the Aztecs and others. The last nation or tribe to arrive at Anáhuac was the Mexican. The following appears to be the order of the arrival of the principal nations: Toltecas, 648; Chichemecas, about 1170; the first Mahautlacas, about 1178; the Alcohuas, about the end of the twelfth century. The Mexicans arrived at Tula in 1176, at Tzompanco in 1216 and at Chapultepec in 1245. The Otomies entered the Vale of Mexico and began to form communities in 1220.

Neither time nor space will permit us here to dwell upon the various changes wrought upon these people as one nation succeeded the other, nor on the progress they made in the arts until they eventually passed from hunting to an agricultural people. When the Mexicans entered the Valley of Mexico they were treated kindly, but were later on enslaved by the prince who claimed the

territory. They escaped from his control, and after wandering for some time, arrived at the borders of a lake, where they determined to settle. No sooner had they taken possession of this spot than they erected an altar to their deity, and built a city which they first called Tenochitlan and later on Mexico, signifying "the place of Mexitli," the name of their god of war. The present City of Mexico was built by the Spaniards on the ruins of the ancient city.

Nearly two hundred years intervened between the foundation of this city and the conquest by the Spaniards, and during that time it made great progress; its powers and revenues were increased by conquest and alliance. As a result of all this, the patriarchal form of government developed into the monarchical, so that when Cortez entered the capital he found Montezuma II., the ninth monarch, by election, seated upon the Mexican throne.

The Toltecas are said to have been the most polished among the early nations that peopled Mexico, and their influence was felt by the Mexicans. They understood the art of working in gold and silver, and had also a knowledge of astronomy and chronology, as we shall see later on. The art of painting, said to have been derived from the Toltecas, was unknown among the Mexicans. It was the means by which, with hieroglyphical symbols, they recorded their history. Monseñor Zumárraga, first Bishop of Mexico, in a letter to the General Chapter of Franciscans assembled at Tolosa, Spain, in 1531, says: "The Indians are temperate and ingenious, particularly in the art of painting. They are not deficient in mental talents, thanks be to God."

These paintings, as has just been observed, recorded particular events; some were mythological, others codes of laws, while still others were astronomical, representing their calendar, the position of the stars, the phases of the moon and eclipses. As an evidence of this a study of the Calendar Stone will convince us that they were acquainted with the causes of eclipses, that they constructed sun-dials, devised a simple method of notation and measured time by a solar year composed of eighteen months of twenty days each, adding five complementary days to make up the three hundred and sixty-five, and interlacing twelve and a half days at the expiration of every fifty-two years, which brought them almost within an inappreciable fraction of the length of the tropical year as established by the most accurate observations.

They had a large stone zodiac, the centre of which was 11 feet 8 inches in diameter. This stone was carved at Tenochitlan out of a mass of finely porous basalt. It was discovered in 1790, in the great square in Mexico City, buried underground amongst other ruins occasioned by the devastation of the Spanish conquerors.

As stated above, the months were divided into weeks, not of seven, but of five days each, and the days of the month were designated by words signifying (1) a sea animal, (2) the wind, (3) a louse, (4) a small lizard, (5) a serpent, (6) death, (7) a deer, (8) a rabbit, (9) water, (10) a dog, (11) an ape, (12) twisted grass, (13) a reed, (14) a jaguar, (15) an eagle, (16) a bird, (17) the motion of the sun, (18) silex or flint, (19) rain and (20) a flower.

The cardinal points were designated in the same singular manner. The first point was to the east, and was represented by a cane; the west was named a house, north a flint and south a rabbit. The face in the centre of the Calendar Stone is supposed to represent the sun. It would take a long time to enter into a minute description of the many figures carved upon this stone. Suffice it to say that the days, weeks, months, years and centuries are fully and correctly represented. Gama tells us that there are delineated on this stone the dates of the five principal positions of the sun, from the vernal to the autumnal equinox.

The historical interest of the Calendar Stone depends upon its resemblance to the calendar system of Central and Eastern Asia, where among the Mongols, Tibetans, Chinese, etc., series of signs are thus combined to reckon years, months and days. For instance, the Mongol cycle of sixty years is recorded by a zodiac, in a series of twelve signs: a mouse, bull, tiger, etc., combined in rotation, with the five male and female elements; fire, earth, air, water, wood, etc., as the "male-fire bull year," etc. This comparison is worked out in Humboldt's "Vues des Cordilleras" as an evidence of Mexican civilization being borrowed from Asia.

The Mexicans were equally skilled in the casting of metals, mosaic work and sculpture. Many of the Tolteca statues were preserved up to the time of the conquest. Clay, wood and stone were the materials used for statues, and the implements used in this work were made of copper and flint. Clavijero (Vera Cruz, 1720) tells us that "the miracles produced by the Mexicans in casting metals would not be credited if, besides the testimony of those who saw them, a great number of curiosities of this kind had not been sent from Mexico to Spain. The works of gold and silver sent by Cortez to Charles V. filled the goldsmiths of Europe with astonishment, and, as several authors of that period assert, they declared they were altogether inimitable." Among these were two circular plates, one of gold, the other of silver, and as large as carriage wheels. The one representing the sun was richly carved, or in relief, with "tufts of plants and animals." It was valued at $300,000. The silver wheel weighed some fifty pounds.

At Tlascalá, with other presents from Montezuma, were embossed gold plates or zodiacs. In a pond in Guatemozin's garden the soldiers of Cortez found a "sun," as it was called; this was one of the zodiacs, or Aztec calendar wheels. Benvenuto Celini saw one of these wheels, and was loud in his admiration of their artistic design and workmanship.

Oviedo, who was an eye-witness, tells us that the "Indians knew very well how to gild copper vessels or those of low gold and give them so excellent and bright a color that they appeared to be gold of 22 carats and more. . . . The gilding is so well executed that if a goldsmith of Spain or Italy possessed the secret he would esteem himself rich."

The laws of the ancient Mexicans were based upon principles of the strictest justice, and were far superior to those of ancient Greece or Rome in their proudest days. It is true that those laws were never written, as ours are; but it is also true that they were enforced, as ours are not. They were handed down in the minds of men not only by tradition, but also by paintings and hieroglyphical symbols. Children were carefully instructed in the laws by their parents to prevent their violating them. After the conquest the laws of Mexico, Alcohuacan, Michoacan, etc., were written in European characters. Don Francisco de Alba Ixtlelxochitt wrote the eighty laws formally published by his royal ancestor, King Nazahualcojotl, in Spanish.

The laws of the Mexicans were made the subject of careful study by the Spaniards, by command of their sovereign, and thus it is that they have become so thoroughly understood. "Many of them," says Acosta, "were worthy of our admiration, and those nations, even in their Christianity, should still be governed by them." After the establishment of the monarchy the King was elected from among the brothers of the deceased monarch, and, if there were no brothers, from among the sons of former kings. This prevented the eldest son, or any other, who might be unworthy, from succeeding to the throne by right of primogeniture or other rights. The electors were selected from among the body of the nobility, which included the suffrages of the entire nation, and their electoral power terminated with the first election.

The judical forms of the Mexicans afford many useful lessons. The diversity of rank among the magistrates contributed to their good order; their attendance in court from sunrise to sunset hastened the trial of cases and prevented many "crooked" practices which might have influenced their decisions. "The capital punishments against prevaricators of justice," says Clavijero, "the promptness of their execution and the vigilance of the sovereigns

kept the magistrates in check, and the care taken to supply them with every requisite at the expense of the King rendered any misconduct on their part inexcusable." The assemblies which were held before the sovereign every twenty days, and especially the General Assembly of all the magistrates every eighty days to decide upon all cases pending, besides obviating all the evils of a delay of justice, made the wisdom of the more learned magistrates available to the general body and made the King better acquainted with the men to whom he delegated his authority and made the ends of justice more readily reached. The accused could be convicted only upon testimony of competent witnesses, and appeal was permitted from the tribunal of Tlacatecatl to that of Cihuacoatl in criminal cases.

The Mexicans visited the most severe punishment upon all crimes especially repugnant to human nature or prejudicial to the State, such as high treason, murder, theft, adultery, incest and other offenses; also sacrilege, drunkenness and lying.

It is true that in some cases these punishments were excessive, but it is also true that Cato and Hortensius were safer in Rome than in Mexico. The laws of marriage were far more decent than those of the Romans, the Greeks, the Persians or the Egyptians. Marriage was forbidden to persons of the first degree of affinity or consanguinity. Men born of slaves were free; the law allowed the slave the ownership of his goods and in everything he acquired by his own industry and skill. The master had no authority over the life of his slave, nor could he sell him unless he had, according to law, declared him intractable and incorrigible.

Great care was taken with the training of the young. Children were instructed in the customs of their nation, and they were taught, together with the arts, religion, modesty, honesty, sobriety, industry, love of truth and respect for their superiors.

When a child was born, the midwife, after giving the infant the attention indispensable to its existence, washed it, saying these words: "Receive this water, for the Goddess Chalchiuhcueje is thy mother. May this bath cleanse the spots which thou bearest from the womb of thy mother; may it purify thy heart and give thee good and perfect life." Then taking the water again with her right hand, she breathed upon it and anointed the mouth, forehead and breast of the child with it, and after laving the whole of the body she said: "May the invisible God descend upon this water and cleanse thee of every sin of impurity and deliver thee from misfortune." Next turning to the child, she addressed it as follows: "Lovely child, the gods (Ometeutctli and Omecihuatl) have created thee in the highest place in heaven, that they might send thee into

the world; but know that the life on which thou art entering is sad, painful and full of trials and miseries; nor will thou be able to eat thy bread without labor. May God assist thee in the many adversities which await thee." This ceremony was followed by congratulations to the parents. (We are struck by the strong resemblance to the forms of Christian baptism evident in the ceremony just recorded.) It is to be regretted that these people were not permitted to live forever under such wise and beneficent laws; but with the growth of power and wealth came ambition, and, as in our day, the stronger nations absorbed the weaker, until in the course of time authority became more concentrated, the empire sprung up and its last days were marred by the despotism it gave rise to.

Among the ancient Mexicans there were different classes of society—the nobility, the merchants and the common people. The King was an absolute monarch, who united the functions of warrior and priest. Next in rank were the lords of powerful provinces; next came the lesser lords, down probably to those whose chief title to nobility was the uninterrupted holding of entailed lands through many generations. Then there were three military orders —the Princes, the Eagle and the Tiger—established to reward deeds of bravery. Some titles of nobility descended from father to son in perpetual succession; others were attached to particular offices or conferred during life as marks of personal distinction. So marked and firmly established were the various gradations of rank, from the monarch down to the meanest subject, and so scrupulous was each class in the exactions of courtesy and respect from inferiors, that the very genius and idioms of the language became thoroughly influenced by it. The condition of the common people—merchants, artisans, tradesmen and laborers and the poor—was very much as it, unfortunately, is to-day among more pretentious nations, except, perhaps, that people were better satisfied with their lot.

The language of the Mexicans was copious, regular and abounded in beautiful figures of speech, and gave ample play to the talents of the orator and poet. Those who evinced a talent for oratory were instructed at a very early age in the use of language. In their poetry the Mexicans observed the laws of cadence and measure. The language was brilliant, pure and agreeable—figurative and embellished with frequent comparisons to the most pleasing objects in nature, such as flowers, trees, rivers, etc. The subjects were not restricted, but consisted of hymns of praise, petition and thanksgiving to their deities, historical poems reciting the glories of the nation and sung at profane dances. Some, again, were odes

containing moral lessons; some were love songs and others treated of the chase and kindred subjects. The priests were the chief poets, but many celebrated compositions were written by King Nazahualcojotl.

Dramatic and lyric poetry were in great repute among the Mexicans. Their theatres, like those of the Greeks and Romans, were uncovered. Cav. Boturini says that the Mexican comedies were excellent, and that among the antiques he had in his museum were two dramatic compositions of great merit. Acosta gives a description of a play at Cholula, during a festival given in honor of the god Quatzalcoatl, which was very suggestive of the first scenes among the Greeks, and it is probable that had the Mexican empire lasted a century or two longer the theatre would have improved by slow degrees as did the theatres of Greece.

Let us here take a hasty glance at the books of the ancient Mexicans. It is hardly proper to call them books, as they were only tablets covered with hieroglyphics. No matter what material was used for manuscripts, it was not arranged in leaves like our books, nor in rolls like the Greeks and Romans used. These books consisted of a single band folded after the manner of a fan, hence the name "fan books." At each end were attached light wooden tablets, one above, the other below, so that when the volume was closed it was not unlike a book in appearance; but in order to read it, it was necessary to unfold the entire band and to read from left to right and from right to left, until the entire band had been read through. About the year 660, tradition says, all the wise —men, prophets and astrologers painted a famous book, which they called Teoamoxtli, or "Divine Book." In it was represented the origin of the Indians, the confusion of tongues, eclipses, prophecies concerning the future of the empire, etc., etc.

The early Mexican nations, such as the Toltecas, Chichemecas, Alcohuans, Aztecs, etc., had, more or less, the same manners and customs, the same forms of worship and the same type of architecture. Their teocallis (holy pyramids), or "houses of the gods," were pyramidal in form and consisted of many layers of stones or bricks placed one upon the other and facing the four points of the compass. The upper layer formed a vast platform. The altars were erected upon this platform, the tops of the chapel cupolas being 170 feet above the pavement of the great square or plaza upon which the temple is erected. One style of the pyramid was built in five stages or stories, and steps led up to it, in such a manner that the whole structure had to be encircled before the ascent could be made from one story to the one above. Upon the upper platform were the cupolas or shrines containing statues of their deities and

the sacrificial stones upon which the victims were to be immolated. Some of these teocallis were constructed upon a different plan; a grand stairway led directly to the upper layer or platform, which was surrounded by a wall. The chapels containing the idols occupied the most elevated positions. The interior of the pyramids was reached by secret subterranean passages, and, as we shall see further on, contained the mortal remains of Mexican sovereigns.

All the offices of religion were divided among the priests. Some were sacrificers, some diviners, composers of hymns and chanters, some of whom sang at different hours of the day and night. Some were charged with keeping the temple clean and in order, others looked after the ornaments of the altars. Others again were assigned to the instruction of youth, the correcting of the calendar, the ordering of festivals and the care of mythological paintings. Four times a day incense was offered to the deities—at daybreak, at midday, at sunset and at midnight. (This is somewhat suggestive of the Angelus.) For incense, copal or some other aromatic gum was generally used, and on great festivals bitumen of Judea was used. The censers were made of clay and some were of gold.

The dress of the priests differed little from that of the laity, except a black cotton mantle, which they wore like a veil, upon their heads. Those who practiced great austerity always wore black. Continence was strictly required. Some priests lived constantly in the temple, and the most severe punishment was visited upon those who failed in any duty; indeed, they were torn to pieces and their bloody limbs were sent to their successors, as suggestive of what they were to expect under similar circumstances. The office of the priest was not, in its nature, perpetual. Some were perpetual, others only while fulfilling some vow. Women were admitted to the priesthood, but only in a limited manner; they offered incense, swept the temple and the like. Chastity was indispensable.

The Pyramid of Cholula is the largest structure of its kind. It rises out of a plain which extends to the Orizaba volcano. It was constructed of four layers of stone and unburned clay, and appears to have been erected so as to face the four points of the compass. It was 160 feet high and 1,143 feet in length. Humboldt and other authorities regard it as bearing a most striking resemblance to the Temple of Belus and other ancient structures of the Oriental world. This pyramid, or mound, has suffered much from decay. Upon being explored the interior was found to contain quite a number of chambers. Nearly a century ago the Spaniards, desiring to straighten the road from Puebla to Mexico, cut through the first story on the north side. They discovered a subterranean

passage leading to a square chamber built of dressed stone. It contained two bodies, two idols in basalt and many painted and varnished urns. The ceiling is supported by cypress beams, and is composed of many broad bricks placed one above the other, but in such a manner that one projects over the one supporting it. It was but a step from this style of building to the arch, which, Clavijero claims, was known to the Aztecs. (The writer of this article has found broad, flat bricks, like those referred to above, in the ruins of the foundations of the Coliseum at Rome.) On the summit of this teocalli there was an altar dedicated to Quatzaltcoalt, the god of air, who was also regarded as the god of prayer and repentance. Mexican mythology teems with miracles performed by him during his life or after having received immortality from the Great Spirit. Humboldt relates the following Mexican tradition concerning the Teocalli of Cholula:

"Before the great Deluge the Mexicans say the country was inhabited by a race of giants. When the flood came they all perished except a few who were transformed into fishes, and Xelhua, surnamed the Architect, who with his six brothers sought refuge in the mountains of Mount Tlaloc. After the waters had subsided, Xelhua undertook to erect a pyramid to commemorate the event. Hardly had the work commenced when the gods, not liking the idea, hurled thunderbolts at pyramids and workmen, and it was never finished."

To prove the antiquity of this pyramid, Father de los Rios says that the tradition of Xelhua was embodied in a hymn sung by the Cholulans at their solemn feasts, commencing with the words: "Toulanian houlouaez," which cannot be traced to any Mexican dialect. He supposes them to be a remnant of the primitive language.

The original chapel on the summit has been replaced by one dedicated to Nuestra Señora de los Remedios.

With regard to the tradition of the Deluge referred to above, there is a picture in existence which illustrates the ancient Mexican's idea of that great calamity. In the upper corner of the picture is a vignette in which are represented a mountain, a boat, a human head and a pigeon, while the main portion of the picture represents a group of men approaching the dove. These symbols may be explained as follows: The water signifies the deluge, the human head and the bird in the water signify the drowning of men and animals. The boat with the man in it denote the vessel, in which, according to their tradition, one man and one woman were saved to preserve the race. The mountain or hilltop in the corner is that of Mount Coluacan, near to which, as they relate, the man

and woman saved disembarked after the waters had subsided. In all Mexican paintings in which mention is made of that mountain it is represented by the same figure. The bird upon the tree represents the dove, which, as they say, communicated speech to men, as they were all dumb after the deluge. The rods issuing from the mouth of the dove towards men are the symbols of languages. (A suggestion: the Christian Pentecost.) Whenever the Mexican paintings allude either to language or words, they employ this form of rods. A number of them in one figure signifies a multitude of languages which were thus communicated. The fifteen men who received the languages from the dove represent so many families separated from the rest of mankind, from whom, as they supposed, descended the nations of Anáhuac.

If in our consideration thus far of the civilization of the Aztecs we have dwelt entirely upon the nobler side of their nature, it is to be regretted that they did not follow the Toltecas in their religious practices. If their civil laws have excited our admiration, their canon laws have been most reprehensible. The Mexicans worshiped the sun under the name of Vitzilipoutzli, and the horrible worship they gave him affords the most deplorable example of the spiritual depths to which human reason can sink when not supported by the light of divine revelation. It was their custom to sacrifice human victims to their idol, and it is estimated that as many as five thousand have been immolated in one day throughout the empire. Not to interfere with the horrible butchery, the Mexicans would, when engaged in wars with their neighbors, endeavor to avoid bloodshed as much as possible, and when they made armed incursions into neighboring provinces they were careful not to kill, but to capture their enemies, that they might later on immolate them upon the altars of their divinities. The idol, which was of natural size, was carefully sculptured in wood or stone and occupied a temple resplendent with gold and silver. The interior enclosure of the temple contained two buildings, where fifty youths and fifty maidens were trained, like Roman Vestals, for the service of the altar, as an inviolable sanctuary. The girls were from twelve to thirteen years of age, and the youths from eighteen to twenty; the strictest continence was imperative. What is most remarkable about the temple is a sort of platform of an oblong shape, built of stone and masonry and covered with a roof. It was reached by a broad stairway. The walls, the floor, the stairs and the woodwork were all covered with skulls carefully encrusted and arranged with the faces to the front. Many sacrifices took place in these temples, the details of which are too revolting to be described here. It will be enough to say that the priests, vested in white tunics striped

with black, and a cap ornamented with green and yellow plumes, their faces painted black or covered with black veils, seized the victim, laid him alive upon a large stone—a sacrificial stone already described in this article—opened his breast, tore out his heart and held it up to the sun, that its first exhalations might ascend to it. To crown these atrocities, the bodies of the victims were distributed among the people and devoured by them. Sometimes the priests would skin the victims and cover some of the subaltern ministers of the temple with them. The latter would then rush into the streets, jumping and dancing, and collect the offerings of the charitable.

We are wont to pride ourselves on the progress we have made in our methods of preserving and restoring health, and we point to our Turkish, Russian and vapor baths as an evidence of what we have done in that direction. The ancient Mexicans were well acquainted with the vapor bath and its benefit to health. Their temazcalli or vapor bath was usually built of unburned bricks and looked very much like an old improvised bake oven. The floor was a little convex and lower than the surface of the ground outside. Its greatest diameter was eight feet, its greatest height six feet. The entrance was just large enough to allow a man to creep in. Opposite the entrance was the furnace, which was fed from outside, the smoke passing out through a hole in the top. When the person entered the bath he took with him a vessel containing water and a bunch of herbs or maize leaves. When all was ready, he shut off the airhole in the top, poured water upon the heated stones and thus produced a dense vapor. An attendant beat the vapor downwards and gently struck the patient over the body, particularly upon the part affected, with the bunch of herbs, which had been moistened. Perspiration soon set in, and when the desired effect was reached the steam was allowed to escape and the patient, carefully wrapped in rugs, was carried to his bed.

The chinampas or floating gardens of the Mexicans of the olden times were rafts composed of layers of reeds, rushes and willow branches and other fibrous materials, tightly bound together and filled in with clay and loam, until a sufficient basis was formed upon which to deposit good soil. Gradually islands were formed, some reaching 200 or 300 feet in length and three or four feet in depth and varying in width to suit the wants of the owner. On this foundation the thrifty Indian raised maize, vegetables and flowers for himself, his sovereign and his gods. Some of these chinampas were strong enough to allow the growth of small trees and to support a cabin for the owner, who by means of a long pole could change his location at will, remove from an undesirable neighbor

and, with his family on board, glide upon the bosom of the lake like some enchanted island of fairy days. In later times these floating gardens increased to such an extent that they completely girded the capital with flowers and verdure, and in the early morning numbers of "gardens," richly freighted, could be seen gliding gayly towards the great market place of the city. Mexico, since the diminution of the lake, has become a high and dry city on the mainland, with its centre nearly three miles away from the water. The chinampa is a thing of the past; small flower beds now divide the narrow causeways, through which the Indian still drives his canoe. These are all that remain of the floating gardens of the olden time.

The Mexicans constructed aqueducts for the convenience of their larger towns. Those of the capital brought water from Chapultepec, which is two miles distant. These aqueducts, two in number, were constructed of stone and cement, five feet high and two paces broad, and were built upon a road raised for that purpose, upon a lake, by which the water was brought to the entrance of the city. From here it branched out through smaller channels to supply fountains, especially those of palaces. Only one of the aqueducts was used at a time; the other was in the meantime cleared of all sediment and foreign matter, as it was desired that the water should always be pure. (Some of our modern city departments might do well to consider this point.) The ruins of some of these aqueducts may still be seen, notably at Tezcutzinco.

We have by no means exhausted the subjects of deep interest with which the study of the history of the ancient Mexicans abounds and which commands the most careful attention of the student. Their mounds, their temples, their symbolism, as expressed in statuary and hieroglyphics, all afford food for the deepest thought, and "conjecture" has not been idle in its attempts to unravel the mysteries involved in these symbols. To the man identified with a people by blood, race, tradition and genius the task is difficult enough; to the man of a different nature it is hopeless. The "I think" of many writers is obviously based on little else than "I." Preconceived ideas, even when honest, too often color judgment.

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HAS LITERATURE AN ETHICAL VALUE?

OSCAR WILDE, who not so many years ago attracted considerable attention as an eccentric exponent of the æsthetic character of al lart to the extent that he ignored its ethical value, in a lecture delivered on the occasion of his visit to America, declared that "any element of morals or implied reference to a standard of good or evil in art is often a sign of a certain incompleteness of vision."

Applying the same principle to literary art, and more particularly to poetry, which is the highest expression of that art, he said that "one should never talk of the moral or immoral poem," and further insisting that "all good work aims at a purely artistic effect," he concluded with the profane advice: "Love art for its own sake, and then all things that you need will be added to you."

Thus spoke this poet-dilettante of two continents, buttoniered with the sunflower and a lover of the lily—flowers symbolic of the æsthetic movement in England as representative of artistic beauty, giving to the artist "the most entire and perfect joy." With this message he came to us, enveloped in the mantle of genius, which a certain class of art-devotees are wont to consider capable of hiding every moral deformity in the artist. Needless to say, the many listened and the many likewise applauded.

Oscar Wilde was one of that school of too ready thinkers who mistake the true aim of art, which is to elevate and not merely to please, and who seem unable to understand that there is a difference between apparent good and moral good. The will has for its object that which is good; but it takes the intellect in its search after truth, to differentiate between what is truly good in a moral sense and that which only has the superficial appearance of goodness.

Poor Oscar Wilde, like so many other writers who disgrace more than they grace our pages of literature, sought the good things in life with the immoral sense of the perennial pleasure-seeker, sensualist or voluptuary. It was not until the arrogance and immorality of Wilde was chastised by his imprisonment that he could come, a broken man in spirit and in body, to a friend and ask, with all the confession it implied, for the best life of the lowly Nazarene. He came to his senses even as a Catholic, and acknowledged in his own way the God-Man, who said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all else shall be added unto you."

Christianity refined art and gave to it its proper place. The old pagan conception gave way in a large measure to the Christian ideals of art. The pagan was inclined to love art for art's sake.

He worshiped at the shrines of his sculptured gods. In art, as well as religion, he was often merely an idolator. The Christian loves art for humanity's sake and worships before the altar of the God of beauty and of hope, the God of truth and of charity —yes, and the God of faith. As Bulwer Lytton says, "Art, in fact, is the effort of man to express the ideas which nature suggests to him of a power above nature, whether that power be within the recesses of his own being or in the great first cause of which nature, like himself, is but the effect."

A theory was recognized by the ancient Greeks regarding poetry —and what is said of poetry may be said of all forms of literary art—to the effect that it had a regulative influence on morals, and that its primary office was the conveyance of ethical teaching. Still another view prevailed among them, that poetry was purely an emotional delight and that its end was solely to give pleasure.

The contemplation of beauty, whether it be in nature or in art, should indeed beget pleasure in the beholder. But the highest pleasure afforded man as the result of his looking upon a thing of beauty is not that which rests for its satisfaction in the vision of loveliness before him, but consists rather in the fact that he refers the object of beauty to Him who made all things beautiful in the earth and in the sea and in the sky. For, after all, it is but a selfish contemplation that will not permit man to praise God in His works and to take delight in the beauty of His works, because he beholds mirrored therein God's own infinite beauty, God's own infinite loveliness. When man became so enamored of the beauty of God as revealed in the beauties of nature that he tried in his finite way to paint on the canvas, or to chisel in marble, or to repeat in language the various beauty of the Creator as expressed in the creature, then was art born into the world. Then only is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and then only can it be said with verity and in its fullest meaning that "beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all ye know and all ye need to know," when man the artist delights in the beauty of God's creations and his own feeble imitations, because of their important and highest relation to God and to humanity.

God created nothing to be used for an immoral purpose; nor did He in creating man and endowing him with certain gifts of intellect and will, of mind and of heart, intend a perverted use of these gifts or of special talents. The gift of language, whereby the composite man is able to give visible expression in writing to his thoughts and his feelings in an artistic manner, constitutes one of man's highest prerogatives as the rational being that he is. And as the very relation, that of necessity, exists between the Creator

and the thing created is a relation, the consideration of which is of itself an ethical one, it is evident that the use of the gift of artistic thought-expression in the form of literature, is to be adjudged morally good or morally bad, according as the use of that gift of expression is in accordance with sound or unsound moral principles.

Literature affects the intellect and the will of man, whereby he tends toward God. The object of intellect is truth and the object of the will is good. But truth and goodness are moral means toward attaining God as our last end. And consequently if literature can give expression to what is false and morally bad, it cannot permit the intellect and the will to tend toward God. And thus literature, which can be morally good or bad, surely has an ethical value.

Literature may be defined as the record of man's artistic expression by means of language, of thoughts and emotions, whether based upon thoughts or imaginings. The nature of a work of literature is classified according to its expression and its subject-matter. The artistic expression is taught by the principles of rhetoric, and the conveyance on the part of any given literary production of good or bad thoughts and emotions has to do with ethics. In the very nature of things, therefore, the one consideration does not exclude the other. And this is true even in the case of the expression of what is imagined or fancied by the writer, since even here a proper appeal to the imagination of the reader is, morally speaking, necessary.

It were unreasonable to contend that every literary production should have a direct ethical value. The objection to any such assertion would be to the effect that much literature is necessarily unmoral. But without conceding for a moment that such is the case, we hold that every literary production which has not a direct ethical value has and should have at least an indirect ethical value, if literature is to serve its highest end for the benefit of humanity. We may read, for instance, a certain poem which serves to give us intellectual pleasure without conveying necessarily any moral whatsoever. Nevertheless, inasmuch as the mind and the heart, in a word, the soul of him who reads, is refined, lifted out of himself, as it were, and elevated for the moment, upon perusing, let us say, a given poem—insomuch does it possess an indirect moral value that helps the individual towards the realization of the higher life that result in coming into close contact with lofty emotion and refined thought. In this respect, all literature, no matter what its subject-matter, serves its true aim and makes for the betterment of him who profits by the influence it exerts.

The immortal admiration for any one writer and the product of his pen is only too often attended by the regret one feels that the writer in question should have allowed his work to be tainted at times by that which shocks the moral sensibility of the reader. Hence the frequent necessity of expurgated editions, and hence, too, the unfulfilled desire on the part of authors to retract what, with less thought of the consequences, they dared to give expression to. It is to be regretted, indeed, that our literary conscience is so often tolerant for the sake of a misapplied and misunderstood "art for art's sake" notion or literature for the sake of literature.

Every literary production that fails in some way or other to have a healthy moral influence upon the reader is of no ethical value—not that it is essential to good literature, as such, to have for its immediate object the conveyance or imparting of moral lessons or moral sentiments. Yet every true work of literature should either have its negative value in not teaching bad morals or a positive value by adding to the moral betterment of him who reads and comes under its influence.

A morally good book should make morally good men. A bad book is waste in the economy of true education. False philosophy, morbidity, sensualism and sensationalism can find no place in really good literature or in the literature of a day or a decade. It is a poor immortality that lives to damn and not to save. Baneful and corrupt thoughts, perpetuated in some smart literary setting, are but a worthless contribution to the world's literature and a poor asset to the fame of any writer, be he a great or small constellation in the firmament of literary lights of any age or country.

Literature is not an end in itself if it exists as a means to influence for the better the mind and heart of man. But literature does exist as such a means, and if it does or fails to carry out its purpose as such a means, it is subject to moral considerations and can be judged by moral standards. We admit that a work of literature may be good in itself as a work of art. But this does not prevent it being morally good or morally bad in its relation to man's moral welfare. And this surely is a moral consideration. That is not an end in itself which serves as a means to a higher end. But literature is a means to a higher end, namely, the education, the development and the uplift of the heart and the mind of humanity.

The "Index," to which even we Catholics in this enlightened age of ours sometimes so slightingly refer, is by no means an example of a narrow-minded or warped institution of the Mother Church, but it is unmistakably one of the many noble examples of the care which she ever exercises for the moral health and welfare of those

entrusted to her maternal care. If there were no "Index," the greater number of careless readers might be led to think that they have the option of reading what they choose to read, just as they are so ready to think, with their false ideas nowadays, of what constitutes real liberty, that they may do whatever it pleases them to do, irregardless of the consequences. License is but the illegitimate child of that liberty which many erroneously regard as the offspring of what is really meant by the freedom of government, the freedom of worship, the freedom of speech and the freedom of the press.

And when this idea is applied to the literature of two English-speaking continents, it is appalling to note to what extent this world is flooded with productions of literature that are detrimental to the good morals of society.

Art, in its diverse forms, is the expression of an idea in an ideal way. But the value of all art is to be measured by the object it has in view. It gives pleasure, but that pleasure, while it may be sensuous, should never be sensual. If artistic expression is alone to be considered, then we have but the technical value of a work of art, without any regard to its formal value or its higher or ulterior purpose, its moral value. And all artistic productions that seek to do no more than merely to please may readily and erroneously be conceived as the embodiment of some idea, given shape by the artistic touch, which has nothing else to justify its existence save that it is the pretty phrasing or delineation of a fanciful conceit. Pleasure that is immoral can never be considered the object of Christian art.

As soon as art takes the place of religion and becomes for the artist his fetich, his idol before which he bows and offers incense, so soon is the Christian ideal of art shattered and the pagan ideal established in its stead. It is because of this that many great writers must ever bear the stigma of naturalistic and materialistic paganism in many or most of their writings. It is here that the adage, "Art for art's sake," so distinctly applies. Not that the pagan ideal of art is altogether ignoble, but there is no Christian excuse for it. We can understand that the poets of paganism, disgusted with mere idolatry, looked for God as the true and beautiful first in nature and then in art. And so when Keats sings, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all ye know and all ye need to know," we are not altogether surprised. But we are surprised to find that religion and morality played so little a part in the art of some of our greatest poets, as they were so little conspicuous in their lives.

All literature, broadly speaking, has for its subject-matter either

science or poetry, the terms prose and verse designating, as is commonly accepted, merely the garb of language. The code of ethics can readily be violated, whether a particular literary production be a scientific treatise or an essay, a history or a biography, in which may be taught sophistry or false doctrines of one kind or another, and be given excuses for much immoral conduct in life; or whether it be a poem or a novel, which through subtilty of expression may cause the excitement of improper emotions or promulgate charmingly set forth fallacies.

Of all productions of literature there is none perhaps so popular as the novel. The latest novel, like the latest song, is on everybody's lips. Popular novels are dramatized so that some story may be still more vividly presented to the public, while, on the other hand, the popular play is ofttimes novelized, so that it may be largely bought up by readers who have not had the opportunity to see the performance of the play. So reciprocal is the relation between the productions of the novelist and the playwright that it is a question as to which of the two forms of literature constitute the higher bidder for popularity.

The human mind will always long to be satisfied by intellectual entertainment and refreshment, so that the novel as a form of literature has not only come to stay and be popular reading, but it will continue to occupy a position of influence among readers in its ability to prove food for the mind and the heart and to be a source of instruction as well as of entertainment. And while this is so, it cannot be other than a serious source of moral strength or weakness in its effect upon the reading public. The question of morals applied to the novel cannot, therefore, be left a question unanswered.

Readers of all classes are found among omniverous readers of the novel. Although in any given work of literature false principles of philosophy and morality are capable of being imparted to the lay reader, in no form of literature are false notions of philosophy and morals so easily and so insidiously conveyed as in the novel, where the dress of literature often so cunningly hides banal and harmful teachings, as is the case in many novels of the day.

Witness the furore caused by that uncalled for bit of fiction, "Three Weeks." The public was shocked, and the author in turn was shocked at the surprise, to say the least, manifested by a decent public at what had been boldly perpetrated. Her indifference amounted to a feminine shrug of the shoulders and criticism of the public taste, which, as Oscar Wilde would have said, showed "an incompleteness of vision." But Elinor Glyn's moral responsibility did not end there.

The best sellers of the day are not necessarily morally good books, nor even good literature. But they will do more harm if they teach that sin is a pleasant thing and only a term opposite to virtue than if they fail to improve our English. A portion of popular reading, at present much advertised, consists of certain memoirs of European court intrigues and stories of French crimes and courtesans, appropriately embellished with illustrations that help along the mental debauch and spiritual dissipation of him who reads. De Maupassant and others of his school have their droll stories, which are like sugar-coated pills, the authors apparently deeming it necessary to administer their doses of cynical truisms in such a way as to make them more palatable.

Inasmuch as a work of art exists not for itself alone, but as a means toward an end, it has a definite ethical value according as it does or does not carry out its purpose and has a good or bad influence on those for whom it is intended. Nor can a work of art be considered apart from its moral value for still another reason. In the imagination of the poet there exists the material for a poem. He might even write the poem and hide it away or burn it. But as soon as it is given to the world and men come in contact with it by reading and study and analysis, a relation between itself and man is established. This relation is a moral relation, so to speak; that is, its influence upon man is either good or evil. But if a poem in the given instance or any work of literature can influence a reader for good or for evil, it surely has an ethical value.

Let a poet who has a hold upon the people, in other words, who is popular, write a poem which is brimful of unhealthy pessimism or perhaps blasphemy and the thousands who pride themselves as cultured, although their culture be little more than superficial knowledge, will laud the poet and his work to the very skies. His poem is read and repeated, it leaves its virus behind, it saturates their souls, and without reference to morals at all it takes its place in the literature of the day, and does it end there? Is its baneful influence not to be considered? In a word, has it no ethical value? And if it has, why will the reading public not regard it in its true light as a work that with reference to morals has utterly failed of its highest purpose?

It should not be a question whether the artistic merits of a literary composition outweigh the higher consideration of its ethical value. It is a question whether artistic merit is not sometimes mistaken for morbid taste. Human proneness to delight in the sensual, the lurid and the bizarre may account for the fact that so many writers court reputation by catering to a depraved public taste. The "old Adam" stirs in man very strongly at times and

affects not only the reader, but the writer as well. The writer it is who supplies the reader with the material. Let him see to it that he influences the taste of the reading public in the right direction and a high ethical standard for literature, as well as a demand for good, clean literature will be the inevitable result.

Why is it that booksellers and publishers advertise to advantage their unexpurgated editions of certain works that are known to contain filthy passages if it is not because they know that they will find ready purchase among persons who take a special delight in poring over that which is putrid and sensual? It is the same morbid curiosity for that which is morally off color on the patr of many readers which packs a theatre to its very doors when a censured play holds the boards of a local theatre, showing that the drama as a form of literature can have a demoralizing influence.

Since the idea of responsibility is the pivotal principle underlying ethics, the idea of responsibility enters into the consideration of every writer and that which he writes. This, too, is true, that the responsibility is commensurate with the writer's power for good or evil.

It is a sacred privilege to be "priest of Partagas," to be allowed to enter into the Temple of Thought. It is a high and mighty prerogative to be one of the chosen few whom Kipling calls "masterless men with the magic of words." But woe to him who profanes the holy of holies or who wastes his talent by using his God-given genius to dethrone the God of nature and desecrate the spirit and debauch the mind.

The boasted Renaissance wrought as much harm as it wrought good. It broke the chains of fettered freedom to such an extent that the idea of liberty in men's minds ran riot and freedom of conscience became license to sin; that freedom of government gave birth to the monstrosity of lawlessness; that freedom of the press or to express one's opinion gave rise to free thinking.

Shelley, the student, writes "Prometheus Unbound," flinging defiance at Jove, and writes, too, "The Revolt of Islam." The besetting sin of writers of his type was the pride of intellect. It was not sufficient that man had sinned with Adam by disobedience that hurled him from Paradise, but he must needs add insult to injury, so to speak, against the Almighty, by sinning like Lucifer, to be hurled from heaven. The vanity of intoxicated reason would dethrone the very God of nature and place upon the throne the idol of self-love, self-worship and sense-worship.

All of us in Adam have eaten of the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and of evil. And not content with that, men have dared to revolt against the evil consequences from endur-

ance of which we are to arrive at the proper appreciation of the good, and, like Lucifer at the dawn of creation, men have sinned by the pride of the intellect against the Holy Spirit and have thus committed the sin which may not be forgiven either in this world or in the world hereafter.

The instruction conveyed to us through letters should be such that we must be instructed in the paths that lead to virtue; we must be elevated and refined, so that we may be enabled to shape our final destiny and perfect the stature of our soul and realize and finally rest in our last end, which is God Himself. The emotions or feelings aroused in us by reading works of literature must be such as to impel us to alleviate suffering or to right wrongs or to live lives of moral rectitude ourselves and to help others to live aright, as side by side we push on to reach the goal of eternal bliss in the great beyond, where we who have been guided in our course by high thoughts and lofty emotions shall sit and listen at the feet of the Origin of Arts to the final and eternal lesson of light and of love.

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A GLIMPSE AT THE GREGORIAN RENAISSANCE.*

GREGORIAN chant is a traditional, venerable, highly artistic manifestation of Christian song worship. Originating from Greco-Roman tonalities, Oriental rhythmics, Jewish liturgical customs, then wonderfully transformed and intensified by the Christian genius, it had its normal periods of formation, progressive development and golden age. Unfortunately, it had also its decadence, but, like the phœnix, it springs from the ashes of decrepitude imposed upon it by too many centuries of ignorance, and our modern times contemplate it soaring up anew into the sky and enjoy its glorious revival.

Any normal soul meeting real Gregorian chant in good faith, with a knowledge of musical traditions and a sense of artistic things, is quickly subjugated by its majesty, sweetness and sincerity of expression. Frequently the enthusiasm of musicians for it increases with age and experience, whereas their taste for fashionable modern music fades away along the same lines.

As an ideal form of sacred music, Gregorian chant is a matter

* A paper read before the D. C. Chapter of the American Guild of Organists at the meeting of November 3, 1913, by the Rev. Dr. Abel L. Gabert, instructor in ecclesiastical music at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

of general interest, but more particularly so for Christian Churches of any denomination. To say the truth, most of them dropped the use of the Latin language, thereby checking for themselves the practical utilization of the Gregorian repertory as it stands. But it keeps all its importance from the viewpoints of archæology, history and musical exemplification. And it really is the common property of all these Churches, for the Gregorian art had run its three stages of formation, golden age and decadence even before the ill-fated times when differences arose in the great family of those who are the beloved children of the same Heavenly Father and adore and love above all the same Divine Lord Jesus Christ.

To-day the essential features and requirements of the Gregorian restoration are in our possession. After years and years of strenuous attempts made by innumerable workers at the amelioration of practical rendering at large, attempts preliminary and conducive to some initiative to be taken by way of authority, the Holy Roman See, in 1904, decreed the immediate preparation of a Vatican edition of Gregorian chant, and then published the Graduale in 1908 and the Antiphonale in 1912. These books supply the maximum of Gregorian genuineness attainable in the present position of archæological science. Perhaps something more might have been done along the rhythmical lines; Rome, however, did not feel obliged to take part in matters still eagerly controverted, and Rome had to act quickly for urgent reasons, and Rome adopted and sanctioned the substantial points thus far agreed upon, leaving the others to further discussion among scientists: a line of conduct evidently wise and pacific.

It would be interesting to trace back and follow along to modern times the causes of the long decadence which made such a vigorous reform necessary. But a short historical sketch of the Gregorian restoration itself in its intense period will be far more practical; let us stick to it. The conspicuous battlefield of the Gregorian conquest was France, and the leaders were the Benedictine monks of Solesmes. To-day the monachal Solesmes is only a memory, as its celebrated monks left France in 1901, and are now sheltered in Quarr Abbey, a short walk from Ryde, in the garden of England, the beautiful Isle of Wight. The old glorious name, however, is still retained.

I.

The first obstacle Solesmes had to face in the work of Gregorian restoration was a splendid indifference and skepticism prevailing everywhere, even among the clergy, towards the musical forms of the past.

Even from the first half of the nineteenth century much had been written and spoken for the Gregorian cause by theorists and specialists, but to little avail. Solesmes also, under the strong and genial direction of its first abbot, Dom Prosper Guéranger, originator of the liturgical unity, had done much, theoretically and practically, but in the silence of the monastery. Scarcely a foretaste of its work had been conveyed to the public by some writings of Canon Gontier.

The first decisive attempt at serious activity outside began in 1880, when Dom Pothier startled the musical world of Europe by his book, "Les Mélodies Grégoriennes." Short enough, but substantial, this book was a luminous illustration of the following points: excellence and character of the liturgical chant; importance and conditions of a good rendering of Gregorian music; musical writing in ancient times, alphabetic notation, neumatic notation; successive phases of the latter; the neums in their relation with duration or strength of tones, significative letters, Romanian signs; reason of the divers figures of notes and rules of rendering common to all formulas; Latin pronunciation; how to unite syllables in the same word; divisions in reading and singing; melodic runs on single syllables; rhythm special to Gregorian chant; hints on measured rhythm; liturgical recitatives; psalms, anthems and responses.

This was a clever work. It supplied a long awaited code of rational and practical rules of rendering applicable to any, even the most defective, of the plain chant editions then in use. And it was a revelation of the Gregorian horizon, beautifully expanded in eloquent style, well adapted to clerical mentality.

The same year, 1880, in the beginning of October, I entered the Seminary of Grenoble as a student in theology. The professor of plain chant grasped at once the momentous importance of the new book, and immediately strove to bring its principles into sweeping practice. And our Seminary of Grenoble was, as far as I know, the first place that followed in the steps of Dom Pothier and Solesmes. Of course, our attempts were rather timid in the beginning. But in 1881 an ex-monk of Solesmes, Father Velluz, returning to the secular clergy, came to us with a warm recommendation from Dom Pothier, spent a few days in our place and imparted to us the practical secrets of rendering, the living manner and example without which the best books remain dead letter. Then in 1883 Dom Pothier himself visited us, bringing the news of the publication of his "Liber Gradualis" with a fresh supply of little secrets for the improvement of our singing.

At the same date and in the same diocese a similar transformation

took place in the "petit séminaire" of La Côte St. André, where I was professor and choirmaster from 1884 to 1894.

Now, let us notice that little by little many other places like ours were won over to Gregorian enthusiasm and did as we had done in Grenoble and La Côte St. André. In Paris, where I was choirmaster from 1894 to 1907, I observed the same work in choice churches, institutions, religious houses, in the Schola Cantorum, St. Sulpice Seminary, convent chapels, sometimes even in concert halls. In the country many churches and colleges and seminaries had been ahead of Paris itself. In short, the Gregorian work was spreading quickly and intensively. Meanwhile methods were published, musical reviews and newspapers advertised the progress of the cause, special reviews were created and succeeded and aroused the interest even of the secular world. In truth, the first essays oftentimes happened to have here or there a character of innocence and clumsiness which did little credit to Gregorian art, but good will and sincere zeal radiated all over the country, despite many drawbacks and accidental failures, and the general movement could be checked no longer. Solesmes had said: "Do not theorize, but train yourselves and sing, and let everybody listen to your singing," and this advice was understood. And Solesmes kept on giving the example; it really was an ideal conservatory of Gregorian music, and very soon became like a place of pilgrimage, where even our best masters were not ashamed to go and confess to the indescribable charm of artistic manifestations at once so old and so new.

From France the Gregorian movement invaded England and Italy, Belgium and Germany, Austria and Spain. Spain was conquered late, eight years ago, but "hath rejoiced as a giant to run the way," and will perhaps leave her Latin sisters behind, if I may so infer from the wonders I witnessed in November, 1912, at her third national congress of sacred music in Barcelona. As the illustrious Spanish master, Felipe Pedrell, had declared at another congress a few years before, "the Solesmes editions of Gregorian chant are to be found everywhere." Everywhere, in fact, and in the New World as in the old one. Everywhere, even in the humblest and remotest Catholic missions. Everywhere, as the directions of the Roman Holy See are heard and obeyed in all places where large or small Catholic congregations have to meet for prayer and worship.

Truly, from their humble retreat the Benedictines of Solesmes, supported only by their artistic faith and trust in the power of truth, led the most wonderful campaign, subdued the most obstinate resistance in the most pacific way, and literally conquered the whole world to their ideals.

But before chanting the victory of our Benedictines we had better take a more extensive view at the difficulties of their mission in the past.

II.

Another obstacle Solesmes had to confront was the opposition of Rome itself, an opposition that was normal and necessary for a definite period, and which, for aught that anybody knew, might become definitive and irrevocable, and an opposition which was exceedingly torturing to a community well known as eminently faithful and submissive to the Holy See.

In fact, Pius IX., anxious to complete the liturgical unity by the unity of the singing itself, had adopted as official the so-called Medicean edition in 1870, and the Congregation of Rites had accordingly given the publishing firm of Pustet a privilege of monopoly bound to last thirty years, that is to say, until the end of December, 1900. Now, at the bar of archæology the crippled and mutilated Medicean edition had no value at all. Consequently, any new scientific step taken by the Benedictine monks necessarily was a blow at the official plain chant, a threat to the interests of the Ratisbon firm and an indirect criticism of the contract passed between it and the Holy See.

From an early date the broad-minded Pope Leo XIII. undoubtedly was, *in petto,* won over to Solesmes, as were many influential personages in his entourage, but he was obliged to stand for the "status quo" just the same.

Therefore, between 1880 and 1900 the position of the Gregorian cause was extremely critical and gave rise to many incidents, which we followed with an equal dose of anxiety and curiosity, as they were a strange mixture of business, science, authority, diplomacy and sometimes of politics and nationalism. But to relate them in detail, even to sum them up, would lead us too far; it will be better to limit our analysis to a few details of musical information, and we find them admirably condensed in a page written four years ago in the preface to the tenth volume of the *Paléographie Musicale,* by Dom André Mocquereau, the master of masters in Gregorian science.

"Twenty-five years ago," he says, "when Dom Pothier published his 'Liber Gradualis,' the partisans of the official Ratisbon edition manifested an intense irritation; they had so much interest in fostering the belief that their cropped and mutilated edition contained the genuine and authentic chant of St. Gregory.

"The true Gregorian melody, nearly restored in its primitive purity, inflicted upon them a categorical proof to the contrary.

Henceforward, Solesmes was the enemy, and nothing was spared in order to destroy its work and misrepresent the monks and friends of this monastery as disloyal sons in revolt against the authority of the Holy See.

"The adversaries of the melodic tradition at first asserted that the Solesmes edition of 1883 could not contain St. Gregory's chant, as this chant had been lost long ago and could not be found again. In so speaking, they forgot that they had boasted of possessing the same in their own edition.

"An answer was wanted, and at this very moment the only efficient answer was the publication of the documents, the old manuscripts. And the creation of the *Paléographie Musicale* was decided upon.

"The first volume reproduced the Antiphonale Missarum, n° 339, from the library of St. Gall. A comparison between this manuscript and the Solesmes 'Liber Gradualis' showed that the latter contained the true old melodies of the Church.

"So striking a proof, it would seem, should convince the most obstinate adversaries. It did not. The adversaries of the melodic tradition pretended that one single manuscript was no proof, that the manuscripts spread all over the world were not in agreement with one another, and that, owing to these divergencies, the restoration of the genuine Gregorian melody was impossible.

"An assertion without the slightest foundation. But how could we publish the hundreds of codices scattered among the libraries of all countries?

"Finally, a piece, the Gradual 'Justus ut palma,' was chosen and reproduced after 219 antiphonaries of various origins, from the ninth to the seventeenth centuries. All the churches in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France, Belgium, England and Spain were called upon to give evidence in this inquiry, and all of them bore testimony in favor of the melodic tradition by pouring out into our collection the same melody, always the same, the one of the Solesmes 'Liber Gradualis.'

"The proof was established. Then the adversaries took refuge behind the great name of Palestrina—Palestrina, author of the Medicean version, of the Ratisbon edition! What an argument! But Monsignor Carlo Respighi and the Rev. Dom Raphael Molitor were quick to dispel this phantasmagoria. And the cause was gained."

This conclusion took place in 1899. At the same date the old Fr. Pustet wrote to me: "I have a feeling that the battle is lost for us."

Indeed it was. The privilege of the Medicean edition expired

in December, 1900, and was not renewed. And on May 17, 1901, Pope Leo XIII. sent the Right Rev. Paul Delatte, abbot of Solesmes, the famous Brief "Nos quidem," freely, at last, and proudly praising the Gregorian work of Solesmes. And when Pius X. succeeded Leo XIII., one of his first preoccupations was to give us a code of sound regulations for sacred music and to decree the true Gregorian restoration and to herald the archæological principle.

By way of short digression, let us pay homage to the wonderful *Paléographie Musicale,* a scientific quarterly started in 1889 and still in full life, devoted partly to the publication of facsimiles of old Gregorian manuscripts and documents, and partly to the diffusion of Gregorian science by means of explanations and even regular treatises which might supply materials for years of teaching. Of the *Paléographie Musicale* we have a complete copy in the Catholic University and are subscribers to its future numbers. But I do not think you will find it in the Library of Congress. Two years ago, as Dom Mocquereau had written to me that the same periodical had no subscriber in New York, I happened to express my astonishment before a manager of G. Schirmer's, whereupon the head of the firm directed that a copy should be ordered for himself, an honorable sacrifice to American pride. Are there other copies in this country? I do not know; but I know that there are in the world five hundred copies of the first year's, and that the printing number was afterwards raised from five to six hundred. Truly, we should have our fair share of them on this side of the water.

Now, let us run through a third phase of the sorrows of Solesmes, that always seem to go along on parallel lines with its triumphs.

III.

In the seventh volume of the *Paléographie Musicale,* published from 1901 to 1905, Dom André Mocquereau revealed to the musical world all the secrets of Gregorian rendering previously known and practiced in his monastery, and expressly taught not only by Dom Mocquereau himself, but by Dom Pothier also, as by any monk who had to take part in rhythm teaching. The main point of the system was an absolute freedom, for the tonic syllables of the text, to take place on any kind of rhythmical beat or at any part of the same. This principle is compulsorily imposed by the whole economy of Gregorian composition. In fact, for the Gregorian composers of the classic epoch, the Latin tonicity included: 1° the primitive Greco-Latin concept of melodic elevation; 2° the Latin

concept of intensity, brought into use after Cicero's time, and nothing else. The concept of quantitative accentuation was created by the Renaissance, and has little to do with the Gregorian repertory.

Besides, in 1903, the Benedictines published a new edition of Gregorian chant; it realized a great melodic improvement on Dom Pothier's Liber Gradualis of 1883, and even on the Graduale and Antiphonale published by Solesmes in 1895, and by means of a conventional system of rhythmical signs inspired by tradition it made Gregorian rhythm very much easier for all classes of practitioners.

Now, even before 1900 the monks of Solesmes had their opponents on the rhythmical field, or along the line of their so-called "rhythmical tradition," but not in the crucial way which was to mark the following period. The most prominent among these early opponents were the Rev. A. Dechevrens, S. J., and George Houdard, both dead, the former in 1912, the latter in 1913. Both worked on the same documents as the Benedictines, Father Dechevrens trying to establish for Gregorian melodies the same rhythm as for modern figured music, George Houdard striving to demonstrate that any unit of the primitive Gregorian notation, either single note on a syllable or group of two, three, four or more tones, is a temporary beat, an isochronous subdivision of the rhythmical line. From the traditional viewpoint neither system seemed to be viable, but the author of each one was an intelligent man and a splendid worker, and Dechevrens was supported by the Jesuits and Houdard by his own wealth, and having been intimate with both, I may testify that both were disinterested, dignified and lofty men, in spite of a certain exasperation and intemperance of language that blotted Houdard's last period. Opponents they were, no doubt, but loyal opponents, such as are required in any serious cause to make it lively and conspicuous.

Perhaps it is not quite easy to view from the same angle certain other men who were procreated to Gregorian life, fostered and brought up by the candor and benevolence of Solesmes and became its enemies, at least to some extent, when their scientific personality and influence were sufficiently established. Here I am on burning ground; many secrets that were entrusted to me have to be kept for the present, although they will be a part of the history of to-morrow. I may, however, risk some hints or put in a true light things already known.

In August, 1892, the periodical *Revue du Chant Grégorien* was created in my native Diocese of Grenoble for the diffusion of the teaching of Solesmes, and its early stage of life was certainly

secured by Solesmes itself. At the end of the directorship of its third "rédacteur en chef," Canon Grospellier, who died in July, 1908, this review became lukewarm toward Solesmes. And the next rédacteur, Dom Lucien David, Dom Pothier's secretary, opened a kind of regular war against the work of this monastery, more particularly against Dom Mocquereau's rhythmical signs and his suppression of "broken mediation" in the practice of psalmody.

In January, 1895, the periodical *La Tribune de St. Gervais* was created in Paris as an official organ of the "Schola Cantorum." The latter is indebted to Solesmes for the totality of its own Gregorian standing, and I well remember, as early as 1896, dining at a mutual friend's in Paris with Dom Mocquereau and Dom Delpech, who had come for Gregorian lectures and performances in collaboration with the said Schola Cantorum, which at that time was, believe me, a very humble Gregorian entity. And *La Tribune de St. Gervais* has followed about the same course as the *Revue du Chant Grégorien.*"

Besides, some noted Gregorianists, like Mr. Amédée Gastoué, professor in the same Schola Cantorum, and Dr. Peter Wagner, professor of Gregorian chant in the University of Freiburg, were not careful enough to keep aloof from unnecessary and systematic opposition to Solesmes. A few other names of minor importance might be mentioned in this connection, but let us pass on.

In July, 1910, while visiting Quarr Abbey, I found Dom Mocquereau intent upon the project of creating a new review, intended to be the genuine work of the Benedictines of Solesmes and the faithful channel of their teaching. It was to be called *Revue Grégorienne,* and its first number came out in January, 1911. In less than two years its noble standing won more subscribers than the two above-mentioned periodicals had been able to do together in twenty years.

A bold attempt, however, had been made at palsying this new review in its very cradle. A decree of the Congregation of Rites, signed on January 25, 1911, came out the next month discrediting the addition of rhythmical signs to the plain chant books of the Vatican edition. It is well known to-day that this blow at Solesmes had been directed by Dom Pothier himself. Perhaps it will not be quite untimely to say a few words more about him.

Dom Pothier is almost an octogenarian. His has been, no doubt, a wonderful career. He was the second man entrusted by Dom Guéranger with the study of Gregorian science. The first man, Dom Jausions, having died in 1870, Dom Pothier was invited in 1880 to start the Gregorian campaign outside the monastery, which was done with great success. The no less celebrated Dom Moc-

quereau, now sixty-three years old, was initiated by Dom Pothier in Gregorian art, and in 1889 received from the abbot orders to take the general direction of the singing in the monastery. At the same date the *Paléographie Musicale* was started, an enterprise which, happily in vain, Dom Pothier is said to have opposed at the outset. Then began a dark period, the manifold troubles of which I do not want to reveal, a period after which, in 1893 or about, Dom Pothier, body, soul and heart, left Solesmes, and was sent to Ligugé. To leave Solesmes was to leave the home of Gregorian knowledge, the atelier of its elaboration and development, the sanctuary of the documents and manuscripts, the salutary companionship of a phalanx of ideal workers. This was the end of Dom Pothier as a man of science, at least of his progress as such; but the world did not know that, did not even suspect the fact that day by day the other monks were going ahead of the old man, and, therefore, Dom Pothier retained his former prestige.

Let us take a jump of ten years. In November, 1903, the famous "Motu Proprio" about sacred music came out. A few months later a Vatican edition of Gregorian chant was decreed in principle, and on April 25, 1904, a second "Motu Proprio" appointed for the purpose a commission of some twenty members and consultors, with Dom Pothier as president, and Dom Mocquereau and a few other monks of Solesmes were made redactors of the musical text. This was an ideal plan; unfortunately it was not pursued. Let us omit the details and come to the crude conclusion that, fourteen months later, on June 24, 1905, the Cardinal Secretary of State unexpectedly directed Dom Pothier to assume himself the task of preparing the musical text. Thereupon the monks of Solesmes retired quietly. And Dom Pothier became what he craved to be, the "only one" in the question.

The last and prominent feature of the battle against Solesmes was the Decree of January 25, 1911, above mentioned. But Dom Pothier's blow at Solesmes was in reality a blow at himself. Overworked by his redaction, he had not paid sufficient attention to the many intricacies of business and diplomacy involved in the question of rhythmical signs. Quickly did the consequences develop, and the administration, being put in straits, was obliged to investigate. And the absolute reliability of Solesmes was once more evidenced. And our liberties in matter of rhythmical signs were practically given back to us by two declarations issued by the secretary of the Congregation of Rites on April 29, 1911, declarations which became a regular Decree in July, 1912. And a decision of the Congregation of Rites, published in August, 1912, granted us our freedom in matter of "broken mediations," despite the

"Cantorinus" previously published by Dom Pothier under the auspices of the same Congregation.

Last year, 1912, during a trip of musical investigation in Europe, I spent five weeks in Paris, two in Quarr Abbey, one in Grenoble, two in Rome and one in Barcelona. What I heard and saw, the confidences I received, the rush of information that whirled around me, might supply materials for a regular book and give abundant justification to the convictions and impressions disclosed by the present paper. Much might be said about the facts that Dom Pothier worked out the Vatican edition of Gregorian chant with the help of a ridiculously small number of documents; that he was paid a royal price for a work the monks of Quarr Abbey would have done much better for nothing; that many an important personage willingly and openly declares that he does not consider the Vatican edition as definitive.

But definitive or not, with respect and love we accept it as it is, because it comes from the Holy Father, because it creates a very honorable unity and because it saves us from all the fakers who might tease us with other editions of their own make. The corrections and improvements will come later, in due time and in the most pacific way. For the great Gregorian cause much has been done already, but much remains to be done. In his address to the congress of Rome, in 1904, Dom Mocquereau claimed that fifty years more of strenuous work were needed to secure the definitive version of Gregorian chant. Such being the state of the question, let us cling to the real and genuine Solesmes or Quarr Abbey, watch the work of its monks in the future as we did in the past and benefit by it.

To close, let us remark that in Gregorian matters our English literature is extremely poor. Now, you well know that without proper book the diffusion of Gregorian chant is almost impossible. Oral teaching may procure good practice, even is necessary for that; but practice will not be stable and persevering if not supported by scientific enthusiasm, and the latter is supplied by serious books much more than by lectures, because spoken words fly and pass into oblivion.

Therefore, Gregorian books are badly needed in this country.

In the beginning of 1911 the publishing firm of G. Schirmer enthusiastically promised me to give us an English edition of "Les Mélodies Grégoriennes," by Dom Pothier, and of "Le Nombre Musical Grégorien," by Dom Mocquereau. But this firm has been so poorly repaid for its generous efforts in behalf of the Catholic music repertory that the promise has been forgotten. This year I tried to win over the firm of Pustet to the publication of

other Gregorian books in English, and I met with a courteous and absolute refusal, at least for the present, if not for a good while to come.

My dear friends, you are a select body of musical capacities. If your knowledge and experience and influence ever may find any ways and means of helping and promoting the Gregorian cause along the lines suggested by these last statements of facts, it will be an excellent thing to go ahead.

And this is my conclusion.

ABEL L. GABERT.

Washington, D. C.

A POETICAL KEMPIS.

Sad are sung songs, but how more sad
The songs we dare not sing!

THUS sang Francis Thompson, the Catholic poet of this century, unknowingly proclaiming himself the poet of mystic sadness. His was not a morbid or a selfish sadness, for his poems would have got no further than the editor; his was the sadness that clings around the minds of great poets and great saints. At first sight the word sadness seems to have been coined in the mint of grief and tears. But such is not the case. There is a higher sadness, too sacred for tears, almost too elusive for words. Many people have declared that Thompson ought to abandon the ranks of the poets, because his sadness is too personal, too pessimistic. To a great extent this is true. There is a strain of pessimism in Thompson's poetry. Thompson, however, learned that "the still, sad music of humanity" comes nearest to the heart of every man.

The high seriousness which Matthew Arnold required of a true poet is never lacking in Thompson's poetry. The knowledge that "the heart of man is perverse from his birth," that the world is nothing more than a temporary resting place for the soul, that the end of this life must terminate in either eternal grief or eternal joy, so possessed Thompson's mind that he longed to renew in poetry the same message that Christ held for the listeners on the Mount or by the lake in Galilee.

Thompson, though he spurned Shelley's principles of anarchy, free love and atheism, adopted the chief theme of the Skylark as his special message to the world. "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought," sang Shelley, and Thompson, uttering

the same song, stripped it of its lawless surroundings and clad it with Catholic ideals. This theme of sadness taken collectively in all Thompson's poems is like the "principal subject" in Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetique." The subject is continually recurring. After a solemn outburst we catch the melody in the "Night of Forebeing," viz.: "The little sweetness making grief complete," which melody is resumed in the eighteenth stanza of the "Mistress of Vision," in the third stanza of the "Dread of Height," and further on this melody appears under a different notation in the "Orient Ode." Thompson's grief encircles the whole world, it peers into the hearts of the passersby, it pities the weary-laden, it uplifts the downfallen, it cheers along the wavering. Such a sadness is discernible in the works of Kempis and St. Bernard.

When Thompson chose to draw his inspirations from Catholic beliefs he deliberately forfeited his birthright to universality. Once before when he preferred the poet's pen to the surgeon's knife he had cut himself off from his father's good pleasure and fortune. Now, when he allowed Catholicity into his poems, he disowned himself of a universal audience and fame. The ideals clearly discernible in Thompson's poetry (every line is fit for the tenderest conscience) were those that Lionel Johnson had upheld for the mystic poet. "Mystic poetry," writes Johnson, "is the child of theology, the flower of art and creed." Consequently the mystic poet must be able to pierce the truths of the Godhead, to keep aflame in his poetry the faith that burns in his heart.

After we have read such poets as Byron, Keats or Swinburne, whose productions very often cross the boundaries of morality, we naturally conclude that poetry has fallen upon hard times. Francis Thompson in his essay on Shelley bewails the fact that the Church had allowed poetry to stray from its doors. With her influence gone, poetry fell. And it is just the duty of the mystic poet to uplift poetry to its former exalted station, to urge the Church to call for the fattened calf, because "he who had strayed away has now been found."

The circle of mystic poets, both on account of the knowledge required and the standard of morality to be retained, is not very largee. Crashaw, Southwell, S. J., Patmore, Francis Thompson and Christina Rosetti are the loftiest and the deepest Catholic mystics of modern times. Once when Goethe was questioned, "What are the requirements of a poet?" he responded: "A poet should have an entire knowledge of philosophy. When he is composing he ought to forget that he has learned philosophy." These intellectual requirements of an ordinary poet must be coupled with a poetic expression. The calling of the poet is indeed a high one,

and it exacts much knowledge, but the vocation of the mystic poet aspires to loftier heights. Patmore asserts that the mystic poet ought to be deeply versed in the "Summa."

The gift of poetical expression should even be more marked in the mystic poet. And this gift is at once discernible in the poetry of Francis Thompson. Richness of image, depth of thought and intensity of emotion go hand in hand with an expression which at times falls this side of the incredulous. Faults in diction and expression Thompson undoubtedly had, and serious ones at that; but these faults are overshadowed by the mere fact that underneath them all beats a heart that has seen as much of "God's passing by" as the protecting hand of God would allow. Francis Thompson has embodied in poetical thoughts and emotion the love of God for the sinner, the love of Mary for her children, the fear of eternity and the glories of heaven. In concluding these remarks on the mystic poet it can be safely stated that the mystic poet, so long as he keeps a tiresome pietism or a too forcible statement of his doctrines from his poetry, will be entitled to the highest place among the poets, because he is making of religion a living poem. And what touches the heart of man more than the message of the poet?

Francis Thompson is not a uniform poet. And by this I mean that the balance displayed between his emotions, his imagination and his thoughts is not equal. This inequality shows us two things: that Thompson is not a first-class poet, therefore he will not attain a world-wide reputation; that Thompson in certain qualities surpasses the first-class poet. When we speak of Shelley, immediately we are apt to remark something about his imagination; when we talk of Byron, emotion is the general topic we deduce; when R. Browning is discussed, depth of thought is the conclusion of our debate. Thus in each of these poets there are certain qualities which predominate. But in a first-class poet we require a uniform balance between every poetical quality. When Shakespeare is studied, we are at a loss to decide whether thought predominates over imagination or whether emotion is more stirring than either thought or imagination. Francis Thompson's imagination far surpassed his emotional and thinking faculties. His imagination developed to almost infinite proportions and overshadowing his thought and emotion—thus losing to him a chance for first honors in poetdom—produced deeper and more brilliant images than all the first-class poets have been able to bring forth, with the possible exception of Dante and Æschylus. Thompson has used images, the splendor and awfulness of which we look in vain for in Shakespeare.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, that creator of paradoxes, has stated that

Thompson's imagination was as small as it was great. And by this he meant that Thompson's imagination could produce such vast images that another mind could scarcely grasp them. The greatness of his imagination is shown in the fact that Thompson could liken the night to a monk or the sun to a vessel sinking in the golden vortex of the west. The other attribute of Thompson's imagination, the smallness of it, is entirely the opposite of its greatness. He can give us a sentence which can be worked out ad infinitum. Thus from the phrase "Pontifical death" Mr. Chesterton says that he has found ten or more suggestive thoughts. Should we sift and refine Thompson's imagination in this fashion, we could almost discover as many products as have been found in the atmosphere or in the ocean.

A poet who can perceive a point of comparison in such widely different subjects as the earth and a thurible must have had an enormous amount of intermediate comparisons from which he could have made his choice. If Francis Thompson was always looking for originality he could not have found a better means than by choosing the more remote comparison. In his poem called "Sunset" we can properly measure the width of Thompson's imagination. The first picture that presented itself to the author's mind was a tangled forest formed by the clouds of sunset. A child could imagine such a picture. This is the entrance of Thompson's imagination. Soon he leads us through paths scarcely trod before by man. The next scene is a "mist in reefs of fire."

From these

> A hundred sunbeams splinter in
> An azure atmosphere
> On cloudy archipelagos.

The second stanza opens with a vast ocean, and as quickly changes,

> As if some giant of the air and the vapors drew
> A sudden elemental sword.

The series of pictures have by no means come to an end. We are now, as it were, crossing a brook, and the steps in Thompson's imagination are becoming more and more difficult. "A cupola of gold" changes into a "bloody battlefield," while the third stanza presents

> A mighty crocodile with vast irradiant back.

What connection is there between a crocodile and a palace or a palace and a mountain? Yet these are the pictures of the fifth stanza. Suddenly

> The fearful cloudy edifice
> Ruins immense in moulded wrack,

changes into a mountain range

> And each inverted cone
> Hangeth, peak downward, overhead like
> Mountains overthrown.

Thompson's imagination is now like a spent runner who sees his goal in sight, makes one final spurt and falls fainting over the line. The next images complete the measure of Thompson's imagination. We have reached the end. These images exemplify the dictum of Mr. Chesterton exactly. The greatness of Thompson's imagination conjures up a hurricane, a waterspout, a thunderbolt, hell, and when the sun sinks, the smallness of his imagination belittles the sun into a "globe of iron" which rolls down the west.

Thompson has often been rightly censured for introducing into his poems too many images in rapid succession. The first ten lines of "An Anthem of Earth" contain as many different images. To grasp and retain all these images at the first or second reading would be impossible. To appreciate them at the fourth would be a clever feat of mental gymnastics. Naturally the patience of the reader is taxed in his endeavor to become acquainted with our poet.

One reason, no doubt, why Tennyson has been and is admired is because clearness and arrangement are perfect in his poems. Even the "Edinburgh reviewers," whom he so severely scores, agree in this point. This virtue of restraint would have brought Thompson to poetic perfection. Besides, had Thompson this virtue, had he chosen fewer details and given more space to his principal idea, there is no telling to what heights of emotion and depths of feeling he could have continually attained. There is no doubt that Thompson always felt these intense emotions surging in his soul when his imagination presented such vast images to his intellect, but his readers, who do not expect such images and, what is more, cannot comprehend them, are not able to enjoy these emotions. Consequently Thompson does not continually arouse the emotions which he wishes in his readers' souls. This defect of overcrowding his images is one which the reader must overlook and become accustomed to if he is desirous of passing many profitable hours of intellectual pleasure. Critics were not wrong, however, when they stated that the "Hound of Heaven," crowded as it is with images, is one of the most emotional odes in the English language, because they had arrived at this conclusion only after continual perusals, when each image produced the emotion which the image contained and when all the subordinate and complex details had become perfectly arranged in the critics' minds—as much patience is required on the reader's part in understanding Thompson as there was labor on Thompson's part in composing. Or, in other words, if one wishes to be an ardent admirer of Thompson, this one should

cultivate as rapid a passive imagination (i. e., an imagination which grasps another's, not forms one's own pictures), as Thompson's imagination was active or creative.

This smallness and greatness of Thompson's imagination makes its appearance in two distinct manners—his love of the stars and planets and his affection for children. In his "Anthem of Earth" the stars appear on the mental horizon of the reader in six varying degrees of brightness. The first quite early in the poem:

> Through the loud vast and populacy of heaven.

The others appear at almost regular intervals.

> Tempested with gold schools of ponderous orbs.

And so on to the sixth, as follows:

> Amazing the installed eyes of heaven.
> Lifts in his hands the stars, weighs them as gold dust.
> With the gold tesserated floors of Jove.
> Whose nostril turns to light the shriveled stars.

Thompson has poems to the "Sinking Sun," to the "Setting Sun," to "Creation," to the "Orient." Even in his "Ex Ore Infantium" the little child asks Jesus if He ever played marbles with the stars. This love of Thompson for the stars shows us that his imagination was always stretching out toward the Infinite. It shows us also that had "Paradie Lost" never been written, Milton might have found a worthy substitute in Thompson.

One scientist gets as much profit and pleasure from perusing his studies by means of the telescope as another by using the microscope. The former is used because it brings large and distant objects near at hand; the latter because it gives small or even infinitesimal matter a relative size. Thompson made use of both of these instruments in the construction of his poetry—the telescope to bring home to us vast and elusive images—the microscope in searching the heart of childhood. And what wonders did he find there? The innocence and simplicity, the tender affections and the naiveté, the chief virtues of childhood, are apparent in a score of songs. The "Sister Songs" are a tribute to childhood, and the "Ex Ore Infantium" could be rivaled by Blake perhaps in simplicity, but never in the deep religion shown therein.

Since Thompson's imagination was so paradoxical he did not hesitate to make use of paradox in the strict sense. An evident paradox always comes to the reader as an unexpected surprise. To the poet, besides offering a chance of giving pleasure, a paradox also gives an opportunity of compressing his thought. In the following line from the "Orient Ode" there are two opposite

thoughts which take a whole stanza to express; besides there are two opposite emotions, that of grief and that of joy. The line is:

> The deathfulness and lifelessness of fire.

We all know how fire destroys, and yet how it can be used as a purifier, or perhaps Thompson wished to say that at the same time fire was dealing cut death, it was using the objects on which it dealt death to further its own life. There are times, however, when a paradox is not in keeping with the thought, and that is when the poet gives the paradox too much prominence. The result of this fault would be a detraction on the reader's part; consequently, while he would be laboring over the paradox, the main idea of the poem would either be weakened by distraction or forgotten by the novelty of the paradox. The mind, had it no knowledge of philosophy, must labor and toil over this paradox from "The Night and Forebeing"—

> And strife
> Is the negation of the negation.

The same mental process must be gone through in the two following selections; the first is from "Grace of the Way;" the second from "The Ode to the Sinking Sun"—

> A calm of intempestuous storm,

and the second—

> Immutability mutable
> Burthens my spirit to the skies.

The occurrence of these faulty paradoxes, however, is rare in Thompson's poetry. On the contrary, the greater majority of his paradoxes fulfill almost perfectly the functions of a paradox.

There is something ethereal about Francis Thompson's poetry, because he personifies the abstract and makes it act as if it were the concrete; yet in this personification Thompson is showing again how paradoxical is his imagination. What more opposed to the concrete than the abstract? Thompson sees no difficulty in joining both together, thereby obtaining something elusive, but, nevertheless, if I may say so, tangible. As a rule, the poet has to break up the abstract into the finer, more digestible concrete. Only an Æschylus or a Shelley could properly handle the abstract and break it into living emotions. The followers of Dryden and Pope who were wont to write an abstract, like hate or love, with a capital letter, were personifying hate and love so that they became, as it were, living beings. This kind of personification used moderately in their day was allowable, but now it would be severely criticized. Thompson, however, avoided the mistakes of the eighteenth century,

though he frequently fell into the conceits of the Elizabethan period. The realization of the following lines, the substance of which, time, winds, the world's great pulse and the train of life are abstractions, comes to the reader with a jolt of surprise.

> Time's beating wing subsided
> And the wind's
> Caught up in their breathing, and the world's great pulse,
> Stayed in mid-throb, and the wild train of life
> Reeled by, and left us stranded on a hush.

The last abstract, "hush," is made something tangible—an island, where shipwrecked crews are said to be stranded. To my mind, though Thompson's other numerous abstract comparisons, such as "Titanic Glooms," "chasmed fears," "hollows of sweet," his poems to autumn and July, are far above the ordinary, still I think the most wonderful of all his abstractions is in his poem, "Love Declared," which is "Yet dreams snapped links cling round the limbs of waking." Here an utterly abstract noun takes on a concrete form, binds, as it were, the sleeper with chains, and when the sleep is broken the chains are snapped.

This faculty of personifying, shared in by so few poets, was not the greatest of Thompson's gifts. He possessed one which almost entirely separated him from most poets and placed him within a narrow circle. Few poets were able and are able to see likenesses between each sense. Thompson, however, threw aside the bounds that hem in the senses and perceived a similarity existing between touch, sight, smell, hearing and taste. We sometimes hear one saying this food tastes like the smell of roses. The two senses of taste and smell, which are almost twins, have been confused, and a likeness which belonged to the sense of smell has been applied to the sense of taste. We never hear one saying this sight appears like the sound of a beautiful harmony, though the saying could be made, were one comparing the beauty of the sight with the beauty of the harmony. The reason why we never make comparisons between the sense of seeing and the sense of hearing is because the points of comparison between these two senses are too delicate. Were these two senses developed as much as the senses of taste and smell, a comparison could be made with more propriety. Some of the poets, however, who have so developed their senses that it was an easy matter for them to make a comparison between one sense and another quite indiscriminately, give manifest signs that with their senses so delicately attuned, their imaginations as a consequence were more active and piercing. In a choral "Ode of the Œdipus Rex" Sophocles says, "The oracle flashed forth." Here the author confuses the sense of sound, or the oracle, with the sense of sight, or the flash of light. A much

more recent poet, Swinburne, in a poem called "A Child's Laughter," says:

> Very sound of very light
> Heard from morning's rosiest height.

Here again the poet has broken through the territory of another sense in his search for a proper comparison. There is, besides, an intermediate station between the senses; that is, when we cannot tell exactly which of two senses the poet had in mind. Thus when Shakespeare, in "Macbeth," says "light thickens," meaning, of course, that morning is ready to dawn, we can apply that word "thickens" to the sense of touch as well as to the sense of sight.

This comparison of the senses is seen to some extent in Thompson's poetry. It is an integral part of his imagination. In his poem the "Mistress of Vision," perhaps the most difficult of all his poems to understand because it is so ethereal, we read:

> East, ah, east of Himalay,
> Dwell the nations, underground
> Hiding from the shock of day
> Of the sun's uprising sound.

In this selection daylight has so affected the poet that he imagines he hears a tumult of sunbeams as they strike against the black wall of night. Again, in one of his later poems, Thompson says:

> "Sobs ooze through the webbed gold" of the girl's fan.

Here the sense perception is not so direct, for though the action of oozing which is seen by the eyes has been applied to the sense of hearing in the word "sobs," yet it is difficult from the context to say exactly by what sense the action of oozing is perceived.

Shakespeare is the only poet on record who in this manner has confused the sense of touch with sight. Thompson, however, has confused the senses of touch with smell. Thus in the "Corymbus to Autumn" we read:

> What is this feel of incense everywhere?

From all that has just been said concerning Thompson's imagination I think the reader will agree that Thompson's poems, even for the advantage and stimulation they afford, are worth many hours of studious pleasure. And yet what untold wealth is in store for the reader when he peers below the surface of Thompson's poems, when he comes to realize some of the thoughts and to feel some of the emotions, when he believes that here is a soul, intensely earnest and earnestly Catholic!

One looks in vain for a spirit of worldliness in the poems of Thompson. All of his thoughts seem to have been gathered by deep reading and wide experience, yet the atmosphere of his thoughts,

rendered in poetry, must have been gained by his long hours of contemplation in the Premonstratension Monastery. Catholics are thankful to Dante Gabriel Rosseti for his sonnets, but they often wish that Rosseti in his poems had spent long hours of contemplation on the standards of morality. Many an older person would hesitate to place Rosetti's poems in the hands of a young reader; the air of worldliness and beauty for beauty's sake which has frequently crept into his poems might be mistaken for high morality, and consequently lead the young reader into serious harm of soul. Thompson, however, never forgot that mystic poetry was the "child of theology, the flower in art and creed;" he always strove for his ideal, and never failed. He manages to throw around his poems an atmosphere which makes us feel as if we, too, were present at his lonely vigils before the Blessed Sacrament, sometimes by means of direct religious thought, at other times by his use of sacred similes and metaphors, similes which carry with them a world of holy memories, metaphors of the Mass, of Benediction, of the rites of the Church. On this account his poems will find greater appreciation among Catholics than among Protestants. If Thompson, however, took up a purely religious subject, he did not treat it in an everyday fashion, but breathed into it his own feelings, of fear, of sadness, of love, of hate.

And what a love he had for her who should be and is the queen of poets! While Thompson was dreaming and singing about the stars, his fancy must have often strayed to her whom he called the "gardener of the stars." To Thompson the stars were more than planets which we coldly survey, then catalogue; they were the entrances to heaven. In the following poem we find a clue to Thompson's love for Mary and the mystical meaning he attached to the stars. This poem is to "A Dead Astronomer" (Stephen Perry, S. J.):

Starry amorist, starward gone,
Passed through thy golden garden's bars,
Thou seest the Gardener of the stars.

She about whose mooned brow
Seven stars make seven glows,
Seven lights for seven woes;
She like thy own Galaxy,
All lustres in one purity:
What saidst thou, Astronomer,
When thou didst discover her?

When thy hand its tube let fall,
Thou found'st the fairest star of all!

One has only to glance over the titles of Thompson's poems to find out the depth of Thompson's love for Our Lady. "Assumpta Maria," the "Mistress of Vision," the "After Woman" and the "Grace of the Way" are some of the poems which Thompson has

dedicated to Our Lady. In almost every other poem there is either a direct or an indirect allusion to her. She it was, no doubt, who gave him inspiration to sing of such lofty subjects and to rise above the praising of carnal man. True, some of his thoughts are trivial, but the most of them, born of the earlier years of his grief and mellowed by his later years of seclusion, are of a solemn cast. Those words which Our Lord spoke by the shores of Galilee, words which have kept so many men in the right path and which have made so many saints: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" were constantly ringing in Thompson's ears. Time and time again we see the same thought, sometimes openly expressed, sometimes hidden under a clever disguise:

> And thou hast lore of all,
> But to thine own Sun's call
> Thy path disorbed hast never wit to tame;
> It profits not withal,

is the thought in Thompson's "Retrospect." The poem "Whereto Art Thou Come?" presents the thought less clearly:

> But woe to him who takes the immortal kiss
> And not estates her in her housing life
> Mother of all his seed.

And in the "Orient Ode" we find another example:

> Yea, not a kiss which I have given
> But shall triumph upon my lips in heaven,
> Or cling a shameful fungus there in hell.

These thoughts so solemnly uttered might lead one into the impression that Thompson is a confirmed pessimist, but it is not so. What hope lies behind those dreadful words of the "Hound of Heaven"—

> Ah, must—
> Designer Infinite!
> Ah, must thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?

The remainder of this poem shows that Thompson, even though he so continually before repeated "What doth it profit a man?" kept in his mind those other words of Our Lord, that He will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed. After Thompson had felt the caressing hand of God upon his soul, could he not joyfully sing in his "Heaven and Hell:"

> For all can feel the God that smites,
> But, ah, how few the God that loves!

And in the last song he uttered could he not lay down his pen, stop up the mighty flow of his intellect and chain down his colossal imagination with the words:

> If I have done a little good,
> I have not failed.

We might devote some time to Thompson's method of presenting his images and his thoughts, but we will leave this task to other hands. Suffice it to say in general that the magnificence of Thompson's metre suggests the heavy, but grand style of Milton; that Shelley's influence is shown in the refinement of Thompson's imagination; that whole lines once seen in Shakespeare have been turned to Thompson's use. Even the splendor of the later Elizabethan, Crashaw, is seen on almost every page, while the diction and some of Thompson's thoughts have a distinctly Keatsian flavor, and then, too, the reflective mood, so common with Wordsworth, has been used frequently by Thompson in most of his longer odes, "The Night of Forebeing," the "Corymbus to Autumn" and the "Ode to the Setting Sun."

As every man possesses his faults, so every poet has his drawbacks. The startling imagination of Thompson, his profuse and reckless use of images and his elaborate vocabulary are difficulties which stand in the way of a higher appreciation. Frequently he coins words which would tax the ingenuity of a philologist. To conclude, we ought to refer the readers to a recent book notice* concerning Thompson's poetry:

"But if Thompson partook of the weakness of some other poets, he was happily free from their wickedness. His song is a virginal song, pure and innocent of guile. His passion only warms and glows; it does not scar. Rarely has any singer so contrived to keep to the higher airs of inspiration and to avoid dabbling his wings in sensuous passion. The abandon, the swift tumultuousness of Thompson's verse is checked and chastened by a constant purity. In word, in imagery he may be wanton at times, and wild, but his thought is always chastened and controlled. His faith has done this thing for him, and it is a supreme blessing. Happy is the poet who leaves behind him only songs that youths and maidens may read without a blush. To have done otherwise is a supreme misfortune."

Robert A. Parsons, S. J.

Woodstock, Md.

* By E. F. G. in *America* for August 2, 1913.

Book Reviews

NOVELS AND RELIGIOUS BOOKS by the Best Catholic Authors. Free by mail, $0.50 per volume; fifty volumes assorted, $22.50. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Most persons reading this announcement would jump to the conclusion that these books are printed from small type, on poor paper and meanly bound. They might also conclude that they are by unknown authors and on uninteresting topics. Nothing could be farther from the truth. They are by the very best authors, on standard subjects, well printed and substantially bound. In fact, they are books worthy of a place in any library, and have sold for twice, and in some cases three times, the price at which they are now published. They are in no sense cheap books except in price. The mention of a few titles will convince any one of this. For instance, "Dion and the Sybils," that classic of early Christian times, which has been compared to "Ben Hur," and excels it; "Fabiola" and "Callista," Wiseman's and Newman's masterpieces of Christian fiction; "Agatha's Hard Saying," Rosa Mulholland's best story, and the "Tempest of the Heart," by Mary Agatha Gray.

In devotional works we have "Lives of the Saints," adapted from Alban Butler; Cochen's "Life of Christ," and the "Explanation of the Mass" by the same author; an "Explanation of the Sacraments, the Commandments and the Creed," by Dr. Rolfus.

In history we have Cobbett's "History of the Reformation," and "Lourdes," by Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.

These quotations will suffice to show the excellence of this collection and to win for the publishers that applause which they have earned and the patronage which they deserve.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT BOOK. By *Rev. F. X. Lasance.* 16mo., pp. 1200. New York: Benziger Brothers.

From the Introduction we quote:

"While the 'Blessed Sacrament Book' is adapted to serve as a book of devotions for the faithful in general, it is designed especially as a *Vade Mecum* for daily attendants at Mass, for frequent communicants and, above all, for the members of our various Eucharistic associations while engaged in performing the Holy Hour or the Hour of Adoration.

"The present work contains many of the old forms of prayer that have become indispensable favorites, it seems, with devout

souls, besides numerous new features of devotion which, we trust, will appeal to all whose delight is to visit Jesus in His prison of love and to make Him some return of love for abiding with us all days.

"Of things both old and new which we thought might be productive of sweet and wholesome fruits of devotion, we have to the extent of our opportunity given the measure described by our Lord —'good measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over.'

"We call particular attention to the numerous devotions for Mass, for Holy Communion, for the Forty Hours, of which the complete liturgy is given; then, again, to the many little offices and pious practices and reflections for visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and above all to the variety of methods for keeping the Hour of Adoration.

"It aims to cultivate the spirit of the contemplative life—that is, the spirit of prayer and penance and sacrifice for the interests of our holy mother the Church, for the sanctification and salvation of souls, for the spread of Christ's kingdom among the nations of the world. It is the spirit of the brave and zealous apostle, the cry of whose loving heart was: 'Da mihi animas!'—'Give me souls!'"

The author has made the field of prayer books his very own. His "My Prayer Book," "With God" and "The Blessed Sacrament Book" form a trinity of devotional manuals which ought to produce fruit a hundred-fold.

ROMA: Ancient, Subterranean and Modern Rome in Word and Picture. By *Rev. Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., D. D.* With Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Published in eighteen parts, bi-monthly, each part $0.35, postpaid. Subscription by the year, entitling to six parts, $2.00, postpaid. New York: Benziger Brothers.

When this announcement first appeared it was recognized at once as one of the most important of the year. It excited universal interest.

The fascination of Rome is not confined to those who have been there. It is at once the most interesting city in the world to every man that knows a page in history. It has ever held the centre of the stage of human interest. This present work will surprise and delight the reader. The average book on Rome is one-sided or superficial. The guide book to the Eternal City is naturally too brief. A thorough history is too long. Here is a work by an eminent Benedictine who has the scholarship and the opportunity to give to the world a treatise on Rome that is complete, yet brief and succinct. The style is rich yet popular, and the rich pleasures of new and modern Rome were never better presented to the public.

Ancient and modern, sacred and profane—it is the author's purpose to lead the reader through it all. He will act as guide to its Catacombs, its churches, its ruins and its monuments. In addition to his learning, the author has that enthusiasm and power of expression which are essential in a work of this kind.

But even all this, and the most facile pen, is not sufficient. There is still need for a wealth of illustration, and this need is supplied without stint. Nearly a thousand pictures will embellish its pages, many of them full-page, and supplemented with three plans in color.

The work is of universal interest. Those who hope to visit Rome cannot make a better preparation than to peruse its pages; those who have already been there cannot visit it again in spirit with this book before them, recalling vividly all their impressions of the Eternal City, and making them more vivid and permanent; those who have not had the pleasure of a visit, and cannot look forward to one, have here the best substitute. The text is so full and so clear, the illustrations are so numerous and so well executed that the gifted author seems to have the power to make its pages speak eloquently.

The work deserves the most generous patronage.

DIURNALE PARVUM, sive Epitome Ex Horis Diurnis Breviarii Romani. This new edition has correct references, and embodies all of the latest changes of the Little Hours.

RITUALE ROMANUM. Cui accedunt Benedictionum et Instructionum Appendices Duae. Editio Typica. 8vo.

EPITOME E VESPERALIS ROMANI. Editione Ratisbonensi. 8vo. Neo Eboraci: Fr. Pustet.

This is the first of the "Horae Diurnals" under the new law, and is not a Diurnal in the full sense. Though only an extract from the Diurnal, this new book can be used on about 300—320 days of the year. It contains the hours (excepting, of course, Matins) for all feasts of the ecclesiastical year, for all Sundays after Epiphany, Easter and Pentecost, for all feriæ per annum and temporis Paschalis, for the privileged vigils, for November 2d, for the Officium B. M. V. in Sabbato and for the Festa pro aliquibus locis.

The Offices for Sundays and feriæ of Advent, for Sundays and feriæ from Septuagesima to Easter, for the Ember days in September and for the usual vigils have purposely not been included. All Commemorations occurring—even those of the days mentioned —can, however, be made.

This new edition of the Ritual is a beautiful book in every respect, as well as a useful one. Formerly the Ritual was so

large that no one thought of carrying it except when strictly necessary and excerpts were almost invariably used. This often led to confusion and inconvenience, because one cannot always foresee what part of the Ritual he may need, and excerpts are at best far from complete or satisfactory.

Pustet's recent edition of the Ritual in 18mo. provided the remedy admirably by supplying a complete book which could be carried in the pocket as conveniently as an excerpt. Now they improve even on that, for in the present edition we have a book large and dignified enough to be used on public occasions, and yet so compactly made that it will fit easily into a side pocket or a full bag. Achievements of this kind are triumphs of bookmaking.

In this Epitome of the Roman Vesperal, Pustets supply a book that answers all the needs of small communities, seminaries and congregations. Its authenticity is vouched for by the proper authorities, and its correctness is assured by the reputation of the house of Pustet.

PARISH SERMONS on Moral and Spiritual Subjects for all Sundays and Feasts of Obligation. By *Rev. Walter Elliott*, of the Paulist Fathers. 8vo., pp. 457. New York: The Paulist Press, 120 West Sixtieth street.

Father Elliott says: "Sermons of a lifetime might be the title of this volume, for the discourses are, nearly all of them, my notes for sermons and conferences during a long series of years, now revised and fitted together."

There are two sermons for each occasion, so that the collection includes a great variety of subjects. They are noteworthy for simplicity, clearness, directness, brevity and a wealth of illustration. It seems presumptuous to praise them: Father Elliott's name is sufficient guarantee of their excellence. His long and fruitful years in the ministry, his widespread experience as a missionary, his perfecting practice as a teacher of homiletics in the missionary colleges and his splendid equipment as an ideal exponent of the spoken word all combine to recommend his sermons to preachers far more warmly than the most lavish praise that can drop from the pen of any reviewer.

WOMAN IN SCIENCE. With an Introductory Chapter on Woman's Long Struggle for Things of the Mind. By *H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D.* 8vo., pp. 452. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In an elaborate introduction Dr. Mozans traces the struggle of womankind for things of the mind from the days of ancient Greece and Rome, through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance down to our own times. Then, after outlining woman's capacity for scien-

tific pursuits, he takes up, step by step, her achievements in all the departments of pure science—mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, the natural sciences, medicine and surgery, archæology and invention.

Besides this, he discourses upon woman as a collaborator and inspirer in science, and concludes with a most hopeful forecast of her future in this field.

The work has much historical and scientific value, for Dr. Mozans has endeavored to give a place to every woman who has achieved distinction in science since the world began. Of course, he has not succeeded in this, and reviewers will be able to call attention to more than one woman worthy of a place in its pages who has been overlooked, for no one doubts the author's sincerity of purpose. Some persons also will differ with him in regard to the relative merits of certain historic characters, but the book is very interesting, especially at the present time of so much discussion concerning woman's rights and prerogatives.

SAINTS AND FESTIVALS. A Cycle of the Year for Young People. By *Mother Mary Salome.* 12mo., cloth, illustrated, net, $1.25. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Every one will love this book of stories. Mother Salome has gone to the lives of the saints and the volumes of Church history and has gathered a great variety of episodes and adventures. Temptingly they are laid out before us. Each is chosen to illustrate some virtue or to excite some well doing.

The teacher of children will also appreciate these bright and snappy tales as will the parish priest, who will find in this book a wealth of illustrations useful in instruction or sermon.

THE FAIRY OF THE SNOWS. By *Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J.,* author of "Tom Playfair," "Percy Wynn," etc. 12mo., cloth, with frontispiece, $0.85. New York: Benziger Brothers.

After a period of literary inactivity covering twelve years, due to the calls of busy parish life, Father Finn has again taken up his pen to give us another of his unequaled stories. His is still the charm and naturalness that characterized "Percy Wynn," and those companion books of Catholic school life that have kept our boys and girls enthralled for almost a generation. It is the author's kindliness, cheerfulness, earnest sympathy and idealism that endear him to his readers, and in "The Fairy of the Snows" these shine forth as never before.

"The Fairy of the Snows" is a girl who stands out as a strikingly

original character. Around her Father Finn has built a beautiful story that is intimate with the lives of God's and the devil's poor. Humor and pathos are found in every chapter, for the work is a faithful reproduction of actual life among the city's tenements. The author himself writes of this book: "It is the story of a girl, but will be read by boys, girls and adults. It is thought by those who have read the manuscript that it will appeal to a larger audience than any of my other writings."

THE CATHOLIC STUDENT'S "AIDS" TO THE BIBLE: The Old Testament. By *Rev. Hugh Pope, O. P., S. T. M.* With a Preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. 12mo., cloth, net, $1.35. New York: Benziger Brothers.

It is true there are in existence many admirable books on the Bible written by non-Catholics. But these all labor under a twofold defect. In the first place, non-Catholics can never regard the Bible in the same way as we do. And the other defect is equally dangerous, though it is rather negative than positive. We refer to the absolute lack, in these non-Catholic works, of all appreciation of the work done by Catholic writers on the Bible. To read some of these non-Catholic works one would imagine that previous to the Reformation the Bible had been a sealed book.

The book is enriched by a valuable preface by His Eminence Francis Cardinal Bourne, who says: "The need of a Catholic manual of equal amplitude with the non-Catholic manuals, of the same scholarly character, alive to every modern source of elucidation and fully cognizant of the most recent pronouncements of the Holy See, has long been urgently felt by those who study, and by those who in varying degrees are called to be the teachers of Holy Scripture. In the 'Catholic Students' "Aids" to the Bible' this great need has not only been adequately, but generously supplied."

THE "SUMMA THEOLOGICA" OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS (in English). Literally translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Part I., in three volumes, and Part III., Vol. I., are now ready. Price each, net, $2.00.

Benziger Brothers have the pleasure of announcing that in consequence of its very favorable reception at the hands of the Catholic press and public, the Dominican Fathers are proceeding with the translation.

As Part 3 is of more immediate urgency, in view of the many doubts and difficulties that are now daily raised in religious controversy, the translators decided to proceed with that Part next.

The first number containing the Treatise on the Incarnation is now ready. The second number will contain the Christology, which includes St. Thomas' Mariology, and his Treatises on Our Lord's Birth, Life, Doctrine, Miracles, Passion and Death, Resurrection and Ascension. The third number will give the Treatises on the Sacraments in General and on Baptism, Confirmation and the Eucharist, and will conclude with Q. 83.

AN AVERAGE MAN. By *Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson*, author of "King's Achievement," "By What Authority?" "Come Rack! Come Rope!" etc. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"An Average Man" is a story of a little circle of average persons in a London suburb. We are introduced to a number of interesting characters about whom the author with rare skill weaves a story of fascinating interest and depicts the influence of environment with telling effect. It is an able study of modern people and modern conditions, in which Mgr. Benson compels the recognition he has won as a man who understands the faults, the weaknesses, the redeeming qualities of his fellow-man; and even the most critical cannot refuse unstinted praise to the excellence with which he has portrayed the people of to-day.

A DIVINE FRIEND. By *Rev. Henry C. Schuyler*. With an Introduction by Right Rev. Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson. 12mo., 142 pages, five illustrations. Illustrated in colors. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly.

Men of to-day, as men of all ages, are famishing for friendship. In his present volume, Father Schuyler treats of the friendship of Our Saviour for those with whom he was most intimately associated. In this Divine friendship there is the ideal that men should imitate in their relations with those of their fellow-men whom they call friends. Much of the unhappiness in the world to-day is due to incomplete or false ideas of friendship and to an imperfect appreciation of the value of real friendship.

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1914. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This popular handbook of general information for Catholic families, now in its thirty-first year, fully meets the high standard set by former issues. The Calendars of Feasts, Fasts and Saints' Days, together with the Astronomical Calculations, are accurate and convenient for reference. The stories and articles are by the best Catholic writers.

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